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NEW M E

WELLER AND WAKELING: BEAT AGAINST THE BOMB

VOTE IN THE 1981 READERS' POLL

STREETS APART

THE GLAMOUR AND THE GRIMNESS OF NORTHERN STREETS

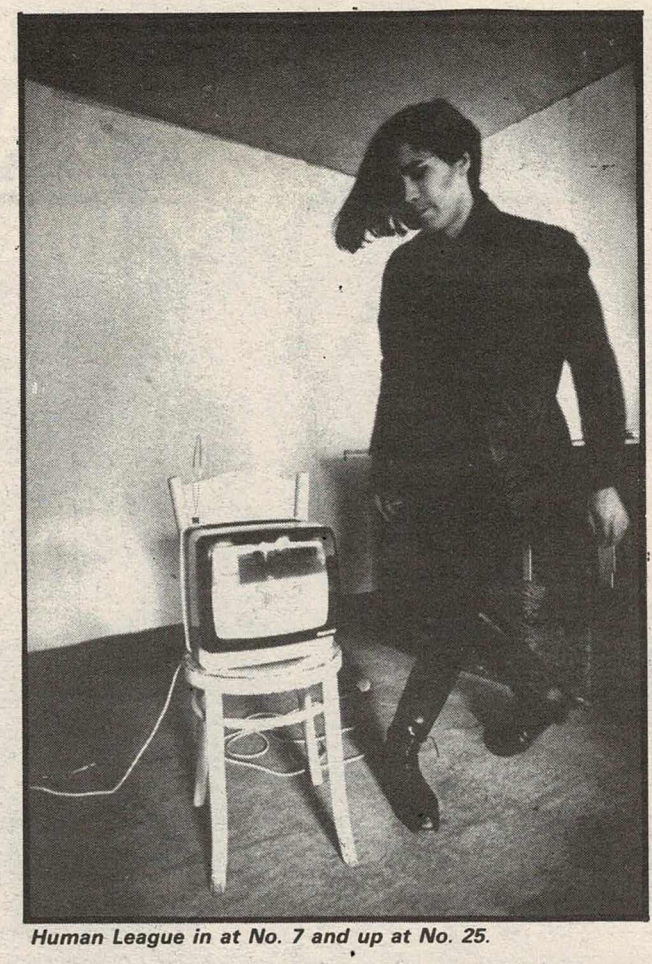
Ian Penman goes on the set of the TV fantasy Coronation Street
Paul Du Noyer reflects on the decay of his hometown Liverpool

JAMES BROWN · RINGO · CHIC · TRIBUTE TO NATALIE WOOD · GIRLS AT OUR BEST

Elsie and Deirdre toast 21 years on the Street. Pic Kevin Cummins

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	2	**BEGIN THE BEGUINE**	**Julio Iglesias (CBS)**	6	1
2	8	DADDY'S HOME	Cliff Richard (EMI)	3	2
3	1	UNDER PRESSURE	Queen & David Bowie (EMI)	5	1
4	6	WHY DO FOOLS FALL IN LOVE	Diana Ross (Capitol)	7	4
5	3	LET'S GROOVE	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	5	3
6	4	BED SITTER	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)	4	4
7	(—)	DON'T YOU WANT ME	Human League (Virgin)	1	7
8	7	I GO TO SLEEP	The Pretenders (Real)	4	7
9	(—)	IT MUST BE LOVE	Madness (Stiff)	1	9
10	12	THUNDER IN THE MOUNTAINS	Toyah (Safari)	10	4
11	5	FAVOURITE SHIRTS	Haircut 100 (Arista)	4	7
12	13	AY AY AY AY MOOSEY	Modern Romance (WEA)	4	12
13	22	CAMBODIA	Kim Wilde (RAK)	3	13
14	11	STEPPIN' OUT	Kool & The Gang (Delite)	5	11
15	9	PHYSICAL	Olivia Newton John (EMI)	6	6
16	14	THE VOICE	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	5	14
17	21	WEDDING BELLS	Godley & Creme (Polydor)	2	17
18	10	JOAN OF ARC	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	6	3
19	17	TONIGHT I'M YOURS	Rod Stewart (Riva)	8	7
20	15	THE LUNATICS HAVE TAKEN OVER THE ASYLUM	The Fun Boy 3 (Chrysalis)	3	15
21	24	FLASHBACK	Imagination (R & B)	2	21
22	23	LET'S ALL SING LIKE THE BIRDIES SING	Tweets (PRT)	2	22
23	27	MY OWN WAY	Duran Duran (EMI)	2	23
24	18	TEARS ARE NOT ENOUGH	ABC (Neutron)	3	18
25	29	OPEN YOUR HEART	Human League (Virgin)	9	7
26	28	YES TONIGHT JOSEPHINE	Jets (EMI)	3	26
27	(—)	WILD AS THE WIND	David Bowie (RCA)	1	27
28	(—)	LOVE NEEDS NO DISGUISE	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	1	28
29	(—)	SPIRITS IN THE MATERIAL WORLD	The Police (A&M)	1	29
30	(—)	ROCK 'N' ROLL	Status Quo (Vertigo)	1	30



Phil Oakey pic: Anton Corbijn

Human League in at No. 7 and up at No. 25.

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	2	**CHART HITS '81**	**Various (K-Tel)**	3	1
2	1	QUEEN GREATEST HITS	Queen (EMI)	5	1
3	(—)	FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK	AC/DC (Atlantic)	1	3
4	5	PRINCE CHARMING	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	5	1
5	10	PEARLS	Elkie Brooks (A&M)	4	5
6	3	DARE	Human League (Virgin)	8	1
7	4	THE BEST OF BLONDIE	Blondie (Chrysalis)	6	4
8	14	SIMON & GARFUNKEL COLLECTION	Simon & Garfunkel (CBS)	2	8
9	24	NON-STOP EROTIC CABARET	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)	2	9
10	12	TONIGHT I'M YOURS	Rod Stewart (Riva)	4	8
11	6	ARCHITECTURE AND MORALITY	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	5	3
12	7	DE NINA A MUJER	Julio Iglesias (CBS)	3	7
13	8	SHAKY	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	12	2
14	9	TIN DRUM	Japan (Virgin)	3	9
15	15	RAISE	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	4	11
16	20	ALL THE GREATEST HITS	Diana Ross (Motown)	3	16
17	30	WIRED FOR SOUND	Cliff Richard (EMI)	10	6
18	22	BEST OF . . .	Rainbow (Polydor)	4	18
19	26	HOOKED ON CLASSICS	Louis Clark/RPO (K-Tel)	11	3
20	11	GHOST IN THE MACHINE	The Police (A&M)	6	4
21	28	THE VERY BEST OF . . .	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	2	21
22	19	HANSIMANIA	James Last (Polydor)	2	19
23	18	ALMOST BLUE	Elvis Costello (F-Beat)	6	6
24	(—)	WILDER	Teardrop Explodes (Mercury)	1	24
25	(—)	BEGIN THE BEGUINE	Julio Iglesias (CBS)	1	25
26	13	SPEAK AND SPELL	Depeche Mode (Mute)	5	6
27	(—)	RENEGRADE	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	1	27
28	(—)	PERHAPS LOVE	Placido Domingo / John Denver (CBS)	1	28
29	(—)	COUNTRY GIRL	Billy Jo Spears (Warwick)	1	29
30	(—)	THE PICK OF BILLY CONNOLLY	Billy Connolly (Polydor)	1	30

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(4)	**Friday 13th (EP)**	Damned (Chiswick)
2	(1)	**Four More From Toyah**	Toyah (Safari)
3	(9)	**Don't Let Them Grind You Down**	Exploited/Anti-Pasti (Exploited)
4	(6)	**Lie Dream Of A Casino**	Fall (Kamera)
5	(5)	**In God We Trust (EP)**	Dead Kennedys (Static)
6	(2)	**Sweetest Girl**	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
7	(3)	**Sunny Day**	Pigbag (Y)
8	(7)	**White Car In Germany**	Associates (Situation 2)
9	(11)	**Harry May**	The Business (Secret)
10	(12)	**Lost And Lonely**	The Higsons (Wasp)
11	(—)	**Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag**	Pigbag (Y)
12	(8)	**6 Guns**	Anti Pasti (Rondolet)
13	(19)	**3 Piece Suite**	Snipers (Crass)
14	(22)	**Countdown**	UK Subs (Gem)
15	(—)	**Distort To Deafness**	Disorder (Disorder)
16	(—)	**Eddies Out/Jazz The Glass (12" & 7")**	Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)
17	(17)	**Fast Boyfriends**	Girls At Our Best (Happy Birthday)
18	(10)	**Indian Reservation**	999 (Albion)
19	(—)	**Run Come Girl**	Talisman
20	(—)	**Big Gold Dream**	Fire Engines (Pop Aural)
21	(13)	**Kids Of The 80s**	Infa Riot (Secret)
22	(—)	**This Is Your Captain Speaking**	Captain Sensible (Crass)
23	(—)	**Waterline**	A Certain Ratio (Factory)
24	(14)	**Dead Cities EP**	Exploited (Secret)
25	(27)	**Everything's Gone Green**	New Order (Factory)
26	(15)	**Alienation**	Crisis (Ardkore)
27	(—)	**Demolition War (EP)**	Sub Humans (Spider Leg)
28	(26)	**No Room For You**	Demob (Round Ear)
29	(—)	**Last Rockers (EP)**	Vice Squad (Riot City)
30	(23)	**All Out Attack (EP)**	Blitz (No Future)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	**Movement**	New Order (Factory)
2	(2)	**Speak And Spell**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
3	(6)	**Best Of The Damned**	Damned (Chiswick)
4	(3)	**On Stage**	Exploited (Exploited)
5	(4)	**Still**	Joy Division (Factory)
6	(9)	**For Madmen Only**	UK Decay (Fresh)
7	(11)	**Wild And Wandering**	Wasted Youth (Bridge House)
8	(14)	**L.C.**	Durutti Column (Factory)
9	(7)	**Carry On Oi**	Various (Secret)
10	(18)	**Anthem**	Toyah (Safari)
11	(5)	**Pleasure**	GAOB (Happy Birthday)
12	(8)	**Incontinent**	Fad Gadget (Mute)
13	(12)	**Let Them Eat Jellybeans**	Various (Alternative Tentacles)
14	(13)	**Fourth Drawer Room**	Associates (Situation 2)
15	(30)	**Punks Not Dead**	Exploited (Secret)
16	(10)	**Present Arms In Dub**	UB40 (Dep Int)
17	(15)	**Sound Of The Sand**	David Thomas (R. Trade)
18	(22)	**Unknown Pleasures**	Joy Division (Fact.)
19	(—)	**Red Mecca**	Cabaret Voltaire (R. Trade)
20	(16)	**You Scare Me To Death**	Marc Bolan (Cherry Red)
21	(24)	**Closer**	Joy Division (Factory)
22	(—)	**Whole New Generation Of DJ**	Various (Greensleeves)
23	(17)	**Heartbreak**	Chris And Cosey (R. Trade)
24	(21)	**Rids The World**	Scientist (Greensleeves)
25	(28)	**The Last Call**	Anti-Pasti (Rondelet)
26	(19)	**Wise And Foolish**	Misty (People Unite)
27	(23)	**Emotions/Sounds/Motions**	I'm So Hollow (Illuminated)
28	(—)	**Changes**	Mighty Diamonds (Music Work)
29	(—)	**Weapon Of Peace**	Weapon Of Peace (Safari)
30	(—)	**Present Arms**	UB40 (Dept Int)

Compiled by *NME* from a nationwide survey of specialist record shops

REGGAE

1	**Collie Man**	Bunny Wailer (Solomonic)
2	**Model With Me**	Ringo (Musical Ambassador)
3	**Soldier Take Over**	Yellow Man (Tanka)
4	**Revelation 18 (12")**	Jah Shaka (Shaka)
5	**One Draw (12")**	Rita Marley (Tuff Gong)
6	**Africa Here I Come (10")**	Freddie McGregor
7	**Diseases (12")**	Papa Michigan/General Smiley (Greensleeves)
8	**Tell Them**	Eek A Mouse (Black & White)
9	**Gimme The Music (Pass The Kouchie Toast)**	U. Brown (Music Works)
10	**Pants And Blouses**	Ranking Toyan (Legal Light)

Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W.1.

FUNK

1	**I Just Wanna**	Alton Edwards (Streetwave)
2	**Make Up Your Mind ***	Aura (Salsoul)
3	**Let's Celebrate**	Sky (Streetwave)
4	**Body Shake**	T. C. Curtis (Groove)
5	**You're The One For Me ***	D Train (Prelude)
6	**69 ***	Brooklyn Express (One Way)
7	**Jungle Wrap ***	Sula (Starwave)
8	**Sure Shot ***	Tracy Weber (RCA)
9	**What's Funk**	Perry Haines (Fetish)
10	**Strike It Up**	*Strikers (Prelude)

(* Denotes import)

Tim Palmer, Groove Records, 52 Greek St. W.1

INTERNATIONAL UNITED STATES SINGLES

1	**Physical**	Olivia Newton-John (MCA)
2	**Waiting For A Girl Like You**	Foreigner (Atlantic)
3	**Every Little Thing She Does Is Magic**	The Police (A&M)
4	**Oh No**	Commodores (Motown)
5	**Here I Am**	Air Supply (Arista)
6	**Private Eyes**	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
7	**Let's Groove**	Earth, Wind & Fire (ARC/Columbia)
8	**Young Turks**	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)
9	**Why Do Fools Fall In Love**	Diana Ross (RCA)
10	**Start Me Up**	The Rolling Stones (Atlantic)

Courtesy 'Billboard'

ALBUMS

1	**4**	Foreigner (Atlantic)
2	**Ghost In The Machine**	Police (A&M)
3	**Tattoo You**	The Rolling Stones (Atlantic)
4	**Escape**	Journey (Columbia)
5	**Raise**	Earth, Wind & Fire (ARC/Columbia)
6	**Nine Tonight**	Bog Seger & The Silver Bullet Band (Capitol)
7	**Bella Donna**	Stevie Nicks (Atlantic)
8	**Physical**	Olivia Newton-John (MCA)
9	**Abacab**	Genesis (Atlantic)
10	**Exit Stage Left**	Rush (Polygram)

Courtesy 'Billboard'

FIVE YEARS AGO

1	**Under The Moon Of Love**	Showaddywaddy (Bell)
2	**Money Money Money**	Abba (Epic)
3	**When A Child Is Born**	Johnny Mathis (CBS)
4	**Somebody To Love**	Queen (EMI)
5	**Livin' Thing**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)
6	**Love Me**	Yvonne Elliman (RSO)
7	**If You Leave Me Now**	Chicago (CBS)
8	**Portsmouth**	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)
9	**Stop Me (If You've Heard It All Before)**	Billy Ocean (GTO)
10	**Lean On Me**	Mud (Private Stock)

TEN YEARS AGO

1	**Ernie**	Benny Hill (Columbia)
2	**Jeepster**	T. Rex (Fly)
3	**Tokoloshie Man**	John Kongos (Fly)
4	**Theme From 'Shaft'**	Isaac Hayes (Stax)
5	**No Matter How I Try**	Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
6	**Gypsies, Tramps And Thieves**	Cher (MCA)
7	**'Cos I Luv You**	Slade (Polydor)
8	**Something Tells Me**	Cilla Black (Parlophone)
9	**Banks Of The Ohio**	Olivia Newton-John (Pye)
10	**Softly Whispering I Love You**	Congregation (Columbia)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	**Green Green Grass Of Home**	Tom Jones (Decca)
2	**What Would I Be**	Val Doonican (Decca)
3	**Morningtown Ride**	Seekers (Columbia)
4	**Good Vibrations**	Beach Boys (Capitol)
5	**My Mind's Eye**	Small Faces (Decca)
6	**What Becomes Of The Broken Hearted**	Jimmy Ruffin (Tamla Motown)
7	**You Keep Me Hangin' On**	Supremes (Tamla Motown)
8	**Sunshine Superman**	Donovan (Pye)
9	**Gimme Some Loving**	Spencer Davis Group (Fontana)
10	**Dead End Street**	Kinks (Pye)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1	**Tower Of Strength**	Frankie Vaughan (Philips)
2	**Moon River**	Danny Williams (HMV)
3	**Take Good Care Of My Baby**	Bobby Vee (London)
4	**Stranger On The Shore**	Acker Bilk (Columbia)
5	**Midnight In Moscow**	Kenny Ball (Pye)
6	**I'll Get By**	Shirley Bassey (Columbia)
7	**Johnny Will**	Pat Boone (London)
8	**Let There Be Drums**	Sandy Nelson (London)
9	**His Latest Flame**	Elvis Presley (RCA)
10	**Take Five**	Dave Brubeck (Fontana)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

NME

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CORRY 43

NEXT WEEK

HAIRCUT, SKIDOO, SPRINGER AT ICA

LONDON's Institute of Contemporary Arts have announced the line-up for their sixth Rock Week, again sponsored by Capital Radio, starting at the end of this month.

The date has been especially chosen to bridge the gap between Christmas and New Year, when there's always a dearth of live rock, while at the same time showcasing bands regarded by organiser John Reid as exciting prospects for 1982 — like Haircut 100, Modern English, The Higsons, Aztec Camera and 23 Skidoo. The season also marks the solo debut of Mark Springer from Rip Rig & Panic.

The full schedule comprises **Modern English, The Lemon Kittens** and **The Prats** (December 29); **The Higsons, The Electric Guitars** and **Gene Loves Jezebel** (30); **Haircut 100, Buzzz** and **China Crisis** (31); **Maximum Joy, The Past Seven Days** and **The Chameleons** (January 1); **Aztec Camera, King Trigger** and **Artery** (2); and **23 Skidoo, Mark Springer** and **Dislocation Dance** (3).

The venue is the ICA Theatre in The Mall (doors open 7.30pm), and tickets are £2.50 per day, plus 40p membership.

Haircut 100

Pic: David Corio

Jake with new boy Dolphin

Fingers out

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS take their new line-up on the road in January, playing 11 major venues under the banner of '£3.50 Or Less'. The schedule, which marks the live debut of drummer Dolphin Taylor as a member of SLF, takes in Hull Tower Ballroom (January 20), Sheffield Lyceum (21), Edinburgh Playhouse (22), Newcastle City Hall (23), Bradford St. George's Hall (24), Manchester Apollo (25), Bristol Colston Hall (26), Birmingham Odeon (27), London Hammersmith Palais (28), Poole Arts Centre (29) and Aylesbury Friars (30).

The tour coincides with the release of their new four-song Chrysalis EP, titled 'One Pound Ten Or Less' — so called because it's now illegal to fix an exact price. They negotiated a royalty cut and special concessionary rate with Chrysalis, to enable the ordinary single price to be maintained. The four tracks are 'Listen', 'That's When Your Blood Bumps', 'Sad Eyed People' and 'Two Guitars Clash'.

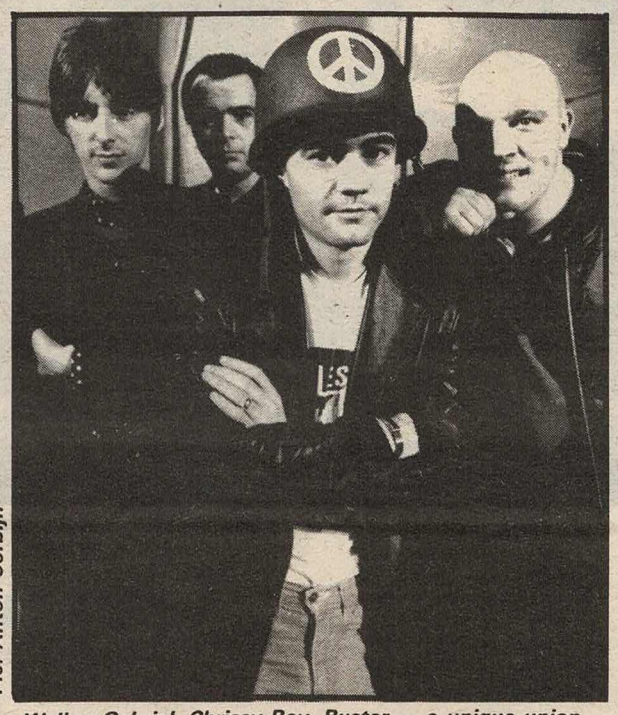
Rod steals the show

ROD STEWART has stolen The Rolling Stones' thunder by arranging for Londoners to see a live satellite screening of his December 19 concert in Los Angeles. As reported last week, the Stones have abandoned plans for live global transmission of their New York show the previous evening.

First the good news: Stewart's two-hour performance will be flashed direct to London's Leicester Square Odeon, where tickets are now on sale priced £6 and £5 (also available by post from the box-office, postal orders only). It's the first time a rock concert has been satellited into a British theatre, and it's being handled by Satellite Express, who've previously been responsible for coverage of many major boxing matches.

The not-so-good news is that it's timed to start at 4.30am on Sunday morning, December 20. Australian audiences, who will also be seeing the show live, are more fortunate in that it reaches them on Sunday afternoon. In America, the show is being transmitted live on TV, and it will still be seen in the UK on cable television at Christmas — with an edited hour-long version due on the national network in the New Year.

Commented Stewart's spokesman: "Rod's not doing this for the money. It cost £13,000 to set up, and the Odeon only holds about 2,000 people. It's simply a gesture to his fans."



Pic: Anton Corbijn

Weller, Gabriel, Chrissy Boy, Buster — a unique union

IN-CND DEVICE

THE JAM, The Clash, The Specials, Madness and The Beat are among 13 top British bands featured on a unique compilation album titled 'Life In The European Theatre', released by WEA this weekend. All royalties are being donated to various anti-nukes organisations, including the Campaign For Nuclear Disarmament, Friends Of The Earth and the European Nuclear Disarmament.

Full track listing is The Clash ('London Calling'), The Jam ('Little Boy Soldiers'), The Beat ('I Am Your Flag'), The Specials ('Man At C&A'), XTC ('Living Through Another Cuba'), Peter Gabriel ('I Don't Remember'), Ian Dury & The Blockheads ('Reasons To Be Cheerful — Part 3'), Madness ('Grey Day'), Bad Manners ('Psychedelic Eric'), The Stranglers ('Nuclear Device'), The Undertones ('It's Going To Happen'), Echo & The Bunnymen ('All That Jazz') and The Au Pairs ('Diet').

● *Interview with The Jam and The Beat: page 14*

Pretenders TV bust-up

THE PRETENDERS pulled out of their concert last Tuesday at Chichester Festival Theatre, which was to have been filmed by the new TVS company as part of their *Off The Record* series — and, as a result, now find themselves involved in a controversy.

In a tersely worded statement, TVS claim they were told of the band's withdrawal on the Monday afternoon, because "two members were unfit and could not play as arranged" — yet the same evening, The Pretenders went ahead with their concert at Newcastle City Hall.

TVS managing director James Gatward commented: "This behaviour would make any company think twice in the future about promoting such concerts. The group were contracted to appear and, on this assurance, we had invited an audience from all over the region. I trust that The Pretenders will respect their audience enough to apologise."

A spokesman for the band explained that, in fact, only one member was unfit — drummer Martin Chambers, who aggravated the hand injury he sustained in America, requiring further stitches. Although he was advised of this on the Monday, the stitches were not actually inserted until after the Newcastle gig, and it was then medically essential to take two days' rest.

Nils Lofgren
New Single
'I GO TO PIECES'
c/w 'Ancient History' (MCA 757)
From the album 'NIGHT FADES AWAY' (MCF 3121)
Also available on cassette

See him on
The Old Grey Whistle Test 17th. December,
and on tour:-

Saturday 12th. Dec. NOTTINGHAM, Rock City
Sunday 13th. Dec. BIRMINGHAM, Odeon
Tuesday 15th. Dec. MANCHESTER, Apollo
Wednesday 16th. Dec. EDINBURGH, Odeon
Thursday 17th. Dec. SHEFFIELD, Lyceum
Friday 18th. Dec. BRISTOL, Colston Hall
Saturday 19th. Dec. BRIGHTON, Dome
Sunday 20th. Dec. LONDON, Dominion

MCA RECORDS
1 Great Pulteney Street, London W1 3FW

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"So you're Kermit, huh?" — Lennon fails his TV credibility test

REMEMBER

Remember when you were young
How the hero was never hung
Always got away
Remember how the man
Used to leave you empty-handed
Always always let you down
If you ever change your mind
About leaving it all behind
Remember remember today

Don't you worry
'Bout what you've done
Don't feel sorry
'Bout the way it's gone

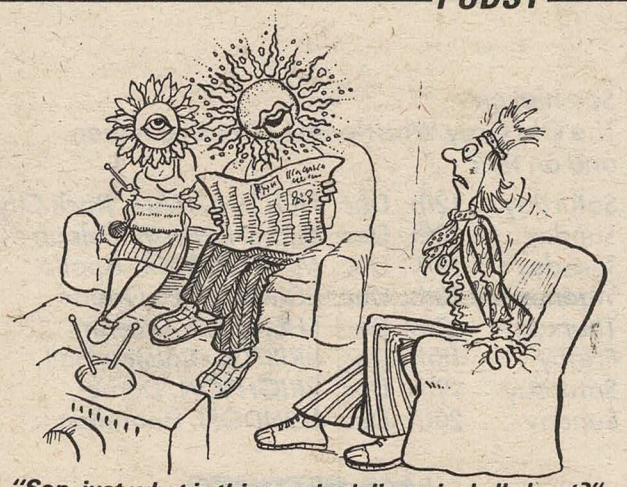
Just remember, remember
The eighth of December

Adapted from 'Remember' by John Lennon, published by Northern Songs, from the 'Plastic Ono Band' LP

Passions less

THE PASSIONS have parted company with guitarist Clive Timperley, following what's described as "a violent argument". The band were playing in the Italian town of Verona at the Teatro Cristal, when a heating system exploded — destroying their equipment, PA and lights, and literally taking the roof off the theatre. It seems that the internal dispute erupted on their return to the hotel, and — according to Polydor — the rift was caused by "serious political differences".

PUDSY



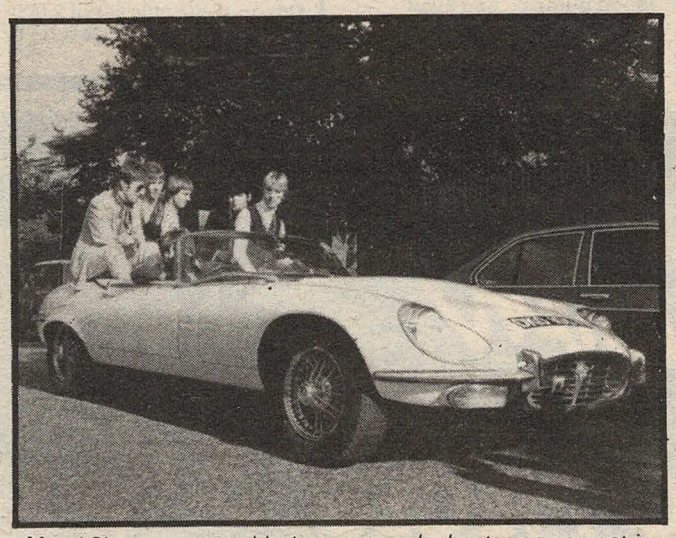
"Son, just what is this psychedelic revival all about?"

Psychedelia hits celluloid

THE END of '81 is about to herald a fine line in psychedelic celluloid from two separate sources.

One is a cinema short currently being edited down from rough cut stage under a working title of *The Groovy Movie,* which should appear on your silver screen in January. It's not a documentary of any 'scene', nor purely a promo for the bands involved (Mood Six, The Times, The Marble Index); it's the result, in fact, of a friendship between four former Warwick University students: Mood Six manager Clive Solomon, BBC employee Nick Morris, and two members of Mood Six who at college were members of The VIPs. Morris did "a £40 promo" for The VIPs so when his mates became Mood Sixers he "was keen to do something else on that".

When the Groovy Cellar opened in May, Morris began to get seriously interested. "It was being pushed as a whole new movement around then," says a spokesman from the band.



Mood Six re-enact ye olde how-many-elephants-can-you-get-in-a-Mini joke for the Groovy Movie.

"You know — 'how big is it', 'when will it take over from the last thing' — and it was always just a small thing, a group of friends. Because we got cynical about press coverage around then, the film became a much more accurate yardstick of what was happening for us . . . . though obviously, whenever a camera's around people over-act."

Before he began to direct *The Groovy Movie,* Morris was already engaged as soundman and assistant director for a film on the Dolly Mixture (*NME* 2.5.81) being directed by fellow Beeb man Simon West. West agreed to reciprocate as sound man and assistant on Morris' project.

They set about fleshing out footage of events at the Clinic and the Cellar with film of the famous boat trip, a spurious / hilarious interview with notorious tailor Colin Wilde on Carnaby St in the '60s, and

Portrait Of The Artist As A Consumer

GENE SIMMONS

TV PROGRAMMES, USA
Twilight Zone
The Outer Limits
Star Trek
Evening News (World)
Cartoons (Looney Tunes)
Wrestling

FILMS
King Kong
Island Of Lost Souls (Charles Laughton)
Hunchback of Notre Dame (Charles Laughton)
Bride Of Frankenstein (Karloff)
The Exorcist
Beauty And The Beast (Cocteau)
Things To Come (1932)
Son Of Kong
Voyage Of Sinbad
Alien

BOOKS/MAGAZINES
1984
People
Sunday New York Times
Famous Monsters
Stranger In A Strange Land

Pic: Andre Csillag

Gene (right) — his greatest ambition is still to be a traffic warden.

LPs
White LP ..... The Beatles
Led Zeppelin I
Jeff Beck Group's first LP
Disraeli Gears ..... Cream
Live At Leeds ..... The Who
Alive I ..... Kiss
Aftermath ..... The Rolling Stones
Greatest Hits ..... Dave Clark Five
Greatest Hits ..... The Supremes
Gimme Some Lovin' ..... Spencer Davis Group

LIKES
Cakes
Cookies
Candy
Cartoons

DISLIKES
Dieting
Bad breath
Rerun TV
Gerry
Lola

various fantasy sequences in Jags, graveyards, streets, and a house in Southgate sculpted into plastic tunnels. Clips of the Regal and other shopping haunts are included, along with snatches of chat from their proprietors and designers.

During the film's shooting, one band (Le Mat) liked their self-contained fantasy sequence enough to pull it out for a personal promo . . . one of several events which gave Morris and West the idea of setting themselves up as Rockumentary Films. Their Dolly Mixture film will be out in early summer.

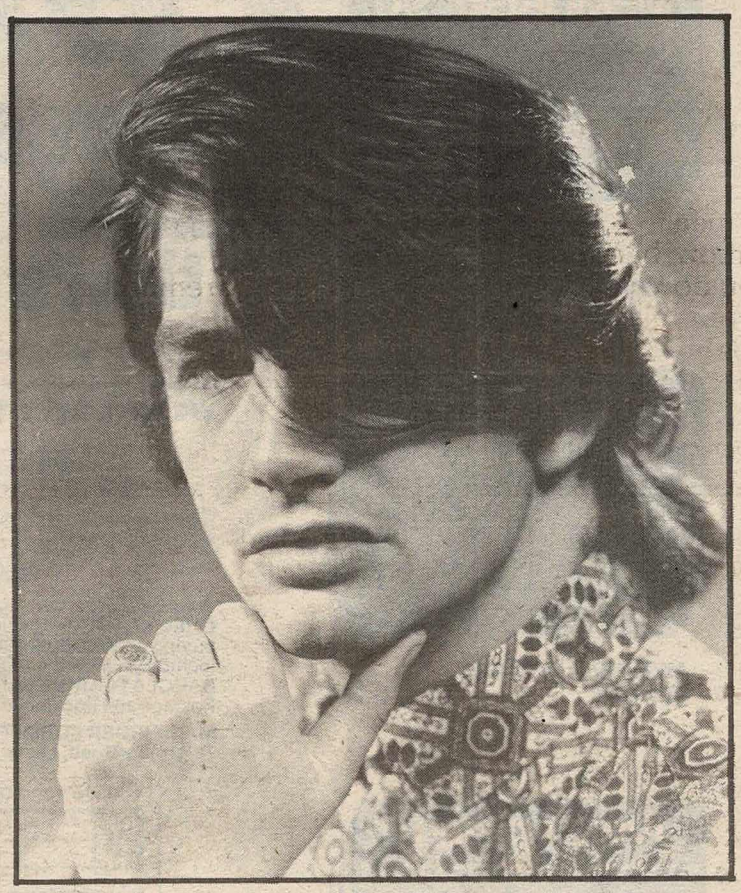
MEANWHILE, London's Wider Television Access group has got *their* hands on their third hitherto - unscreened selection of American TV pop/rock shows from the '60s — and they're presenting it as a Boxing Day special. It showcases a real roster of Swinging London-era stars and gives a good impression of America's intense Anglophilia during the period.

Six Marianne Faithfull clips mingle with seemingly incessant Kinks numbers (all in full foppery even when seated on papier mache rocks), The Who with Keith Moon resembling a fragile 15-year-old old *girl*, a beautiful barefoot Sandie Shaw, Twinkle, superb songs by Dusty Springfield and Aretha Franklin, several shots of The Beach Boys and — yes! — The Byrds! There's even "Mr and Mrs Bono" singing 'I Got You Babe' with their bathroom-rug vests and full striped flares — plus the *Shindig* dancers who must be seen to be believed by anyone ever satisfied with Pan's People. Worth sitting through the dross and doubled up with a *Magical Mystery* programme dating back to Christmas TV '66 . . . as well as the TV interview Mick Jagger gave to the clergy after being busted in '67.

The WTVA programme will be screened at London's Scala Cinema on December 26 at 2.00, 5.00, and 8.00.

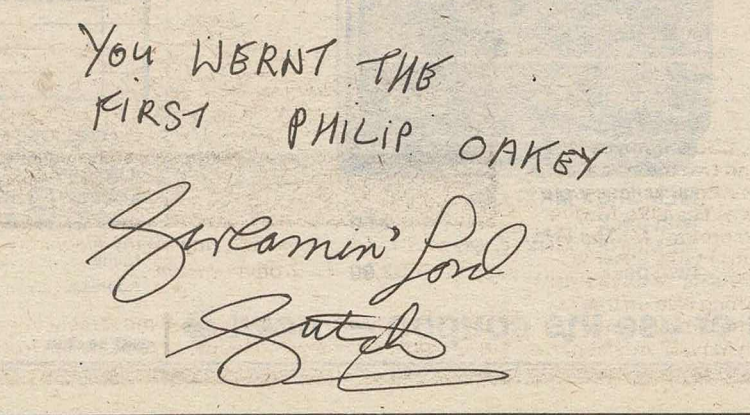
—CYNTHIA ROSE

ARCHIVE FUN



Top: Phil Oakey. Right: Oakey copyist Screamin' Lord David Sutch in 1964 — before he made his name as leader of the National Teenage Party

Check out the good Lord's latest barnet on the Stray Cats tour starting next week, fans! "Still rocking after 21 years . . ."



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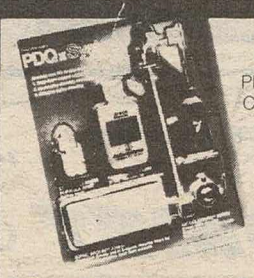

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Sisterhood Of Spit, left to right: you must be joking. Pic: David Corio

The politics of being bloody good

GRAHAM LOCK talks to Sisterhood Of Spit — the 23-piece band that's making waves

"R–E–S–P–E–C–T!" You can hear it as soon as you push open the door and climb the stairs. The rehearsal room itself is large, a clutter of wires, amps, music stands and bodies, barely warmed by the two calor gas fires. Beer cans, Rizla packets and sheets of music litter the floor, on which 20 feet are pounding out time. "Just a little bit, just a little bit — *yeah!*" A fist slaps into an open palm and the horns blast out the final riff.

As the music ends, everyone starts talking. Beer is gulped, jokes cracked, faults discussed. "OK, once more," a voice calls. The bass line thuds out, and Sisterhood Of Spit swing back into action.

Now a 23-piece all-women big band, the Sisterhood began in a smaller version in the summer of 1980 when two classes at the Women's Arts Alliance, one for saxophones, one for an *a capella* group, amalgamated for a four-song, one-off gig — and were an instant sensation. They were asked to play more gigs, and in February this year decided to make the band a regular project, since when they've added trumpets and trombones, recorded a track on the 'Making Waves' compilation, been featured in the *Observer* colour supplement, and had both the BBC and Channel Four keen to film them.

Their repertoire has grown to include a variety of funk and swing classics, from Labelle to 'Singing In The Rain', complete with tap-dance. They're planning to record their own EP early next year. And this week they play their first gigs outside the capital, at Manchester's UMIST Hall on Friday and Leeds' Astoria Hotel on Saturday; to be followed by two more London gigs next Thursday and Friday (the last, for women only).

After the rehearsals, more cans appear and we all sit around on the floor to talk about the band. Had it been a deliberate policy to make this an all-women band?

Alison Tomlin (sax): "Well, the sax classes and the *a capella* group were all women in the first place. I don't think we *discussed* whether it would be all women, everyone assumed it *was.*"

Angele Veltmejer (sax): "There was a practical reason too, cos our first gig was at a women-only festival."

Caroline Gilfillan (singing): "It makes a difference to the way you work. If it's all women, you're less nervous."

Alison Tomlin: "I wouldn't have gone to the sax classes if there'd been men there . . . I'd have just thought, Oh they're bound to be better than me. Here, everybody *is* better than me, but I don't care."

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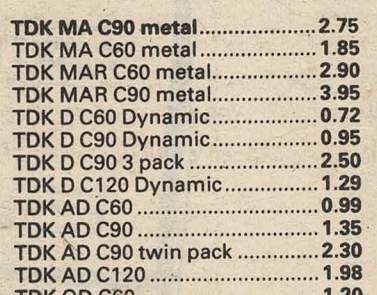

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Sourcream cartoon: Viv Quillin

Everybody hoots. Sisterhood Of Spit laugh a lot, usually at themselves.

The band were very aware they were trying something different. Although many of them are experienced musicians — bands and ex-bands represented include Tour De Force, Jam Today, PMT, The Guest Stars, The Interval Band, Spoilsports, Soulyard, FIG and The Harpies — only three had played in a big band before, and about half the band were complete novices. Presumably, they found such a wide range of experience viable?

Alison Tomlin: "Well, it would sound terrible if they were all like me."

The band cracks up again.

Trudy (singing, tap-dance): "It's great working this way, cos it does encourage people. It's very supportive. It helps people to *dare* to try things they might not have done in a more threatening environment."

Almost as daring is the Sisterhood's penchant for dressing up. A benefit just before last July 29 turned into a "wedding extravaganza", with the entire band dressing up as brides. Another time, it was dinner suits and bow-ties; and, again, "we did a gig for Women's Monthly Event, so we all dressed up in red — that was our menstruation gig."

Despite their success, Sisterhood Of Spit restrict themselves to eight gigs per year, four in June and four in December. This is partly because the logistics of organising 23 people are extraordinarily difficult (three were missing from tonight's rehearsal), but also because

■ *Continues over*

***Sourcream 1** was the first 'official' book of feminist cartoons — entirely put together and sold via mail order by the four women who composed its contents. Feminist publishers Sheba picked up the rights, put the book into a slightly smaller format and managed to sell out the whole run on their second reprint. This more overground success really broke ground: women all over the UK who had sketched out similar work but never thought to publish or even call themselves 'cartoonists' were encouraged to contact the book's authors. From this deluge of interest came a new, more loosely-based collective of 25 women, 13 of whom are represented in **Sourcream 2**, again put out by Sheba, for £1.75. The results are proof that the GLC's loan to Sheba (recently contested on the grounds that feminist - means - lesbian - means - pornographic) will be a positive gesture. **Sourcream 2** from Southern Distribution, 27 Clerkenwell Close, London EC1 and Scottish and Northern Distribution, 18 Granby Row — Manchester M1.*

—CYNTHIA ROSE

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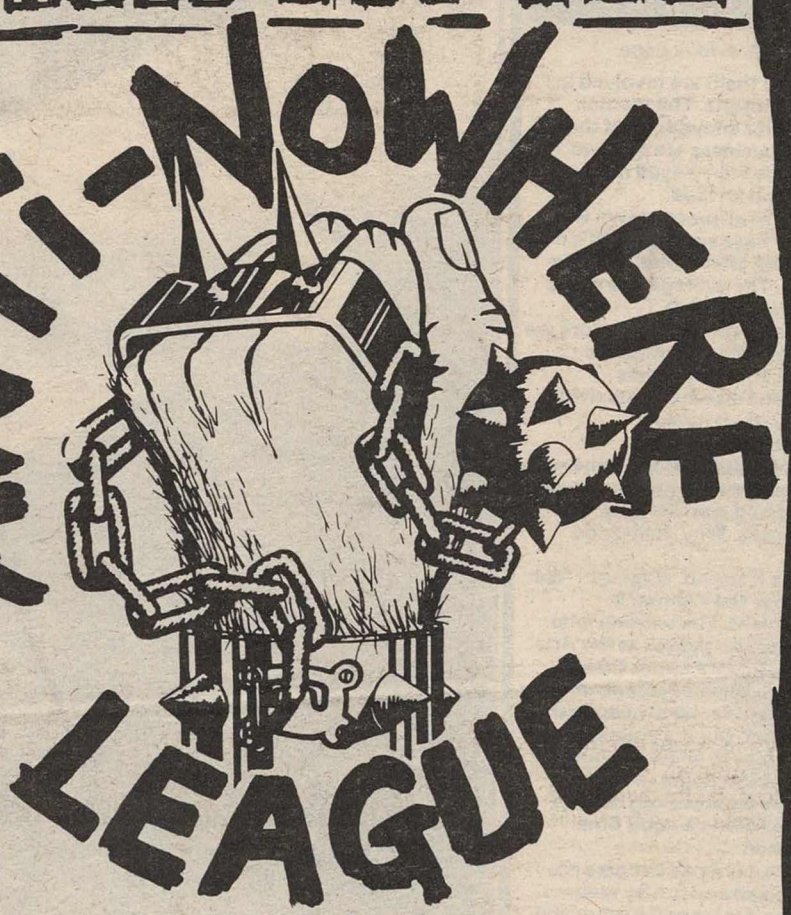

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SISTERHOOD OF SPIT

■ *From previous page*

many of them are involved in other projects. The women with prior knowledge of the music business are quick to disabuse starry-eyed notions of fame and fortune.

"We're all pretty down to earth," says someone. "It's not like a big offer would turn our heads. The average age of the band is quite high."

"We'll probably die before we go professional," mutters Alison Tomlin — while someone else suggests they change their name to Spinsterhood Of Spit.

Those gigs that the band *do* play are usually split between mixed and women-only audiences. Why do they do this?

Laka K (piano, singing): "We *are* from the Women's Movement. The women who came to the classes at the Arts Alliance heard about them through the movement, and it's important for us to keep faith with that. But it's equally important to show the boys what we're doing — so they can see what we *can* do, and see us having a good time together.

"But nearly all our gigs are organised and run by women, we use a women PA team and so on, because we think it's important to encourage women to do these things as much as possible."

Do you play the same set at both kinds of gig?

Caroline Gilfillan: "Yeah, but the gigs *are* different — the mood, the atmosphere . . ."

Laka K: "But we've only got one set, anyway. We're still building our repertoire."

So how do you choose your repertoire? Do you pick songs that reaffirm your politics?

Sue Blanks (piano): "Not consciously. But we wouldn't sing, er . . ."

"'Stand By Your Man'," says Alison Tomlin.

Caroline Gilfillan: "We haven't written much within the band. I suppose if we did, the words would be overtly feminist in some way."

But why haven't the band written much?

Caroline Gilfillan: "Because women have hardly ever played in this genre. There's no tradition for us to draw on like there is in rock or folk."

Laka K: "We do play songs with a kind of political edge, like 'Respect'."

Yeah, 'Respect' I can understand. But why do you do, say, 'Hold Tight'?

Alison Tomlin: "But the first time I heard The Andrews Sisters on a record, it was just amazing . . . I suppose it was hearing women being so good, which sounds ridiculous for a feminist to say cos we all know women can be really good — but you hardly ever hear them on a record doing it, you know. And The Andrews Sisters were *so bloody good*. And that's political in itself — women being bloody good. It's great."

That describes Sisterhood Of Spit, too. 'Respect'? It's the least they deserve.

TRAMWAY TO HEAVEN

SIMON FELLOWES follows The Lines — from Syd to PiL and beyond

The Lines L—R: Nick Cash, Richard 'Rico' Conning, Mick Lineham, Joe Forty. Pic: Jean Bernard Sohiez

THE LINES are a different band. Different from what they used to be and different in the more general scheme of things. Like the lamented Furious Pig, they spurn the ego-orientated commercialistic approach to pop/rock. They have no trend to set, no wave to surf on — yet at the same time they exude style and personality.

They are four reserved individuals, living satellites of Central London, and in one coronate incarnate they have been around for four years. They have behaved very politely and got nowhere. They have vinyl under their belts and they play about one live performance a month — if you average them out over four years.

Their profile may be low in public, but in their own living space the animated verse flies like wasps between Rico (vocals, trombone and metal objects — not The Specials' trombonist) and Joe Forty (bass) — two young fathers. However Nick Cash (drums, Prag Vec, Fad Gadget — not the 999 drummer) and Mick Lineham (guitar, ATV) are as tight as a drum itself, seen but seldom heard.

The Lines have come a long way since the days of Rico's flirtation with the craft of singer / songwriter, where the three 45 rpms produced were trounced as being a mixture of Syd Barrett, XTC and The Only Ones — "That English, that whimsical and that boring" ... a review that Rico can recite in full from memory. Criticism such as that was coupled with the band's growing dissatisfaction with their music. Rico forced them into a period of re-evaluation and self-discipline. The net result being their debut album 'Therapy', released on Red Records earlier this year.

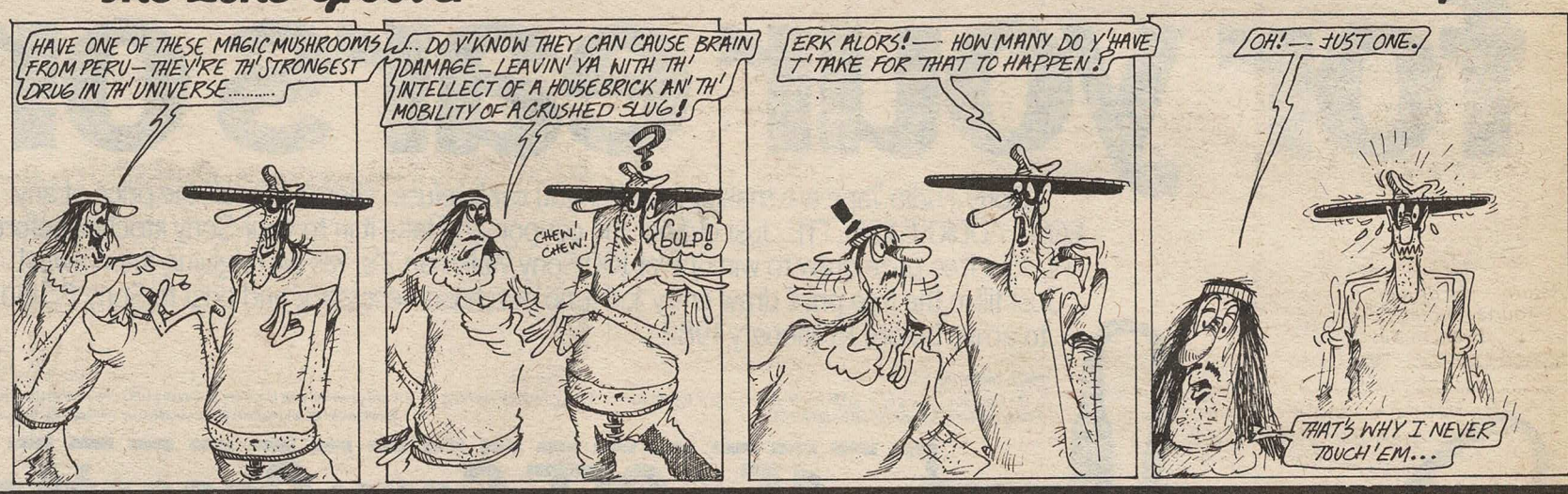
The album concentrates less on song structure and more on the exploration and development of sound and rhythm.

Joe: "We slowly began to feel the way rhythm is all around you all the time, whether it be your own heartbeat or the sound of the street outside. We use any noise that excites us to create as much variety and texture as we can in order to give the listener as many different frames of aural reference as possible."

Rico: "Yeah, we wanted to get away from any linear, one-dimensional sound that might run through the whole record, like The Teardrop Explodes or the Bunnymen. The album ends up sounding almost like a compilation, it's so extreme in the approach to each track."

The music itself owes a lot to the likes of Can and PiL, without being as harsh as the latter. At times the pieces slip into soft

The Lone Groover — Benyon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lyricism which is indeed reminiscent of Syd Barrett. But if Syd is currently enjoying another revival, count The Lines out. Their tracks are to be used as a vehicle, a method of feeling something or getting somewhere — and much of the disc charms you to such a degree that it succeeds unequivocally. The Lines are no '80s acid band.

However, they still seem fated to be the eternal support band. Why's that?

"Because we can't sell ourselves," says Rico." We're shitty hustlers and anyway up until now we've never had any desire to do so."

Joe: "When we first started it was a personal, more subjective project. But as the whole creative process centres around communication and being communicative, we've had to come to terms with the performance aspect — which in turn has made us a far stronger and better band ..."

Rico: "Right, because when we play now, people don't ignore us. Our motivation is so much stronger that the audience is aware of that and can't switch off like they used to."

So the game is up. Time now to get serious. The Lines have given themselves until the end of the year to make sure of some sizable feedback. Hopefully as winter starts to bite, the more sensible streetwalkers will hang up their summer salsa threads and get down to some legitimate form of soul education. The Lines have the goods, now all you have to do is go out and buy them.

— SIMON FELLOWES

ERROL HERE, there and everywhere, dispersed across the wide range of a distraught amd distempered consciousness.

I feel vibrantly happy and in love with the simple beauty of life, despite or because of my life being in something like near-total decline and ruination. Ah, but Christmas and the New Year season always does depress me; it's something about seeing everyone else (over) doing for a short while what I punish myself with *(purely* in the interests of insouciance) 36 hours a day, 365 days a year. For the hols, I shall be alone, buried in **Edgar Allan Poe, Dostoevsky,** tequila liqueurs, debt, red ribbons, specially imported tortillas, and rascallish stratagems.

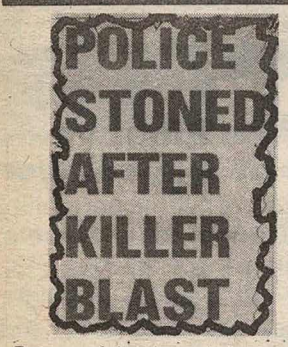
A sojourn in New York has left me questioning the poignancy of being forever a stranger on someone else's shore. Of course, invaluable accomplices (American Express, **August Darnell,** Amphetamine Di . . .) prevented the total rupture of my senses, but returning to London . . . returning to what?

New York was . . . Hell, Ecstasy, Bowling, Being, Having, and most importantly of all Never Having To Say You Have Proof. I attended an exhibition of AESTHETIC REALISM with **David Byrne,** who was in a merry old Thanksgiving mood. We laughed about relations between Libya and the USA, between his good self and the rest of **Talking Heads,** and between good and evil. We were in stitches, made an exhibition of ourselves and inadvertently got reviewed in the *Soho News* as a *performance* by **William Saroyan.** We got together with **Willie** for a ruminative breakfast in my hotel suite — carrot juice, Tia Marias graced with Polish spirit, asparagus in grenadine and oyster sauce, wild boar steaks, cheesecake and a home box office viewing of the Terpsichorean tendernesses and strangleholds of *The Postman Always Rings Twice,* which somehow seemed to make more 'sense' in such surroundings.

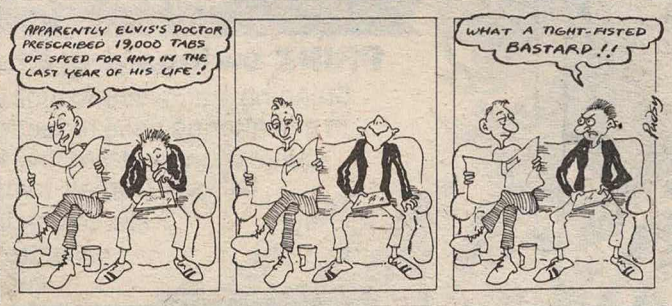
We adjourned to the glorious White Horse bar, picking up **Dudley Moore, Diana Ross, Carly Simon,** half the editorial staff of *Interview,* **Rusty Egan, Ian McKellan, William Hurt** and **Ariana Stassinopolous** on the way. I bought them all Tia Maria and Polish spirit, a few of us fell over backwards, the expatriates amongst us explained why and how an event like the 'SDP' can and does take hold of Britain's 'imagination' (if you're reading, **Shirley, Andy** would love to *Interview* you) and we celebrated the New Year early, together, pissed as you'll never be, in Diana's nine foot by nine foot jacuzzi.

Actually, I'd quite forgotten about that little bubble and squeak until now. Now I know where my all was spent. Sigh, once I was a pliable youth that sought but hosts and sped through many a glistening chamber . . .

It's Christmas. Good morning, midnight! Sleep eludes me . . . What better a draught to predetermine such a matter than *Errol's Xmas Cocktails* (price £53 but *free* to all you untouchable darlings next week in your vulgar extra size *NME).* Have no fear, some part of me will always be here, my dear . . .



Return of the druggie innuendo, courtesy of the Edinburgh Evening News



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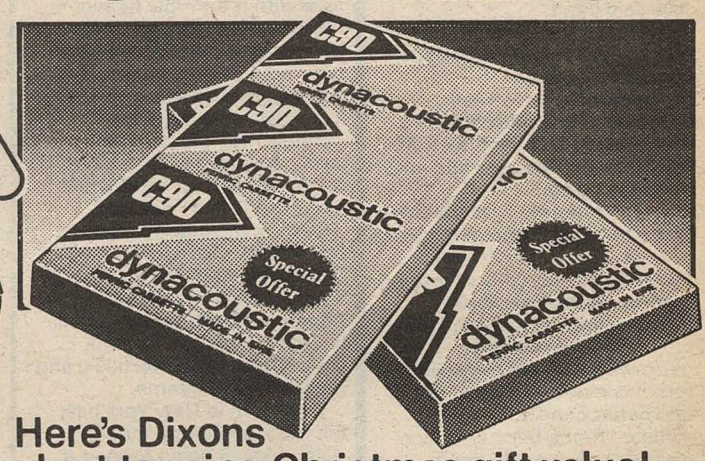

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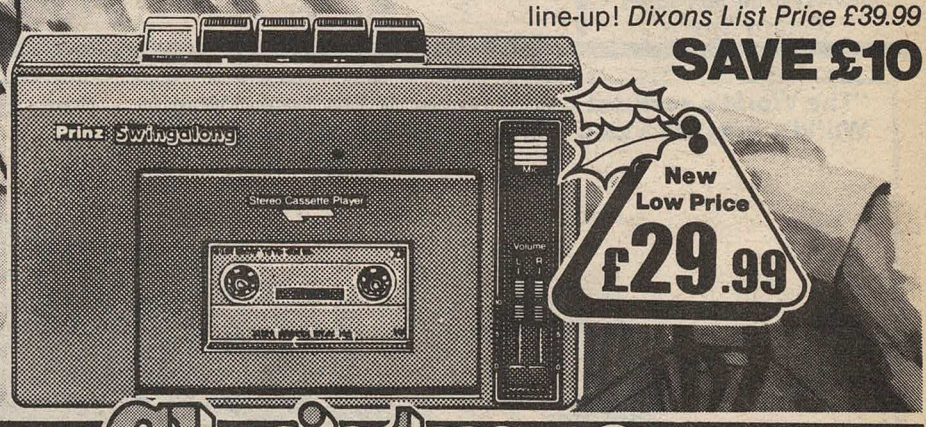

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TAKING NEW YORK THE WOOLWORTHS WAY!

RICHARD GRABEL sees Girls At Our Best through the worst of their American tour

Picture: Joe Stevens

THAT FIRST single, 'Going Nowhere Fast', was great. A springy, bouncy pop song with a sound poised nicely on the border between the raw and the slick, it was fresh and alive and fun. But I thought 'Politics', the second single, was already a bit tired.

But their album is doing well in England, and they came to America, so I met GAOB, and we talked.

A lot of their talk was self-serving advertisement. This is not unusual. A lot of their talk was very sharp, observant and sensible. This is less usual. Anyway, we found a few things to agree on. And then we went out to a Japanese restaurant and ate sushi and drank lots of saki and had a good time.

It was a bit sad to see GAOB playing to about thirty people on a Thursday night at Interferon. Sadder still to realise that even those thirty-people weren't really there to see the band. But GAOB took an indifferent audience and won them over. Kids who had hardly glanced their way when they started playing were calling for encores by the end of the set.

GAOB onstage are three almost invisible guys and one centerpiece girl: Judy Evans (Jo to her friends); James Allen (Jez to his friends), who plays the ringing, buzzing guitar that gives the songs their punch; bassist Gerard Swift (Terry) and drummer Darren Harper (Titch).

Jo looks good up on stage, easy and comfortable, and she radiates warmth and friendliness. But her manners and moves eventually seem as limited as her voice, which is very pretty but goes on and on in a sweet, chirpy trill that doesn't change.

The same problems limit their album. The back-up is competent but characterless, and only when they come up with a particularly good hook does any one song stand out. There are a few such cases — 'Fast Boyfriends', 'Goodbye To That Jazz', and especially the title cut, 'Pleasure' — that show the pop potential in this band. GAOB are lightweights, with good chops and a chirpy, pretty lead singer and a few good ideas they are stretching too thin. But, but — they could, and they just might, come up with that one song that will take them all away, that one perfect hook that will set up Jo's voice just right and catch the ear of everyone who hears it and make them temporary big stars.

JO AND JEZ are the core of the band. They are a couple, and stick pretty closely together. Once we started to get to know each other we got a good and easy exchange going. Bassist Terry is friendly but in the interview he lets Jo and Jez speak for the band. As for drummer Titch, he is the most painfully shy character I've ever met. In all the situations I saw him in at dinner, at a gig, at a party — I never saw him say a word to anybody.

When we met, GAOB had played in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and Trenton. So how's it going?

Jo: "It's been really good here. I was expecting less than it is. We've had no negative reactions. Except that in England we don't usually play clubs. We prefer to play colleges. In clubs a lot of younger people can't get in, and I think the attitude at college gigs is less self-conscious. You go to see a group, not just to hang out."

You waited a long time before doing any gigs.

Jo: "Yeah. That wasn't a big tactical thing or anything, it was just the fact that we didn't have any songs, and we didn't have a drummer. At one point we had four songs, and no drummer, but we had two singles out, so everybody thought we were a group, but it wasn't like that."

Coming from Leeds, GAOB have a deep suspicion of what they see as a London-dictated fashion parade of trends that dominate the English music scene.

Jez: "In England the audiences are shit scared, and the American audiences aren't. When we went out to gig in England we were already known, so it was alright. If we had gone out in England as an unknown quantity, as we've done here, we would never have got the reaction which we've received here. Even the so-called trendy clubs here like the Peppermint Lounge are nothing like the trendy clubs in England. There's something desperate about the way groups in England jump on the newest fashion, and change when the next thing comes around. They're desperate to be stars, to look the part."

Jo: "This is why we find it hard to answer questions like what sort of band are you or what are you about, because were really just doing what we want, pleasing ourselves. But we're facing this huge preconceived idea of what groups should be about."

Jez: "People don't like you for reasons that have nothing to do with music but only with those preconceived ideas. People are not sure what they're into or not into."

Resisting the dictatorship or fashion is a good thing. But aren't you being a bit overly defensive?

Jo: "The younger people are really afraid of that fashion thing. They're afraid to go into a record shop like Virgin, which is quite trendy, where any given month a certain attitude is prevalent. The W. H. Smith shops or Woolworths, where the young kids can go on a Saturday afternoon with their Mum, that's where the young kids buy their singles. There's no threat, they can just walk up to the chart rack and pick out the singles they want."

The ideal GAOB consumer?

Jo: "Yeah, that's why we want to do *Top Of The Pops*. 'Cause there you're able to reach kids who will go out and buy it, so they won't have to feel it's underground."

So you're not into using your position as a group as a soapbox?

Jez: "No. That sort of thing is for people with great ego problems. For me the purpose is to entertain me first. I think one trouble with a lot of groups is that they write songs thinking about what the audience is going to think about what they're saying."

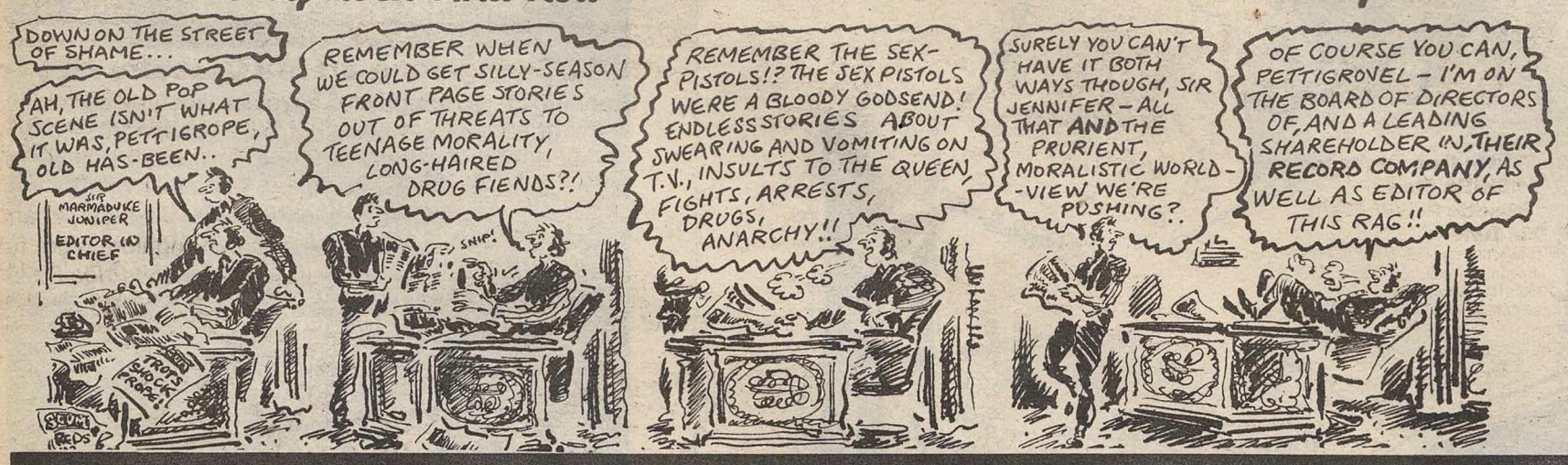
Their last gig in America is preceded by a press party in the upstairs room of the Mudd Club. Surprisingly few people turn up to partake of the free drink and birthday cake on offer. But the gig later on is comfortably crowded, and the band goes over very well, as usual. 'Going Nowhere Fast' still seems their most rousing song, which is worrying. But I also love their modernized 'This Train (Is Bound For Glory)'. Jo, is that your folky roots showing?

"Yeah. Our bluesies".

GAOB see themselves as defenders of rugged individualism in an English music scene gone all worried and self-conscious. The question is whether their music is distinctive enough to back up the stance. I don't think it is, yet.

But as I said, that could change. They do know how to write a good song, and if they come up with that one great one, they could be stars. It couldn't happen to a nicer bunch.

Not Only Rock And Roll — Lowry


DOWN ON THE STREET OF SHAME...
AH, THE OLD POP SCENE ISN'T WHAT IT WAS, PETTIGROPE, OLD HAS-BEEN..
SIR MARMADUKE JUNIPER EDITOR IN CHIEF
REMEMBER WHEN WE COULD GET SILLY-SEASON FRONT PAGE STORIES OUT OF THREATS TO TEENAGE MORALITY, LONG-HAIRED DRUG FIENDS?!
SNIP!
REMEMBER THE SEX-PISTOLS!? THE SEX PISTOLS WERE A BLOODY GODSEND! ENDLESS STORIES ABOUT SWEARING AND VOMITING ON T.V., INSULTS TO THE QUEEN, FIGHTS, ARRESTS, DRUGS, ANARCHY!!
SURELY YOU CAN'T HAVE IT BOTH WAYS THOUGH, SIR JENNIFER — ALL THAT AND THE PRURIENT, MORALISTIC WORLD-VIEW WE'RE PUSHING?..
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PLUTONIUM BLONDES

Going down a real bomb

TIS THE season to connive to survive — not just to beat the Flash, but to beat it with panache! One rather controversial theatre group with your interests at heart in this respect are CAST, now touring a Christmas production of *Hotel Sunshine* — written by Roland Muldoon.

Hotel Sunshine is a truly undergound drama; the action takes place forty feet below ground in an "ideal home of the future", according to producer Warren Lakin —it's a bunker prototype for an El Paso California multinational who hope to flog similar structures to the frightened hordes above). It's not a sober tale, though — there are plenty of "sexual politics" between the four characters to enliven proceedings.

Hotel Sunshine will appear at the Richmond pub in Richmond Place, Brighton, on Dec 10; White Rock Pavilion, Seafront, Hastings, Dec 11; Bishop Otter College, College Lane, Chichester, Dec 16; Kent Hall, Market Buildings, Maidstone, Dec 17; and Friday, Dec 18 at Riverstreet Hall, Riverstreet, Somerstown, Portsmouth. CAST stress also that they are anxious to hear from people who would like to book comedians, films, bands, theatre groups and videos, in case they can help.

☐ Blazing Red have put together a mini-tour of live music and a disco in aid of CND, which will appear on Dec 15 at the Old Town Hall Cellar, Hemel Hempstead, and on Dec 17 at the Mad Hatters, Luton. The benefits involve bands Platinum 5, Click Click, and Blazing Red plus a mime artist, art exhibit and slide show — in addition to the 'Nuclear Free Zone' disco. Tickets for Luton are available on the door (£1.20 and £1 to unwaged) but for Hemel Hempstead they must be bought in advance. Ring Hemel 48967 or 62745 and talk to organisers Manic Rhythm on behalf of beneficiaries Youth CND.

☐ On December 18, No Nukes music continue their local London work with a gig at Brixton Town Hall, Acre Lane. Starting time is 8pm and acts are Pigbag, The Raincoats and The Psychotics. Tickets will be £2.00 or £1.50 unwaged.

☐ The following eve (December 19) sees a Saturday Dance Our Debts Away benefit for *Undercurrents* magazine at the London Film-Makers Co-op, 42 Gloucester Ave, London, NW1. Starting time is 7pm and — in tune with their recent multi-media ventures — the Co-op are offering Rita Hayworth in the film *Gilda*, Wa Pa Cha live, disco by the Hot Club and cabaret by Tony Allen and the one-and-only Heathcote Williams. Cost: £2; further info from Peter Culshaw on 01-253 7303 or 278 9082.

☐ Finally, December 22 sees Partizans' unique anti-Rio Tinto Zinc (that's uranium as in radioactive, remember?) carolling session. Partizans provide the carols, you supply the lungs and then afterwards everyone repairs together to the King Charles II in Kingly St, London W1. Carollers will be assembling at 5pm at 6 St James Square, SW1 — in company with the Fall Out Marching Band and the 'renowned' Ron Bailey, and expect to arrive at the King Charles by 6.30. (Children of 12 and 13 are welcome, says the landlord, as long as they don't imbibe alcohol) For extra info phone 01-609 1852. Oh — and bring your own food is you want something non-liquid to sustain you.

—CYNTHIA ROSE

NME!!! Christmas!!!

Put them together and what have you got?

Morley mauled by ***Meatloaf***
Not for the squeamish!
Penman deflected by David Byrne
Not for long, though!
Fashion '81 undone by Lynn Hanna
Not far enough!
Arthur portrayed by Dudley Moore
Not a dry eye in the house!
Rock photographed by NME's elite
Not a whole body in sight!
Cocktails by Errol
Not a half measure, not a chance!
Narcissus by himself
No need for a royalty cheque!

And a ragged-trousered ROUNDUP of 1981 — everything from the SDP to DAF, from the Human League to the FA CUP — by every last lazy, disgruntled, panama-hatted, acid-whacked one of us. . .

YOUR XMAS NME

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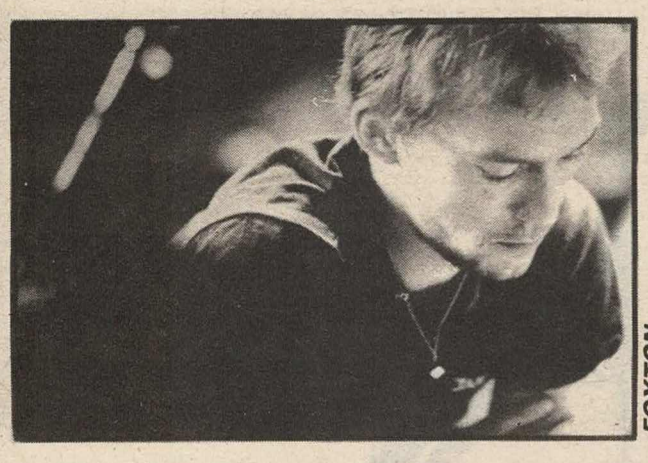
SEE SANYO, THEN DECIDE

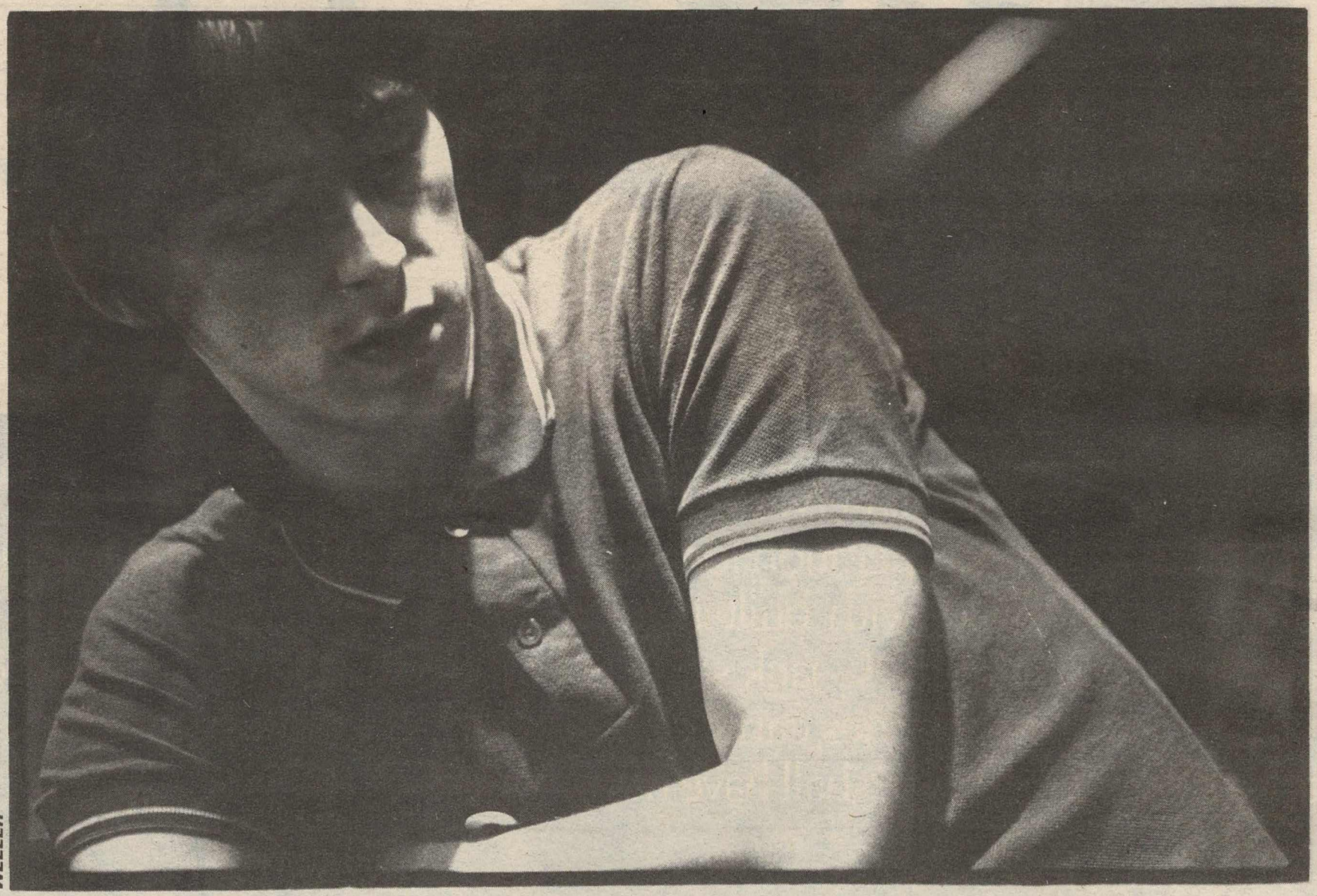
SANYO
Technology at your fingertips

Two minutes to midnight actually. Dave Wakeling and The Jam explain why they've contributed to an anti-nuke LP to fight the lunatics running the asylum.

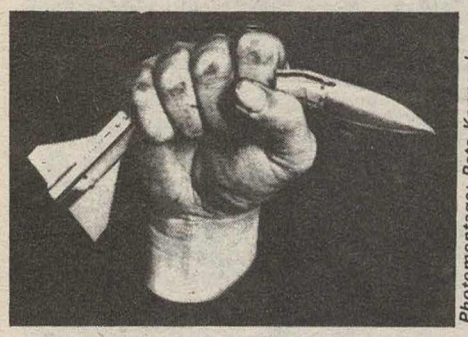


FOXTON

DOWN IN THE FALLOUT



PAUL WELLER



Photomontage: Pete Kennard

THERE'S A GREAT poster out now. It's done old movie-style, titled *Gone With The Wind,* and it shows Margaret (Scarlett O'Hara) Thatcher in a passionate clinch with cracked actor Ronald (Rhett Butler) Reagan. The caption reads something like: "She promised to follow him to the end of the earth ... He promised to organise it."

Brilliant. But let's forget the lunatics who've taken over the asylum, and look at some individuals doing their modest bit to organise the planet's survival — via music.

Survival Music, for it is they, have organised a compilation LP (see News Page) entitled 'Life In The European Theatre'. It features (mostly well-known) tracks by one of the strongest line-ups of British acts you could imagine, who've all donated their music free. Proceeds from the album go to four causes: CND, Friends Of The Earth, Anti Nuclear Campaign and European Nuclear Disarmament (END) — and then 50% to a fund set up jointly by the four campaigns, plus the musicians, plus Survival Music.

A young guy called Chas Mervyn is the driving force behind Survival Music. It was when he was working as tour manager for The Beat that the idea of an album came up — one that would raise funds, get some sort of message across, and demonstrate the strength of feeling on the nuclear issue among musicians of this generation.

Chas left The Beat to work full-time on the project. Months of planning, negotiation and arm-twisting later, the record's ready — to be put out world-wide, through WEA, with sleeve-notes by E.P. Thompson (the great writer / campaigner) and musical contributions from such as The Undertones, the Bunnymen, Stranglers, Au Pairs, Clash, XTC, Dury and Gabriel. Their record companies all co-operated, in the end, but the groups' enthusiasm was total. (Linx were keen too, but found out just too late.)

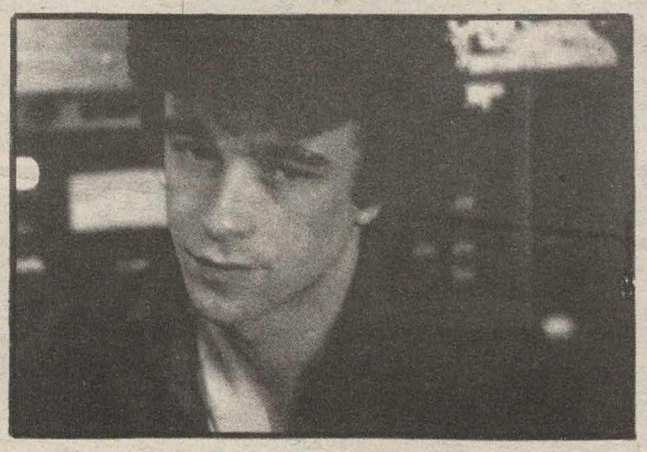
So I met Chas Mervyn to talk about it all. Madness, Terry Hall of The Specials / Fun Boy Three, and Bad Manners — who are all on the LP — hoped to come along but *TOTP* commitments wouldn't allow. But The Jam — Rick Buckler, Paul Weller, Bruce Foxton — were there, taking a breather from recording, and so was The Beat's Dave Wakeling (fresh off the Birmingham Inter-City and a married man of just 24 hours' standing).

So ... this is what we sat round and said. Except that my bits have been re-written to make me seem witty, pithy and articulate.

CHAS MERVYN: ALL along it's been the groups pushing. If they hadn't been so keen it would never have happened, because we're asking people to give away something for free. The bands' response has amazed me right from the start.

Paul Du Noyer: The Beat were in on the idea at the beginning, weren't they Dave?

Dave Wakeling: Yeah, we met people from the various organisations when we did 'Stand Down Margaret' (proceeds of which went to the anti-nuclear movement). When they saw there was money to be shared out, they lost their differences, whereas before they never trusted each other. So we thought it'd be a good idea to extend it.



CHAS MERVYN

"The biggest enemy is the media, especially the daily papers. Like the Right To Work march from Liverpool, that was put down in the papers as more communist infiltration and all this crap."

Paul Weller

PDN: Chas, how did you decide who to approach?

CM: It was obvious that certain groups were concerned, just by the material they were writing, and then musicians would suggest others.

DW: There was hardly anyone who said 'No'.

Paul Weller (sharply): Who was the ones that did? Give us the names.

CM (diplomatically): Later.

PDN: What was The Jam's reaction, Paul?

PW: We'd obviously do it. It was the first time we'd got involved with anything like this — not because we're lazy, but, dunno, it was only the other week that I actually even sent off for a CND membership. There must be thousands of people who are against it but don't know how to get involved. Same with us.

DW: It's a fear of joining organisations. As soon as they get well-organised they end up in-fighting, over who's gonna be social secretary or something. But here, the thing we're talking about is so important, even if that bickering does go on, it's still worth taking a chance on it.

PW: It's the thought of having a card as well — it's like joining the Boy Scouts. But it's what it achieves in the end, that's what really counts ... The follow-on from all this would be getting people like Sheena Easton and The Nolans involved.

DW: Yeah, MOR Against The Bomb. Probably the majority of people who like groups on this LP already hold that view anyway ... The Nolans *were* quite into doing it, but I don't know if they'd be allowed to.

CM: It's not as if it's a political issue, it's something that affects everyone's lives. It's just immoral to kill millions of people.

PW: It's a question of your future. At the root of it everyone's interested in their own future, so that'll get across to most people.

DW: It's funny: I think it *is* having an effect, cos I don't usually think that pop music does have any effect. But the fact that groups are involved has something to do with so many young people being willing to protest in England. Whereas before it used to be just Europe where they'd have big demonstrations and England'd be apathetic.

Rick Buckler: Young people have put it out of their mind in this country for a long time.

PW: But that applies to Britain politically anyway. Whereas you talk to people in Italy or France they've got definite political views.

PDN: Also they don't have this long-standing, complex emotional tangle that we have with America.

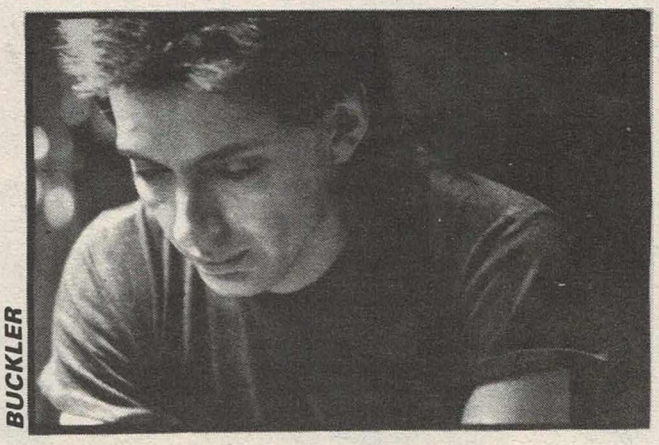
PW: But I think that feeling is changing in England now, that we're only like America's sub-let.

DW: We're just the fender on the front of the car: not an *ally* at all, just a cushion. One danger, though, now that people *are* thinking differently about America, you could easily fall into the trap of thinking Brezhnev's great —

SHELTER AT MIDNIGHT

Report:
Paul Du Noyer

Pix:
Pennie Smith



BUCKLER

WAKELING

and he's just as uncaring as Reagan.

PW: That's what I liked in Tony Benn's speech at the rally, that you've got to resist American generals and Russian generals.

DW: Yeah, he did a good speach, really good.

PDN: This is the stigma, isn't it, that you're playing into the Russians' hands, that the Kremlin is rubbing its hands with glee at the demos in Western Europe.

DW: That you're not even consciously communist, that you're being duped. But every time America stands up for South Africa or whatever, the Kremlin rubs its hands with glee. They don't need a marketing budget of their own, just keep letting America make mistakes for them ...

Trouble is, neither system is working at the moment. Anyone in power can think, if they can *expand* that'll make it look better: all of a sudden you've got plenty of coal, plenty of steel, plenty of uniforms. Put half the unemployed in an army and get them killed, put the other half in factories making weapons.

It's a quick, simple answer. Everyone can get a flag out and feel pround cos they've got something to fight for again ... We have to pretend that all the kids on the other side of the line really hate us, so we've got to get them or they'll get us first.

RB: As soon as the level of understanding comes up the better. And obviously one way of doing it is through the youth.

DW: The main way of communication among young people is music at the moment. There ain't a newspaper you can buy every day and find out what's happening. A lot of young people rely on music, not just as a way of forming opinions, but of keeping their spirits up ... We're trying to organise a festival in Austria next year — three day event, 50,000 people — half from the East and half from the West, with some bands from the East as well. That'd be good: just to sit in a field for three days with somebody from Poland. A real education.

PW: That *is* the only barrier, propaganda. It's not even language, you can always overcome that.

(Chas Mervyn explains how the LP's sleeve notes will be translated for each country of release, and all the vital contact addresses will also vary. Both Weller and Wakeling emphasise how travelling in groups has made them aware of what's happening around the world, and of how much we all have in common.)

PDN: This LP contrasts with the American 'No Nukes' release. This is directly political, and specifically anti-war, where that one was more narrowly environmental, rich West Coast dodos, an extension of Me Generation politics.

DW: We definitely learned some lessons from that. It made the whole thing really respectable and comfortable, something to stick on your coffee table and you don't have to think about it any more. In the end there was loads of American groups just dashing to get on that LP, when their record companies were saying, Do you realise your two biggest competitors are on this record?

CM: But I think all the bands who've been involved with this have made it very clear from the beginning how they feel. And instead of being some limp LP that happens to have its proceeds going to a cause, it has some points to make, with a real strength of feeling.

DW: Probably the best way to sell it in America would be the idea that if there's a nuclear war, record sales would plummet. . .

INTERLUDE

A BAD MANNERED phone-call from Louis Alphonso.

Direct from the *Top Of The Pops* studio, Bad Manners' guitarist Louis rang me to explain their involvement (namely offering the album's one previously-unreleased cut, 'Psychedelic Eric'). When they were approached, he said, they accepted right away.

Although 'Eric' itself is not especially anti-nuclear in content,the move's a bit surprising from a group that likes to avoid politics.

"We have basic political beliefs," Louis replies. "But we don't like to preach them."

Much as he respects groups like The Clash and Specials, Bad Manners just don't feel it's *them* to get too serious in song. That said, they'll use an opportunity like this LP to make a gesture of support for something important.

And then the pips went.

PAUL WELLER: The biggest enemy is the media, especially the daily papers. Like the Right To Work march from Liverpool, that was put down in the papers as more communist infiltration and all this crap.

DW: I think this cause is good, because it's harder to discredit. You don't have to make a huge political decision to decide you don't want to be blown up. It's fairly common sense. But yeah, it is dangerous when the media have a vested interest in the news and what people are meant to think. As the situation becomes more extreme then music becomes more and more important as means of communication.

PW: Well at the present time it's the only form of media without some sort of censorship.

DW: Yes, cos the people in control think it's all a bleeding racket anyway. So you can get away with some fairly serious things in your songs and they pass totally un-noticed.

PW: Music is a communication system for *young* people, but for people in general it's the daily papers. Whatever you see splashed on the front page of the *Sun*, that's your topic for the day.

DW: And even if they don't totally believe it all, it's still depriving them of real information, so it works just as well. A lot of people go, Nay, I don't believe what I read in the papers, but it's what they *don't* read there as well.

PW: At the root of it, what I find the most frustrating is that it's the same thing it's always been: the majority, which is us, is ruled by a minority.

CM: And yet that minority are the only ones who are safe if there is a nuclear war.

DW: I do sometimes think that it's a whole con, and the Americans and Russians know what the plan is for the next ten years, and they need to keep their populations in a state of fear to maintain their respective positions. And if it *is* that, then it's an even bigger waste of money . . .

It's important that the LP's music is fairly different, cos it's dangerous to have a fashion thing where it's 'in' this week to wear a CND badge. Then all of a sudden, if that type of group goes out of fashion, the people don't want to wear a CND badge because it's musically what was happening last week. It's important to show the issue as being bigger than its constituent parts. In a lot of ways it's a fairly fickle situation, the pop world. And stuff like wanting to survive should be more important . . .

It is *embarrassing* to think that we could destroy ourselves, y'know what I mean? You just feel a prat, for being part of a system that can't do any better than that.

RB: It's like knowing something's gonna fall on you, and not bothering to get out the way.

DW: We certainly feel capable of more than that. Anyone you talk to in a pub feels infinitely capable of better than that . . . And this nonsense of, Give us a future, they don't *own* your future: it's your future, just take it. The question is, are we responsible enough to take our own futures?

(A pregnant pause. We slurp our tea. Paul Weller criticises the insensitivity of all centralised authority. Chas Mervyn relates the year's riots to that same dogmatic lack of official imagination.)

DW: That's the problem with the system at the moment. They're trying to make this early 1950s suit fit somebody who's living in the 1980s. So they keep having to put tucks in it, and hems and darts to make it fit, rather than saying perhaps we should have a new jacket for the '80s. I think Margaret Thatcher was genuinely shocked when the riots happened, really surprised that people were that angry. I used to think she was dead callous, but I think she's just dead out of touch as well! Not a clue, and yet she's making decisions on our behalf.

PDN: It must have been embarrassing for her, if nothing else, when she meets all the other heads of state. Like going to a posh party when your own kids have just crapped on the front lawn . . .

MEANWHILE, THE absurdities mount up. I mentioned the case of the man who spent thousands on a nuclear shelter for his back garden. When he went out to check it, it was flooded: it was letting the rain in.

"Sounds like an Irish bomb shelter," said Bruce Foxton. "One with a sun-roof."

"Great!" laughed Dave Wakeling. "'Bomb Shelter With A Sun-Roof'. If you lot don't use that for a lyric then we will."

And, given The Beat's dedication to this album project since the word go, maybe it's right the last word should go to Dave . . . Dave?

"Yeah, well, if it all goes wrong, could we just say it was The Jam's idea?"

"We're just the fender on the front of the car: not an ally at all, just a cushion. One danger, though, now that people are thinking differently about America, you could easily fall into the trap of thinking Brezhnev's great — and he's just as uncaring as Reagan."

Dave Wakeling

No 1 in France

Silver Screen

DONALD DUCKS

Donald Sutherland up a creek without a needle

The Eye Of The Needle

Directed by Richard Marquand
Starring Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan
(United Artists)

JUST FOR a change, a film for the squeamish. *The Eye Of The Needle* is a wartime romance that brings Thomas Hardy and Len Deighton together to arrange safe passage for the allies at Normandy. It ends, like all great romances, with a fine irony and an empty bed.

The course of the war has devolved upon an ordinary woman and a ruthless Nazi spy, flung together by storm and circumstance on a remote Hebridean island. The spy has left a trail of warm bodies all the way back to the War Office, despatched with a cold stiletto and an even colder smile. In roles such as this, Donald Sutherland never fails to raise a shudder.

This charming character loses his icy grip only twice in the film, and each of these two climatic sequences occur in the driving rain (while the film's other climaxes all occur in bed). A storm wrecks his stolen boat and washes him into the arms of Lucy, the patient, frustrated wife of an embittered cripple. Lucy will not be loyal and love-starved very much longer.

Kate Nelligan as Lucy lifts the film out of the ordinary and has left a litter of used Kleenex across American cinemas. *The Eye Of The Needle* is a love story set in a spy thriller, and Kate Nelligan (an accomplished stage actress) relegates the mechanics of chase and subterfuge to a corner as she seizes her character and wrings the human workings out instead.

There are some truly gripping moments, and they all belong to her. One key scene comes to a literally shattering end as she crushes a glass in her hand in silent, nervous acquiesence to Donald Sutherland's calm and lethal seduction. Lucy discovers that her lover has killed her husband, and she will soon learn the reason why. Her sense of shock, confusion, hurt and fear is conveyed in overwhelming detail.

But Lucy is a victim of love, not the victim of a psychopath. Her terrified plight at the end of the film echoes all too many recent pieces of Hollywood shlock, but with two important differences. Kate Nelligan is too good an actress to let Lucy deteriorate into the usual hysteria — Lucy's panic is all the more harrowing for being held so palpably and precariously in check. And Donald Sutherland doesn't want to kill her anyway.

The final rainswept struggle is not so much between Lucy and the spy as between conflicting loyalties, his to the Fatherland, hers to her husband, and theirs to each other. Duty results in the lovers' mutual betrayal.

The Eye Of The Needle is a well-made, professional film that will appeal to prosaic tastes. The performances are exceptional, not the story or the telling. Without them, this bitter romance could have quite easily turned sour.

Paul Rambali

NATALIE WOOD

1938-1981

HOLLYWOOD'S DARK STARS come out and stay out long after the blonde sun has burnt itself out. Lorens and Taylors and Gardners and Lollos (heiresses Joan Collins and Jaclyn Smith and Brooke Shields) make marriages and money like mad but never seem to flounder or grow seedy.

Brunettes who turn to the Bottle (behind every famous blonde there's a brunette) die a death stretched over decades. I don't know why. Perhaps their personalities in the first place were so unstable that they just had to reach for the bleach bottle (I'm not good enough without BLONDE HAIR!)

Natalie Wood was the nicest dark star of all, without Taylor's awe-striking legend status, without Loren's Zen calm keep-offishness, without Gardner's swashbuckling notoriety or Lollo's bad-tempered lack of talent.

What Miss Wood did have was great beauty and an ability to act well and at will, to make usually good and often great films *(Gypsy, Love With A Proper Stranger, West Side Story)* as a matter of course, without months of hype, sweat and tears. Obituaries have mentioned her business sense, banally, and her beauty, naturally, but none have mentioned that she was as good at her job as any actress needs to be. Whether being cute in the '40s, flirtatious in the '50s, swinging in the '60s or stately in the '70s, Natalie Wood was something good.

Miss Wood's starry-eyed vulnerability seemed strongly to suit films with a stiff vein of melancholia beneath the dazzle — *Inside Daisy Clover*, Louise in *Gypsy*, Maria in *West Side Story*, Angie in *Love With A Proper Stranger* — and her Indian summer colouring won her roles as desirable aliens: The Puerto Rican Maria, the Jewish Marjorie Morningstar, the Italian Angie.

She was the dream girl next door, the foreigner fatale next dream. She was Tom Wolfe's Little Girl and James Dean's baby queen. She always looked young and optimistic, she could seldom be heard whining about her Hollywood childhood or her stage mother.

Her death by drowning is such a shock precisely because Natalie Wood was so bright; the words *trauma* and *Natalie Wood* have never been linked. Even her divorce from Robert Wagner ended in re-marriage. If there had been suicide attempts or brawls or hooch problems in her back scrapbook pages her death would not come as such a blow — most of our fallen idols are kind to us, letting us down gradually to their deaths, carpeting the coffin with countless seedy items in scandal sheets as time goes by. But Natalie Wood was a success — not just financially, but in the fullest sense of family and not making a fool of oneself.

Although she never did and still will not inspire a gaggle of cult followers (the dark star's qualities are not easily frozen and bottled for the Big Sell) more people over the age of fifteen must have awoken this morning with a vague sense of depression than on any day in recent months. Natalie Wood made films from the age of four to the age of forty-three, so many films that not many people don't like *something* she's done.

There has been a particular kind of faggot logic abroad in the film world since the break-up of the beautiful studio system in the '50s, which says that if a girl is pretty and straightforward she is automatically a bad or a non-actress. If she is pretty and A Mess, Death may make things alright (see Marilyn). If she is plain, she will weep and whine around the big screen a few times and immediately be acclaimed as a genius (see Meryl). But someone who sees acting as an easy, enviable job, not a heroic struggle, is condemned forever as frivolous fancy goods.

Actually, in a world where there is so much REAL pain, a world that contains El Salvador, I find it the height of precociousness and frivolity to approach PLAY-ACTING as today's new breed of sub-stars do; as an earth-shaking crusade, worthy of hours of analysis and hundreds of front pages of publications that should be printing NEWS. Natalie Wood's casual, professional approach was best; acting is about jerking cheap emotions, and Wood could jerk tears where Streep can't — that's acting.

She was a little California Russian girl made good. She was good. She was a good film star and she never bored her public, not with her personality or with her product. You can't say that about many actors.

She'd been on the big screen for thirty-nine years, but the public never really had enough of her. And now there's nothing left.

Julie Burchill

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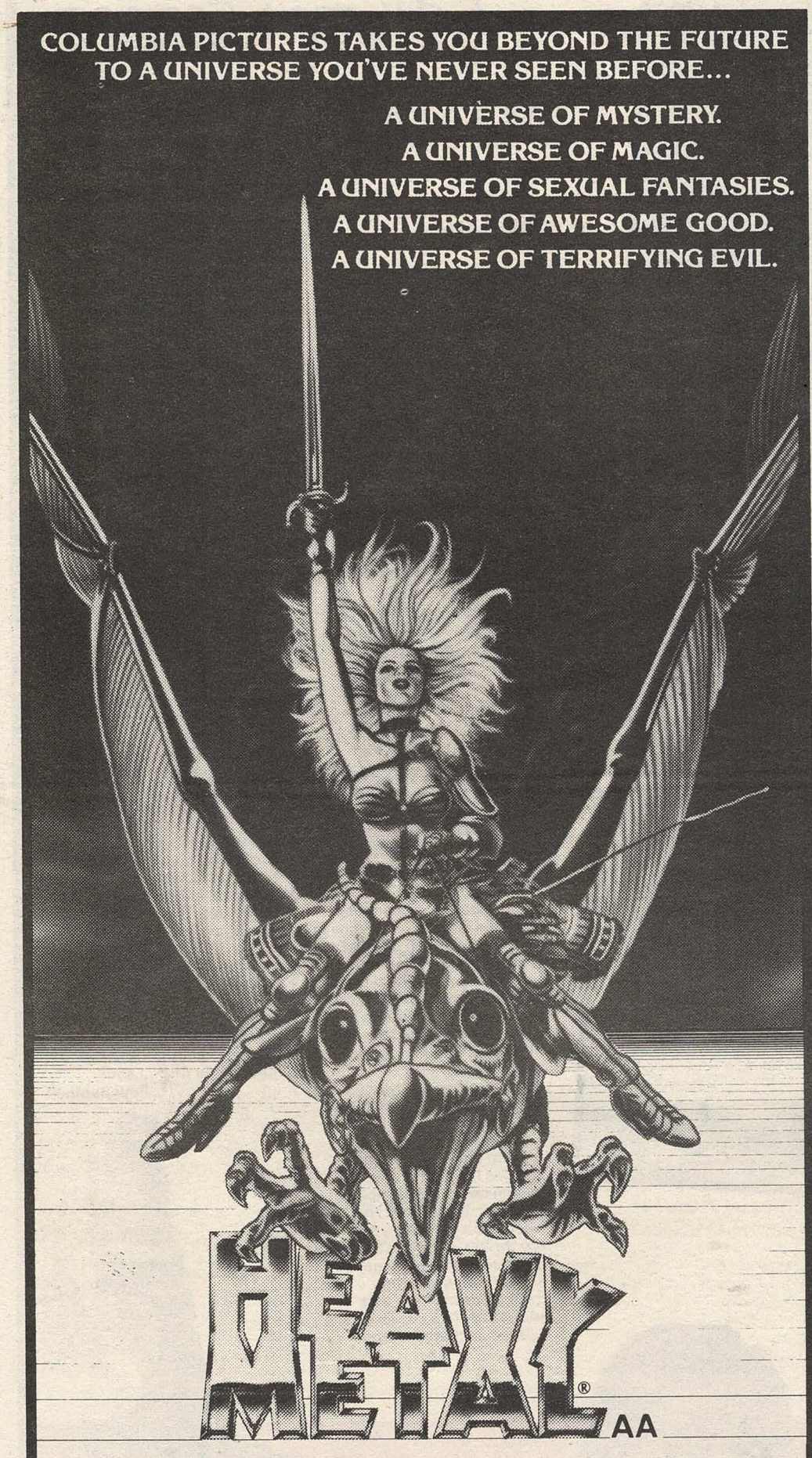

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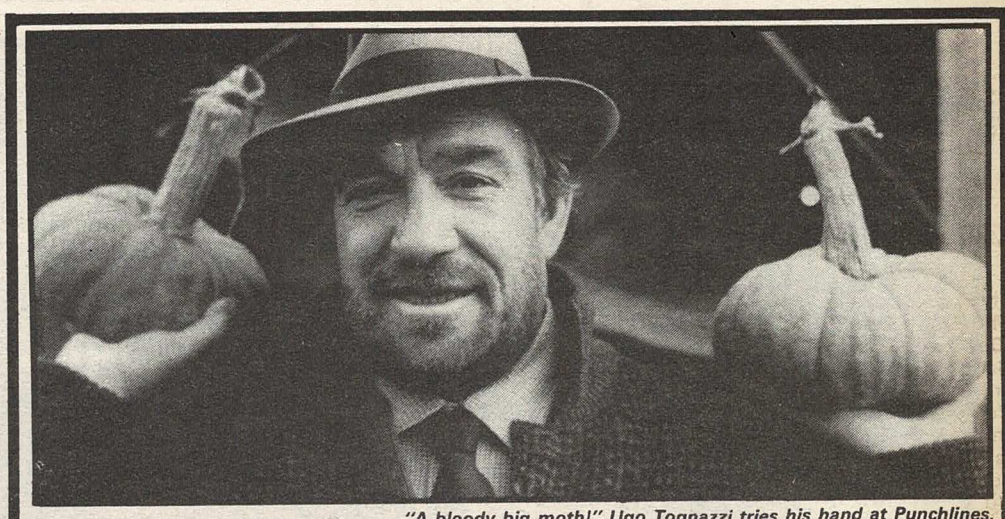

"A bloody big moth!" Ugo Tognazzi tries his hand at Punchlines.

The Tragedy Of A Ridiculous Man

Directed by Bernardo Bertolucci
Starring Ugo Tognazzi, Anouk Aimee and Laura Morante
(Warner Bros)

TURNING 40, Bernardo Bertolucci seems to have got restless. Having let his filmic cycle progress from *The Conformist's* hardnose ruminations to the devious gossamer sensuality of *La Luna,* he's abruptly turned back to the wintry climate of his earliest pictures in *Tragedy Of A Ridiculous Man.* How you react will depend on how much you like a puzzle-box.

For *Ridiculous Man* is a puzzle indeed. The premise starts out simply enough: Primo Spaggiari, played with a troubled pensiveness by Ugo Tognazzi, sees his son Giovanni apparently kidnapped after a car chase not far from the family's cheese factory. Spaggiari is a wealthy self-made man who now has to look to the values he places on family and possessions. His wife Barbara (excellent Anouk Aimee, all faraway eyes and twitching mouth) is soon totting up the potential family fortune for the inevitable ransom; but Primo isn't so sure . . .

Nothing, really, is as it seems. Primo strikes up an odd liaison with Laura, Giovanni's girlfriend, and Adelfo, a trainee priest, both also workers in the factory; they appear to have connections with the abductors, but whose side are they on? Is Giovanni alive or dead? It soon occurs to Spaggiari senior that there may be a way of using the situation to his advantage.

In reverting to an all-Italian cast and setting, Bertolucci has chosen a very different tongue to the pastoral eloquence of Rosi's *Three Brothers.* His Italian countryside, where the factory and family villa are isolated, stinks of the factory pigpens, is damp and snowbound in winter; the (fake) Pissarros and ham slicer in the house are part of the entrepreneurial rewards on the way up and out.

But the price of this mercantilism, curiously, is a sad burden of responsibility rather than any paranoid greed. Bertolucci seems to suggest that for his country to remain on its feet it has to rely on men like Spaggiari in more than mere economic terms.

So Primo sees that it is not simply his possessions he is being asked to surrender but the promise which his humble beginnings grew out of, a history which he recounts to Laura in one of their brief encounters. Faced with this he is adrift; left at the scene of the abduction when the police have departed he weeps helplessly for himself in the midst of a rain-sodden cornfield. This is the tragedy, if there is one.

Matters are compounded by the unpredictability of everyone else. The police marshal (a very funny cameo by Vittorio Caprioli) asks unfathomable questions and trips over the furniture; the factory workers' blank faces might be hiding a conspiracy of silence. Even Spaggiari himself seems to be nursing some secret knowledge of his own.

Nothing is resolved in the teasing ambiguity of the finale, either. Bertolucci has explained away the inexplicability by alluding to the way Italy is plagued with crimes without solutions.

A thin excuse for intrigue that struggles to be intriguing — *Ridiculous Man* is often laboured, sometimes ponderous — yet there are still enough ideas in this unlovely film (an almost total eschewal of *La Luna's* rhapsodic photography) to suggest a revitalisation that should lead to greater things.

Richard Cook

Sci-fi silliness

The Bubble

Directed by Arch Oboler
Starring Michael Cole and Deborah Walley (Tigon)

THE BUBBLE is the chief attraction of the ICA's Xmas 3-D season, being the first film made in Space Vision, a superior technique perfected in 1966 by original 3-D pioneer Arch Oboler. Whereas in normal 3-D objects seem to come out of the screen at you, in Space Vision they come out *and* wobble about!

This is all very well but, in lavishing his care on Space Vision, Oboler has lost sight of the other ingredients a film needs — like plot, credible acting, decent dialogue, action and so forth. I mean, it's terrific having a bloody great aeroplane wing loom out of the screen and almost scratch your nose, but it's not exactly *Citizen Kane.*

The Bubble is about an alien force which suddenly appears on Earth, wipes out American civilisation (the work of a few minutes) and collects bits and pieces of Americana — plus a few people — under a huge, unbreakable bubble, supposedly for observation purposes. Into this bubble, by a freak chance, fly all-American couple Mark and Cathy, with new-born babe. Most of the film is concerned with their efforts to escape, these being of a rather uninspired nature — like driving a truck at the bubble or trying to dig underneath it.

Not a lot of scope here for psychological insight, passion, tension, or even a car chase! In fact, the film's most exciting moment comes when a tray of lager floats out from the screen and hovers in front of the audience — and I speak as a teetotaller.

As 3-D goes, Space Vision is pretty impressive, although, apart from the brief craze in the 50s which produced *Creature From The Black Lagoon* — the genre's one indisputable classic — 3-D itself has never been much used and is now a rarity, lingering on only in odd corners. The ICA press handout reckons the latest 3-D film made was called *What The Swedish Butler Saw* — I don't know what that was but I doubt I'd want it in my eye.

Graham Lock

A cop is turning.
Nobody's safe.

PRINCE OF THE CITY x

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Monty Smith sizes up the small screen

Thursday December 10
MIGHTY JOE YOUNG (Directed by Ernest B. Schoedsack 1949). Coyly credited as Mr Joseph Young, the simian hero of this silly special effects saga is predictably allowed to run completely amuck in New York. His efforts at urban redevelopment don't hold a banana to Mr K. Kong's earlier efforts, however, and the main appeal here will probably be the duff jokes and terrible acting (Terry Moore, Ben Johnson and Robert Armstrong). Camp as bottled coffee, dear! **(BBC2)**

Friday December 11
WINDBAG THE SAILOR (Geoffrey Smokestack 1940). Mighty Will Hay as discredited sea-captain Ben Cutlet, somehow ending up on a cannibal island. So funny, it hurts. **(ITV Thames)**

TARZAN TRIUMPHS (William Thiele 1943). Do you remember the one where Johnny Weissmuller found Boy under the only gooseberry bush in the jungle? Well this one's even more stupid than that. Tarzan thwarts the Third Reich in the latest of the Beeb's crappiest 'season' since they showed all those Glenda Jackson movies.**(BBC2)**

DOCTOR IN TROUBLE (Ralph Thomas 1970). The last of the long-limping series, with Leslie Phillips well past it as Simon Burke, 'juvenile' prankster of the bedpan and bromide brigade, effortlessly getting right up James Robertson Justice's generous hooter. And mine. **(ITV LWT and Ulster)**

Saturday December 12
THE BURNING HILLS (Stuart Heisler 1956). What a poxy 'tribute' to Natalie Wood; the sort of tired little western that gave Mel Brooks ammunition for *Blazing Saddles.* Tab Hunter is the klutz on the run from . . . oh, who cares? Natalie, apparently, even though she's an unlikely Mexican maiden. When you think of all the worthwhile films she made, the Beeb must've worked really hard to dig up this one. **(BBC2)**

THE COMMAND (David Butler 1953). Soldiers v Indians, and even worse than *The Burning Hills* simply because Natalie Wood isn't in it at all. **(BBC2)**

SEX AND THE SINGLE PARENT (Jackie Cooper 1979). ITV's tribute is a complete cock-up; they've got this confused with *Sex and The Single Girl,* in which Natalie fairly sparkled as Helen Gurley Brown. Here, Susan St James — a good foot taller than Natalie — and Mike Farrell (certainly no Tony Curtis) lead a leaden TV sitcom. **(ITV all regions)**

FIEND WITHOUT A FACE (Arthur Crabtree 1958). *NME's* nickname for famed production editor Tim Greenhalgh turns up as a sci-fi shocker (as in "shocking!", "awful!" "turn that bloody rubbish off!" etc)**(ITV LWT)**

WILD ROVERS (Blake Edwards 1971). The William Holden 'season' kicks off with a horribly 'lyrical' western, sentimentalising the relationship between Holden's grizzled veteran (echoes of the magnificent Pike Bishop) and Ryan O'Neal's callow cowpoke. **(BBC2)**

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL GUNFIGHTER (Burt Kennedy 1971). Broad comedy western that's not even up to James Garner's earlier effort *Support Your Local Sherriff.* **(BBC1)**

Sunday December 13
KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS (Robert Hamer 1949). I prefer some of Ealing's grittier comedies myself, but there's no denying this is a stylish exercise, acted with great wit by Alec Guinness and Dennis Price. **(BBC1)**

PRESS FOR TIME (Robert Asher 1966). No wit or style here but plenty of silly gags as Norman Wisdom becomes the world's oldest cub reporter. **(ITV LWT)**

BORN YESTERDAY (George Cukor 1950). Classy Garson Kanin comedy built around the familiar Pygmalion theme and Judy Holliday's priceless performance as the dumbest of dumb broads. William Holden's her teacher, Broderick Crawford her crooked millionaire lover, both excellent. **(BBC2)**

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK (Gene Saks 1967). Flimsy Neil Simon comedy, let down mostly by the casting of Jane Fonda and Robert Redford as the newlyweds, neither of whom is exactly noted for their surefire playing of snappy one-liners. For an object lesson in the art, wait for Jack Lemmon in *The Prisoner Of Second Avenue,* coming up at Christmas. **(ITV all regions)**

Monday December 14
ST IVES (J. Lee Thompson 1976). Charlie Bronson typecast as a writer (!?!); don't panic, he soon chucks his pencils out the window and is off shooting at people. Not a masterpiece. **(BBC1)**

A STAR IS BORN (Frank Pierson 1976). When Barbra Streisand's nose came into contact with Kris Kristofferson's quivering pectorals the movies came of age. Adult Orientated Cinema and quite horrible. It'll go down a wow in Guildford. **(ITV all regions)**

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DANGEROUS VISIONS

ANDY GILL promises to buy a TV licence after seeing Jim Allen's latest play

JIM ALLEN'S *The Spongers* of a few years back was a milestone in television drama. On that, all critics are agreed, even if some had reservations about what they saw as the uncomfortably melodramatic touch of the mini-Jonestown ending. Single-handedly dragging social realism out of the mire of '60s kitchen-sink domesticana, *The Spongers* detailed the remorseless workings of a welfare state gone sour by focussing on the plight of a single-parent family caught in its bureaucratic cogs. It drew sharp and timely attention to the dangers of "the state" acquiring a capital S, and raised as yet unanswered questions about what constitutes a "caring society".

The bitter irony of that play's title is there too in *United Kingdom*, Jim Allen's latest epic, which took up 2½ hours of Tuesday evening. Again directed by Roland Joffe, *United Kingdom* has so many similarities with *The Spongers* that it's perhaps best to view it as a sequel of sorts. Certainly, the early shot of a bedroom crammed with kiddies brought with it an uncomfortable twinge of *deja vu*, and although this time there was no specific victim, the issues were much the same.

The political die is effectively cast before the play opens: a district council in the North East has refused to implement expenditure cuts, and a Government Commissioner is sent in to run the local authority. The early part of the play intercuts scenes of the Council-In-Exile's attempts to muster support with scenes of the nameless Commissioner's arrival. Whilst he holds a press conference, the councillors hold demonstrations; the one speaks to national mouthpieces, the other to local mouths.

Meanwhile, behind it all, Chief Constable McBride (Colin Welland) goes quietly about his business. A PR figurehead for the most part, McBride nevertheless knows exactly where he stands as regards "sedition" and civil disobedience; aware of the problems, the area's history and the imminent unrest, he opts unflinchingly for *control*.

Seemingly incapable of viewing political protest as other than a personal affront to his authority, he acts with a decidedly heavy hand, increasing the unrest and eventually calling in the SPG to do his dirty work when he's effectively transformed a political issue into one of "law and order".

Like everyone else in the play, McBride is a victim — in his case, a victim of his past, his preconceptions, his position, and a power he can't wield properly. He'd never admit it, of course.

Certain scenes stand out from the general storyline; in particular, one riveting scene in which the local bobbies call to interrogate a couple's young son, caught when his shoplifting mates did a runner. They want the names of his mates, and his unemployed dad Tony (Bill Paterson) is determined that he should co-operate and keep himself out of court; his militant councillor mum Kath (Val McLane), however, is equally determined that he should keep quiet, as there's no "charge" against him but truancy.

A minor affair, perhaps, but the confrontation escalates into violent recrimination between Kath and Tony. It's plain to see — although it's never stated — that the argument has nothing to do with whether the boy should co-operate or not, but is merely the bursting of a domestic boil long distended with the pus of poverty, unemployment and associated pressures. It *had* to go, or the marriage would have; it just needed the right needle.

United Kingdom deals with the nuts and bolts of political crisis, the flipside of the filtered, distanced view given by newspapers and TV; like *The Spongers*, it blurs the line between fiction and reality (everything McBride "says" has apparently been said before by real-life Chief Constables), to the point where you could be watching a documentary. And you *are*, of course — this play is happening, in slightly altered form, all over the UK of today.

As one of the councillors succinctly puts it, "Listen, girl — those people up there have effectively got their heel on the neck of local government. They've took our jobs away — they're *paying* us not to work — and now they're putting us in a box, closing the lid, and the boys in blue are happily sitting on top of it."

The question is: Which councillor? Ken Livingstone? The Clay Cross rent rebels? Or are they just fictions, too?

Colin Welland as Chief Constable McBride in United Kingdom

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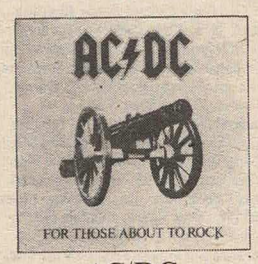

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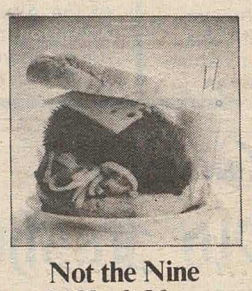
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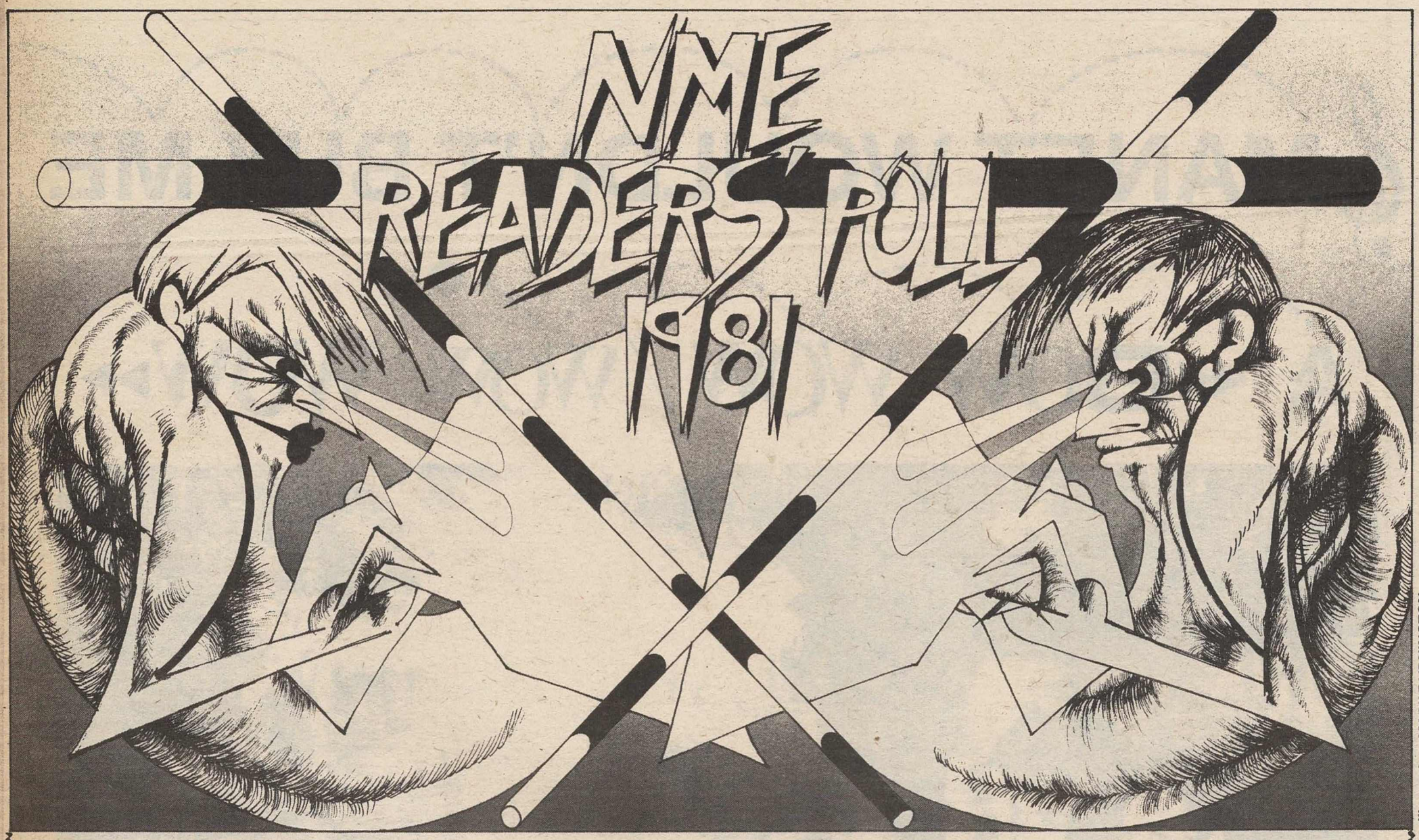

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.....

Film
.....

Most Missed Person
.....

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.....

Songwriter
.....

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.....

LP
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MANET WOULDN'T BUY ME A BOW WOW / WOW WOW

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SINGLES

reviewed by gavin martin

Illustration: Adam Peters

INTUITION ECSTASY AND EMOTION

THE ISLEY BROTHERS: Inside You (Epic)
Lying around for weeks, shamefully ignored and under-publicised this is one of the best 45s of 1981. Just think — 'Harvest For The World', 'Live It Up', 'Baby It's A Disco Night', 'That Lady' and 'Highways Of My Life' — the list of scorching '70s Isleys' singles is endless, taking its place with ease beside their celebrated moments from the '60s. Plainly, we are dealing with a rare type of genius.

The Isleys are not here to ponder any poxy fantasy, they are here to perform a noble task and, expert craftsman that they are, they carry it off beautifully. Those vocals move like a swallow through the summer sky, those horns are like fine strokes in a Van Gogh oil painting and the Nureyhev-nimble bass has the anticipative pre-coital palpitations and unrequited desire. Which is what 'Inside You' — the meeting, the greeting and the he-he-heeating — is all about: the glory of true need and the captivation of (I'll second that) emotion.

There have been some truly precious dance records in the past ten years, obvious candidates for a killer 'Disco Greatest Hits', like 'Shame', 'Boogie Wonderland' and 'You + Me = Love'. They've brought kids together, affirmed early adolescent belief and given them something to aspire to. 'Inside You' is another — clear, graceful and great. A record I'll treasure forever.

DIANA ROSS: Tenderness (Motown)
Diana's combination of lithe enticement and regal declaration — an exquisitely powerful voice — never found its proper place in the swamp of maudlin blancmange she waded through in the '70s. Her best record, apart from The Supremes material, was 'Upside Down', produced by Nile and Rodgers but the silly girl didn't know when she was lucky and left Motown to produce herself and make terrible abominations like the current 'Why Do Fools Fall In Love.'

This re-issue is proof-positive that the short sharp Chic treatment was just what she needed. 'Tenderness' is lust looking for trust. After the pallid, formula-wearing-thin of their later efforts, Bernie and Nile come up with a sharp, restructured staccato edge and send it reeling through a quintessential modern dance production. All the ingredients resonant, rhyme and reason — flying wily strings, warm slices of mellow horn funk, clasped in a post-Cropper rhythm clench.

Everything balances, makes its effect and complements the sensitive urgency of the song. Holding tight and grooving free, yearning coz it's how you feel, and dancing coz your heart won't stand still.

CANDI STATON: Count On Me (Sugarhill)
The collaboration between Station and Sugarhill was one I found, on paper, to be very dubious. Seemingly Candi had been unable to come with anything of note since 'Young Hearts Run Free' and she'd decide to sidle into the safety of the rap factory and let the thunderclaps do the talking.

Not a bit of it; both parties are too wise and talented to throw themselves away on such a spurious exercise and if this record is mostly memorable for Candi's mercurical vocals it also shows a welcome ability on the part of Sylvia Robinson's outfit to expand into new areas.

As yet they've a sturdy but unprocessed blueprint of future possibilities and this song has the transparency and jauntiness of a jingle. In spite, perhaps because of this, like all records in this section, 'Count On Me' is perfect daytime radio listening. It's not a blaring brawn-over-brain piece, but it is relaxed and subtle enough to take a little of your time and whisper something that is personal, and precious and tender.

FRANK SINATRA: It was A Very Good Year (Reprise)
Flip over the new Sinatra single — he's still in fine voice but the song 'Bang Bang (My Baby Shot Me Down)' by Sonny Bono is well dodgy — and you get his real romantic eulogy, the autobiographical *tour de force* that 'My Way' could never be. This is the calendar of life flying on the wings of memory and marked by the most intimate of experiences — orgasmic, spiritual and metaphysical.

HOT HEELS HIT THE CEILING

GQ: Shake (Arista)
Spinning and writhing, jumping out of bed in the morning — somewhere exciting to go. Leaping down the street — on your way to a special night out and you're flying in your dreams. Open to suggestions, at least. GQ shimmer into a lavish cut and thrust dance floor motion. From the hip to the ankle it's 'Shake Your Body' and from the waist to the shoulder it's 'Good Times' but pushed and pumped by a savage, slashing hi-hat and an elephant-stampede of a bass guitar. So it's up and down, up and down and all around. All over, and again . . .

J WALTER NEGRO AND THE LOOSE JOINTS: Shoot The Pump (Zoo York Recordz)
Fresh from mashing up New York this is now available in this country through Island records. I'm not sure whether shooting the pump means simply bursting the water mains and watching whilst passers-by get drenched or if it refers to the noble art of grafitti — popping an aerosol and letting the world know how you feel. Whatever, this single has the immediacy and effectiveness of both pastimes, being a potent cocktail of rap babbling and caustic gut funk.

J Walter and The Loose Joints — bantam weight bouncers scampering over red hot bricks, away from suspicious mamas, bawling neighbours and flying monkey wrenches — leave you in no doubt that pump shooting is a bloody good idea. A pity about the crude, messy guitar which is the only thing standing between this mesmerising volley and true love.

SUGARHILL GANG: Apache (Sugarhill)
What *would* be astounding would be the entire happy soul of the trampled tribe tearing itself from years of repression and restraint and rising into the air as one ecstatic unit, but this is a rather subdued affair, The Sugarhill Gang sounding more like The Furious Five in a song that lacks the crazy exhortation of 'The Birthday Party' or the blazing invention of 'Wheels Of Steel.' Very little goes on that fulfills the promise of the hot popcorn spitting tom-tom intro, as it fades rather than flourishes into the chorus and drags out the old Shadows wet lick as a link between the raps. Like they say, the Indian used to trust the white man but now he has his reservations.

TEENA MARIE: It Must Be Magic (Motown).
Racy, saucy, spruce, bright and happy — Teena Marie (a minor league heroine) goes on a fresh faced, neatly shaped and nicely angled fling. A guaranteed floor filler at the commercial (and more enjoyable) discos it's flavoured with subtle erotica and a hint of the mystery of Heart's 'Magic Man'. Teena wrote the rhythm track herself and the smart girl (one of Motown's few successful white artists) comes up with a very topical and attractive metaphor between — click, click, ring ring — love games and pinball machines. A double bonus, play again.

DAMP SQUIBS

THE CLASH: Radio Clash (CBS)

Another rag bag of musical cliches and political simplifications, though no doubt The Clash will grow in their stature as 'valid rock statesmen', because fogey old rock critics searching for a soft place to lay their campus bred '60s ideals feel they can be salvaged from the obstacle of reality by pasting rebel chic street mythology over the fly poster.

What is wrong with The Clash is that so much is scrambled and vaguely alluded to that effectively they end up with nothing to say and, more pertinently, they have no cogent means of projecting their 'message'. So we get a sprawling, splintered fantasy which presents the zombified vision of would be media guerillas with rampant hysteria. 'Radio Clash' is a 4 part epic — scrubbed up, dubbed down and sellotaped together. It jerks from side to side, diluting the essence of 'Magnificent Seven' and stewing it into an all-in aural refuge collection. More than any group I can think of — and that's not to say their intentions aren't sincere — The Clash highlight the age old inadequacy of the white musician as culture vulture. From 'White Riot' through 'White Man In Hammersmith Palais' they've come across as ghetto slummers and on 'Sandinista' they sealed their fate with an inability to do anything more than pay feeble lip-service to prevailing moods and music. No wonder rock critics love them.

A CERTAIN RATIO: Waterline (Factory)
Hardly the happiest men in the world, A Certain Ratio continue to float well off the beam with this ode to the London flood zone. The whole Factory, Joy Division, New Order, A Certain Ratio chic (Hitler decreed that *a certain ratio* of nongentile blood constituted a Jew) remains unexplained and is at best a very facile groove thang. If art is a mirror then they are simply reflecting their own lack of ideas and imagination.

If funk is a tonic this is a dose of castor oil. A pseudo-psalm over-compensates for The Sisters of The Cathedral backing vocals by swamping them with layers of dour drubbing brass and drums stockpiled with rancorous guitar and cranky computer break outs. A thoughtless and spiritless meander, from the safe complacent niche as The Clash.

LIQUID LIQUID: Successive Reflexes (99 Records)
I wake up from a flamboyant drinking spree, lying in a pool of sick, my throat tastes like a parched sewer pipe and my head is spinning like John Curry in a whirlwind. Someone puts on Liquid Liquid at full whack and I'm ready to curl up and die. It's the perfect portrayal of the hangover mood — the shadow of intoxication, the underlying sickness of the human condition and the fragile nature of substance and security. And, you know, there are still some whackos around who'll tell you that records like this are pertinent and productive additions to contemporary culture.

PUT SOME HEART IN YOUR ART

DAVID BYRNE: Big Blue Plymouth (Eyes Wide Open) (Sire)
Aha! Manic obsession. Staying up all night. Prowling like a lion. Pouncing like a panther. Mr Byrne is back with a lean and hungry look, jabbering mad-eyed from his new 'Songs From The Catherine Wheel' and he's still a jittering paranoid parody of The All American Male. This recalls the spartan glory of that marvellous first Talking Heads LP with devilled thumping drums and sabre tooth bass snarls. What's it all about? God only knows — the far fetched threat of a big Beefheart type dummy? Or running from a Lewis Carroll creation (a self propelled gargantuan water bed clambers over mountains of polystyrene foam in hot pursuit of Pinocchio played by David Byrne), in some weird other worldly nightmare?

The college drop-out is up in the loft with eyes, ears, windows and doors left open. Everything is left open, wide open. The possibilities for the video are endless.

DAVID BOWIE: Wild Is The Wind (RCA)
Admittedly a real product filler but it is a sterling performance from Bowie, from 'Station To Station' (via 'Changes Two Bowie') his best and most endurable album. In 1976 the lushness of this acoustic based ballad was a marked departure for him and is still one of the few attempts at crooning that stands up outside the select echelon of Sinatra, Bennett and Cole. Bowie's vocal performance — his best ever — is sensitive and suggestive enough not to have to try to reproduce His Master's Voices and the song still makes a refreshing and attractive addition to the charts.

ANNETTE PEACOCK: Sky-skating (Ironic Records)
A dunderhead pant-chant with drippy church organ, ponderous drum machine and all manner of synthesiser mocadon. Annette Peacock comes on like a precocious electronic era Melanie who's just read some G.B. Shaw and like any silly filly is now playing the character of her choice. Great stuff for the annual Knightsbridge Literary Debutants Coming Out Party — *"I'm holding court again with fascinating men / But you are the one that I desire to love / And I can't dispell you from my thoughts."* Dwy Martini pwese.

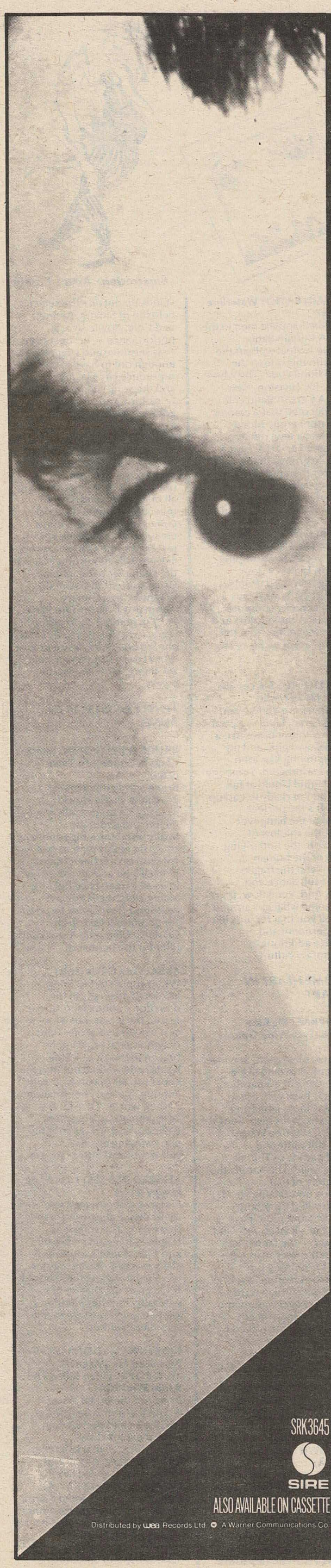
WITH CHRISTMAS IN MIND

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: Santa Claus Is Coming To Town (CBS)
Bruce Springsteen makes goodtime single shock! Actually it's quite a jolly frost melter and about the healthiest thing a big superstar could do at this time of year — spread a bit of cheer, mock himself a bit and give the kids in us all a treat. Nice tinkling piano, sleighbells and a (basso) profound *'You better be good for goodness' sake'* from Clarense Clemons. A stocking filler for the nephews.

ABBA: One Of Us (Epic)
When cupid started firing arrows of adversity in the direction of Abba land, some feared the worst. But it looks as if the shrewd professionals of continental pop simply braced themselves a little tighter and walked out into the cool crisp air to come up with another spirited confirmation of their worth. 'One Of Us' is a consummate achievement: bazoukis and strings surging and swinging against self-doubt and bitter sadness.

ALTERED IMAGES: I Could Be Happy (Epic)
Simply a trite irritant and a really disposable turn-off to these ears. The song is so fragile as to be non-existent and Clair doesn't sound as if she's reached double figures yet. I'm not saying they should *try* to grow up, that comes naturally, but they shouldn't keep feigning nursery rhyme retardation either.

KIDS INTERNATIONAL: You Promised Me (Magnet)
MINI POPS: Video Killed The Radio Star (RCA)
Bring out the brats! What would Christmas be without legalised child pornography? All that exploitative advertising, all that soft focus idyllic imagery, and all that lovely lolly — a field day for capitalism. Keep them cute, keep them stupid, keep them in cages of convenience where the adult world can stand back and coo, sated and self satisfied with their own superiority and emotional maturity. Hang about kids, exactly who's fooling who?



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Favourite Funk

BROTHER D WITH COLLECTIVE EFFORT: How We Gonna Make The Black Nation Rise? (Clappers 12")

The resurrection of a genre first popularized by The Last Poets and not heard from since — militant rap!

The label features a picture of a gun-toting Rasta, but the record has nothing to do with Jamaica. It's pure Harlem black political consciousness set to that hip-hop Bronx beat.

My first reaction on hearing this was to laugh in appreciation of its audacity, the very idea and challenge implicit in its coupling of political analysis with that bad party rhythm. But it's not a joke — the politics are serious and so is the rhythm. The total effect is stunning — it works on every level.

The rap is an indictment of the "party mentality". *"Space out y'll to the disco rhyme/You're moving to the rhythm but you're wasting time"*. It ticks off the issues at hand: inferior schools, sub-standard food at higher prices in ghetto stores, the rise of racism and the Ku Klux Klan, the encroachment of the police state.

There's a chorus of women who don't sound like the typical chirping dolls of most backing vocals. Their voices are matter-of-fact, the voices of women you'd hear on the street, arguing with a shopkeeper or yelling to a friend. They sound real, and they sound angry.

At the end, Brother D answers his own question: *"How we gonna make the black nation rise?/Agitate, educate, organize"*. So there you are, shaking your body — 'cause this is definitely a dance record — and it dawns on you that you're dancing to a political rallying-cry. Talk about confounding expectations. Talk about subversion. Talk about it!

FRANKIE SMITH: Double Dutch Bus (WMOT 12")

Double Dutch is an advanced skipping game played by ghetto kids. It's also the language that goes with the game, involving sticking nonsense syllables in the middle of words.

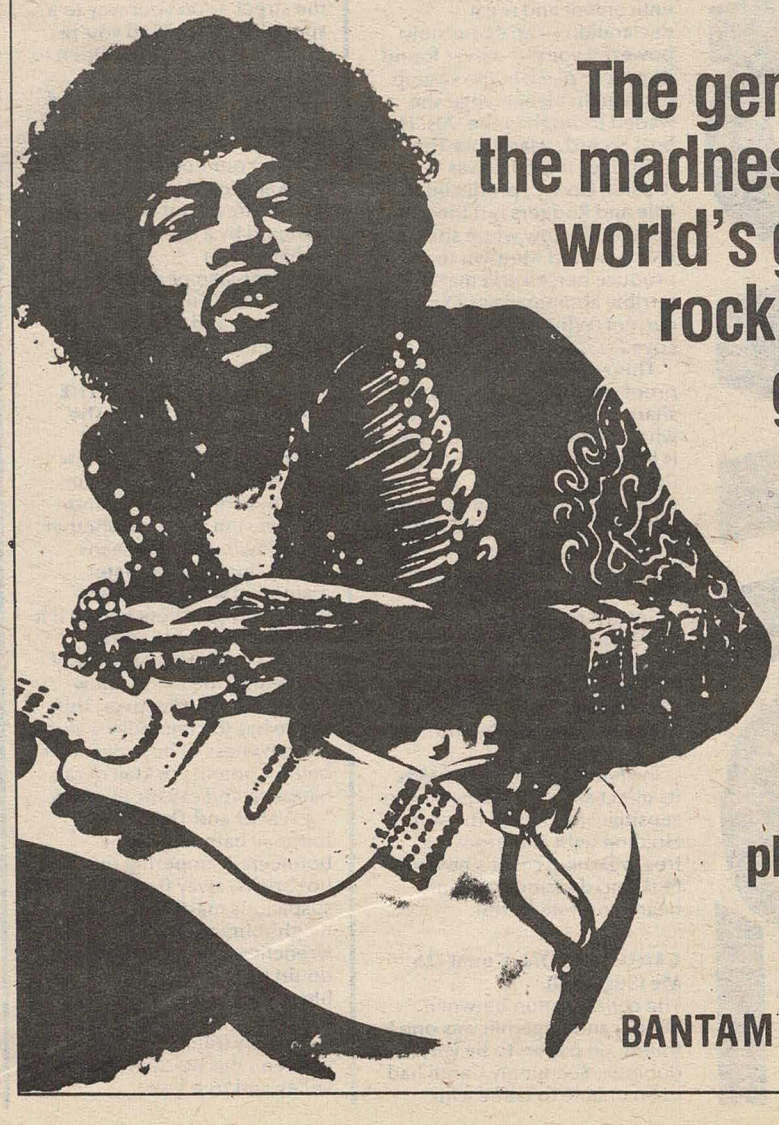
This is a funny, funky, low-down, true street record. Its beauty lies in the way it interweaves the worlds of children's and adults' street life. The children skip and make up silly language. The adults run to catch the bus to work, stand around on the corner jiving, score something from *"special man"* and joke about the wife back home. All of it moves and vibrates with the feel of the street, and it's on the street, blaring out of radios and boxes everywhere.

Brother D *Pic: Joe Stevens*

'SCUSE ME WHILE I KISS THE SKY

THE LIFE OF JIMI HENDRIX

by David Henderson



The genius and the madness of the world's greatest rock and roll guitarist

Lavishly illustrated with rare photographs

OUT NOW IN BANTAM PAPERBACK

Smith's voice is rough, gruff and irresistably funny, howling *"Say HO if you got your funky bus fare."* The track is snaky and so smooth it grabs your feet and makes them glide.

Perfect Pop

R.E.M.: Sitting Still/Radio Free Europe (Hib-Tone)
Spacious, ringing guitar chords, a haunting voice steeped in wistful memories and romantic longing, a hopping, party-time beat — 'Sitting Still' is a perfect pop construction. Delicate, breezy, beguiling, it's a thing of catchy beauty. 'Radio Free Europe' is a harder, more rocking sound, yet still far from ordinary. R.E.M. are another band from Athens, Georgia, but much different from the rest. Their impulses are impossibly pure and urgent. Southern cousins to Orange Juice, they echo classic sounds and remind you of things you can't exactly place, but never descend into imitation. The guitar pulls like a Siren's song and the singer's voice is as comforting and intimate as that of an old friend. Innocent charm and magic at work.

MISSION OF BURMA: Signals, Calls and Marches EP (Ace Of Hearts 12")
Out of the six songs here, three are dispensible, but any value-for-money considerations are made moot by the fact that one song, 'That's When I Reach For My Revolver', is an absolute, instant classic. It's a song of coiled tension and flamboyant release, an aggressive celebration of its own dignity and strength. Venomous, deliberate, angry and proud, it takes the lessons of post-punk rock and roll and explodes them into an instantly grabbing personal anthem, an anti-romantic design for living. Nothing else here comes close, but this song should be heard.

LYRES: EP (Ace Of Hearts 12")
Anybody remember the Human Beinz? Music Machine? Sound Explosion? Before your time? Don't sweat. The Lyres are here to reintroduce the world to the joys of American garage-punk. This is not abrasive or cultish music. All the bands I just mentioned had hits once, and the Lyres will too if there's any justice. This is pop sensibility, infectious rhythms, inspired vocals, and above all, playfulness. And an understanding of the dynamics of interplay between rhythm guitar and cheesy organ that borders on the remarkable. The Lyres may be too cute to ever be a real challenge or threat, but what they do is too perfect to ever be out of fashion. Kudos to Boston's Ace Of Hearts label for being one of America's most consistent, although occasional, sources of great singles.

R.E.M. *Pic: Sue Brisk*

We Got Something New

KING SWALLOW: Subway Jam (Charlie's 12")
Well, almost new. King Swallow is a leader in the Trinidadian "Soca" movement, meaning "soul-calypso". Soca involves taking calypso and slowing it down a bit, accenting the bass line to give it a disco feel and help it appeal to American and European dance-floor tastes. It works! It's upfull, rousing, silly but splendid hip-shaking stuff. Here, soca goes to New York, where Swallow imagines a giant party going on in the subway, all the West Indians in the city *"jamming down"* and all the workers leaving their posts to join in the fun. *"All work cease to go on."* Swallow's is the most disco-fied soca yet, heavy on the bass, and it bubbles along with heady confidence. A party vision and a party record.

Rock On

FLESHTONES: The World Has Changed (IRS)
Forget about last year's 'Upfront' EP, where the Fleshtones got blanded-out in an LA studio. This is the 'Tones the way they've always cried out to be recorded. The harmonies leap out and grab you, the guitars are full of fuzz and crunch, the sax is dirty, sneering and low-down. Crazed percussion and electric madness reel around all over the record. It's not a replication of their live sound but a distillation on vinyl of what they're about. Manic and full of conviction. It will stand.

Be Jungle

KONK: Soka-Loka-Moki (Kayo-99)
Konk are brewing a potent blend of jungle funk, jazz and beatnik bongo madness, they get better each time I see them. This isn't the best they can do — consider it a learning step on the way to the killer record they will make. But it's still a good record; you could segue it in with A Certain Ratio or Pigbag and the sound might be a jolt but definitely not out of step. A bit of heavy breathing, horns like elephant cries, and the beat goes on

Best of the Rest

TERRY MANN: Fire (Fly By Night)
A modified reggae skank, very Police-like and full of echoey, spacy sonic touches. A black man who sounds uncannily like Sting. A sum that's a bit greater than its parts would suggest. Works equally well as a dance-floor glide or a late-night relaxant. I'm intrigued, Mr. Mann, tell me more.

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Propeller Product EP (Propeller)
More garage-punk from Boston with one great song, '6' by The Neats. It ties up two simple, droning riffs with classic rinky-dink organ sound. Reminds me of the 'Nuggets' LP, early Bizzaros and The Brains but has its own identity. The rest of the EP, unfortunately, goes from bad to worse, the most offensive being a sub-Devo, robot-rhythm run-through of cliches about factory life by a band called People In Stores. But the EP is worth having for the Neats cut.

BPEOPLE: You At Eight (Faulty)
And yet more of that garage-punk sound, but done right. Of three tracks, one is an atmospheric instrumental lacking a genuine idea. But the other two songs are taut, driven, stomping little raves. 'Weather To Worry' has a sax riff a bit close to the one in The Flesheaters' 'Digging My Grave', but so what? It's a great riff.

Can I sneak some Jamaican stuff into this?

RITA MARLEY: One Draw (Tuff Gong)
The most popular reggae play in New York clubs right now, and with good reason. Dreamy and bright, luscious and moving — what a fun and inspirational song this is.

A "draw" means the same thing as a "toke", and on the surface the message of this snappy riddim seems to be no more than what Rita says — *"I want to get high/So high."* But consider the propaganda achievement. Bob Marley hadn't even been buried before newspaper columnists both here and in Jamaica were suggesting that his cancer may have been connected to his enormous consumption of herb. Consider also that the airwaves of Jamica have been jammed with various "tributes" to Bob Marley. Now here is Marley's wife, releasing on Marley's label a tribute to the pleasures of smoking a spliff and going dancing. And it's such an irresistible, catchy, joyful record that it shoots straight to number one in the JA charts and stays there for weeks. And everyone in Jamaica from little kids to government ministers is walking around humming *"I want to get high."* And now, the New York hipsters are doing the same. The best tribute Marley could have had.

It's not just for herb-heads either. It's a record to make you dance and smile. Try it. It makes sense milla).

LONE RANGER: Love Bump (Studio One)
There's a new fad among the toasters. They're all going "hibetty hibetty hibetty hibetty bump." But Lone Ranger does it best.

Ranger is funny, sexy, sly and smooth on this ode to the joys and pratfally of romance. *"Walking down the street and a sexy girl he meet/First me says me like/Then me say me love."* Ranger sure knows how to woo 'em. He takes her to the show where she wanted to go. Later he gets the clap. But it's all part of getting your love bump. Ranger's voice is smooth as honey and quite seductive; the backing track is a great, springy, bounce-and-skank mover. *"Love a-that love-love bump."*

What's better than getting no change..?

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AND ONE MORE THING, DANNY –ANY CHANCE OF MENTIONING THE NEW LP ?- - -

Mr Richard Starkey meets Mr Daniel Baker for a gentlemanly chat at the local hostelry

Mr Anton Corbijn takes the pictures

"MORNING RICHARD, what'll it be, eh?"

In the old coaching days, such assumed familiarity would've earned the inn-keeper a gentleman's glove around the chops; but today The Gentleman just summons up a half-pint of foaming lager and casts a beady eye over the staggering selection of under-glass fare.

Our scene is taking shape inside one of those synthetic 'country' pubs with, in this case, horrible great photos of modern aircraft replacing the obligatory horse-brasses and hunting horns. The clientele are standard and old. Nobody appears to have to go back to work and all conversations are conducted in a pitch something like a sombre Hindu death mantra coming up from the drains. Outsiders, particularly young(ish) outsiders with obvious accents, are not encouraged to stay till the flowing bowl runs dry. (Anton proved a problem. But I passed him off as a Welsh illiterate from the hills, a role he plays with remarkable ease, and this erased fears that he was not actually British.)

What was most remarkable about this fusion of farm-house and formica was its choice of gentle muzak. Call me a ragged old traditionalist, but I find it incongruous to have delicate clusters of elderly ladies sipping the Pimms and Tia Maria beneath hidden speakers that waft out Johnny Winter's 'Progressive Blues Experiment'. Bad Casting, I call it.

"Morning Richard," I call out. Sitting here now, the exact reasons why I wanted to talk to Ringo Starr seem fuzzy. All I can grab hold of is that, well, my sister was the girl who climbed Buckingham Palace Gates the day he got his MBE and she would drag me along to any number of strange locations as a cover note to Mum and Dad that we were only going 'a pictures'. I was raised on Beatlemania from the age of five and today, like Peter Cushing in *Satan's House,* I have no idea why I keep returning to this place. I think I loathe McCartney, although I like quite a few of his records, and Harrison is well and truly the *real* Worzel Gummidge, though he seems to have his Simpleton's Head on permanently.

However, a few weeks back I was quaintly warmed to see Ringo Starr arriving back in England to stay. Whatever he has done musically since The Beatles has been hopeless. But it was a sincere hopelessness and somehow more desirable than all the pretending and sneaking about his mates were doing. Plus, because of a Truly Great acting performance in *That'll Be The Day* — much of it ad-lib — I knew that he was still pretty much sane and sober.

Some people inherit millions, some people achieve millions and some people have millions thrust upon them. Ringo had millions thrust upon him and has always seemed a little bit dazed and wearied by it all. By returning home, Ringo — at the age he was always made for, anyhow — slots in. Slots into Ascot and his big old house, his animals, casual clothes and long leisured afternoons. He has a big garden too. It's called Berkshire.

Ringo is well aware that his musical output is of about the same interest to Britain as that of England Dan & John Ford Coley. He hasn't released a record for two-and-a-half years and is pushing his new one — new label — hard. During our little meet, he did not wish to speak of anything else, that was clear even to the point of such stunts as leaning over to my cassette and loudly saying the name of the album and, later on, the single. The odd scraps of other interest he delivered dutifully but minimally.

Ladies and Gentlemen, the 1981 Ringo interview.

SO YOU'RE back Ringo.

"Yep, back."

As I ask why, he begins to order some food.

"I was homesick. Really. Just that. I never planned on staying away forever and I was away for six years. See I met Barbara and decided . . . oh beef and cheese . . . like where were we going to live . . . yeah with french bread . . . and I wanted to be near my kids. And half a lager."

Why here then?

"You can't . . . it's just England y'know? You get used to somewhere and you get to feel it after six years of only being allowed in for a few days — birthdays, Christmas. Plus I say, my kids are here, they live with their mother in London."

I read that Zac has a group.

"Yeah, he has. I think all of them are going to be drummers even though I'd rather they played guitar or something. His band have played this place. It was a big night for everyone. I've heard them and it's heavy. Heavy and hard, but I'm not allowed to call it heavy metal. They've got a big following in Bracknell."

When was the last time you played?

"Me? Ooh, *The Last Waltz* I think. I sometimes get the urge to get a band together and go on the road . . . but then the feeling goes away again."

What about busking it around the pubs like Led Zeppelin are doing?

"No, no. Drummers don't normally just set up and start playing in pubs, do they? Even though there's this guy on children's TV — Johnny Ball — well, he used to be — still is? — a drummer and we both worked at Butlins together years ago. He had this job of getting everyone in the bar dancing just by performing 'Knees Up Mother Brown' on the drums, like, every night. That's hard to do, I'm telling you. That's why I don't need to perform really."

Do you consider yourself a musician or an actor these days, then?

"Oh, always always a musician, a drummer. That's what I am — drummer. That's all there is to it. Can we get to the bit that says 'New Album'?"

You must know that people consider you to be just getting by in music because of . . .

"The Beatles. Of course. Lucky Ringo. No talent. It's silly, like the big dream where you're just standing in the right place at the right time. Simple. See we all lived in the same town at the same time. Before I joined I was always working, they didn't pick on me for some unknown reason — like I was walking past and they said 'Oi, lets have him' — we worked out well together was the reason I joined. They asked me and I said yes, because well, I thought they were the best band in Liverpool anyway. And yet there's still all that madness about I've never been on the albums and the rest of it. But, y'know, that band split up 11 years ago."

How bored are you by Beatle questions these days?

"Really bored, but I know it has to be said in any article, dunnit? Nobody ever asks me about Rory Storm or The Eddie Clayton Skiffle Group — they were good bands too."

Have you ever read a good Beatle book?

"No. I've not read many. The new single is called 'WRACK MY BRAIN'."

Do you feel old?

"Age has nothin' to do with it. Musicians can't get old, you don't turn into an old musician. I can play with anybody — OK, I am one of the *older* musicians, I enjoyed watching all the archive film of Cliff the other night. Then there was that young band on there doing nothing but old Cliff stuff with the suits and all. I suppose they'll get on to us next."

Why did you stop making records for that period until now?

"Boredom. I was bored with records. Going in every November — I had no enthusiasm at all and it showed through the records. I still enjoyed playing but my own records bored me."

You had a couple of hits early on, yet seemed to think in terms of LPs all the time.

"No, I still think in terms of hit singles. Sure. I'm always looking for a hit. That's the game — hits. But, especially over here, it's been very difficult, so my main market was America. I dunno, maybe because I wasn't here; or whether what I *was* doing just wasn't acceptable here, even though it still was in America. The later albums weren't accepted anywhere, though."

One reason given for your homecoming was that after John was murdered, you were scared of the US.

"No, that wasn't even in it. All that fear trip is exaggerated. For a while, everyone put on a little extra muscle but the reasons I came home were simply homesickness and family. England's much more relaxed, a little more courteous. Of course, it's true I can walk into any pub without bother too. The press like that fear angle. They thought it was callous of Paul and George when only I showed up after the shooting. But nobody knows how you react at times like that. We were holidaying in the Bahamas, which is close by, so once we heard — I was completely blown away — naturally the holiday was up the spout, so we just went over there to say 'Hi'. We spent eight hours there, felt very very close, and went again. But it can't be said that the others were callous in any way."

How about the music press view that LA is just full of zombies walking around making albums?

"Yeah. That's what I am. A zombie walking around making albums. This one's called 'Stop And Smell The Roses'."

THE HOUR I was with Ringo Starr passed quickly, I thought. The hour on playing back the tape I wouldn't wish on Pink Floyd's engineer. Names like Harry Nilsson and Jim Keltner floated around, as well as a long passage about what motivates these people to make dull records. Ringo seems as oblivious of the inconsequentialities of his old circle of friends as he is about the UK music press, his own past and role as Beatle, and the problems inside this 'relaxed' and 'gentle' land. In the same way as his local would be a traditional, friendly, post-card country inn, Ringo would love to be back in England amongst the street-wit and bottles of brown ale. Both institutions are just playing at it in Surrey's cotton wool surroundings.

There was one lovely moment that seems almost unbelievable. I was talking about rock musicians and the video craze when I mentioned that Pete Townshend is making his new record on film simultaneously.

"Well, we did that," says Ringo casually. "We did that in *That'll Be The Day.*"

That'll Be The Day?

"No, not *That'll Be The Day* . . .what was the studio one? The one where we ended up playing on the roof?"

Let It Be?

"Yeah, yeah . . . *Let It Be* . . . that's the one."

You probably remember it.

" 'Ere wack, this piece won't sell many records."

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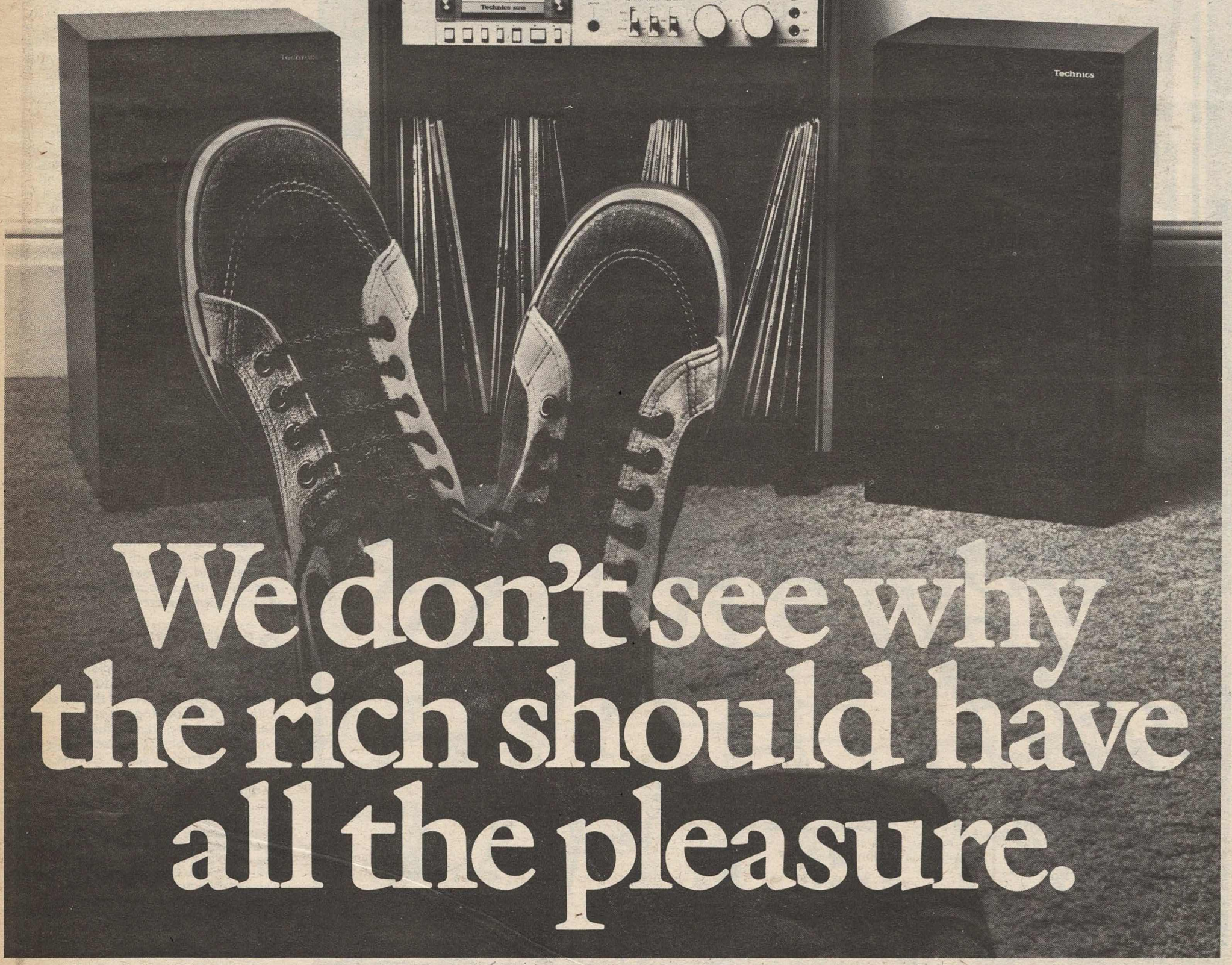
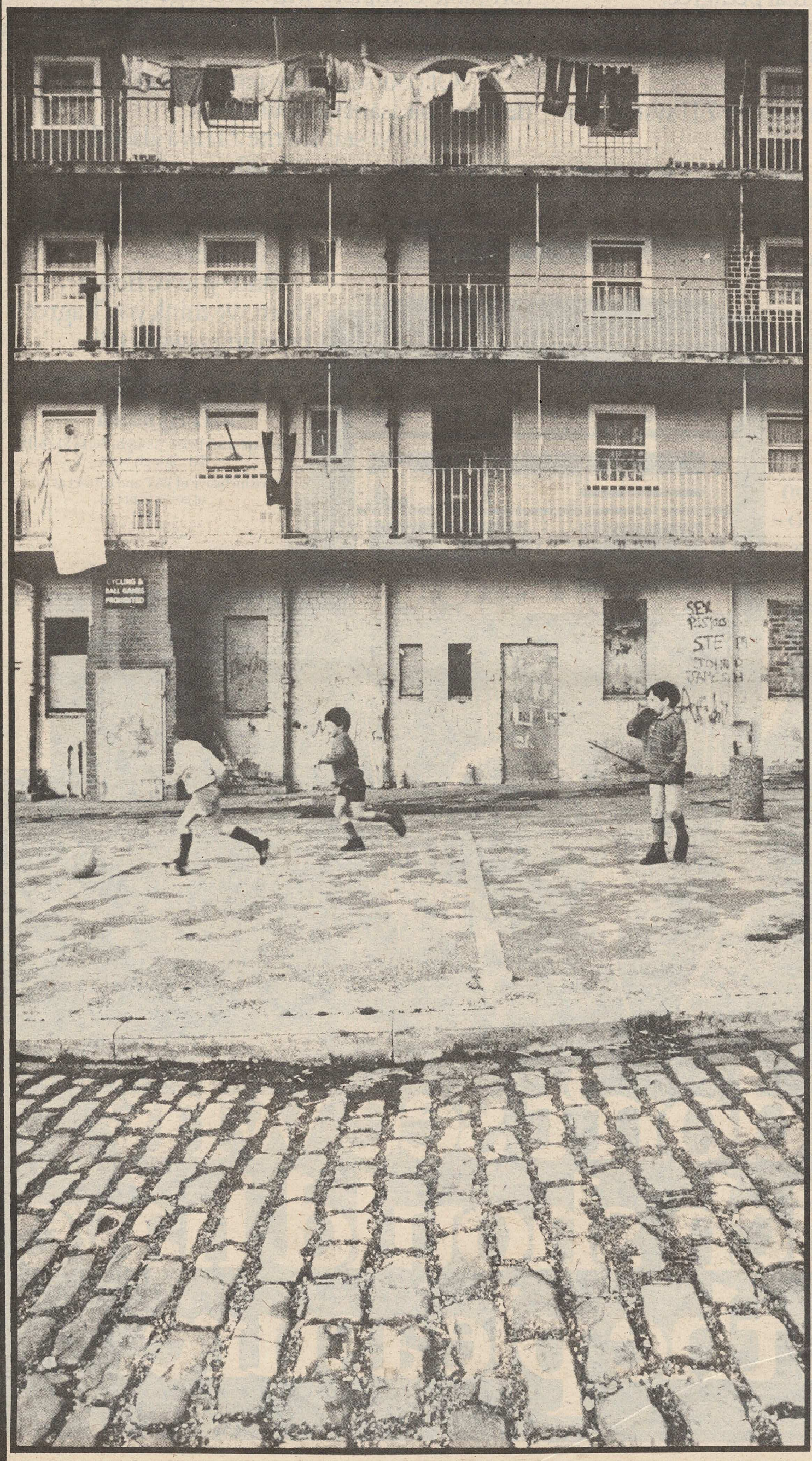


We don't see why the rich should have all the pleasure.

LIVERPOOL: THE



FROM CHILDHOOD. . .

Paul Du Noyer returns to his hometown Liverpool to discover that amidst the decay and depression there is still a fighting spirit of optimism. Photos: Kevin Cummins

"LIVERPOOL," SAID THE poet Allen Ginsberg, back in the days (or daze) when you could get away with stuff like that, "is the centre of human consciousness."

In that case, it looks like the world's just had a lobotomy.

Liverpool isn't the centre of anything much at all now (except, as it happens, a map of the British Isles. The dead centre.) Looking at it from the outside, it's more of a black hole.

"The Bermuda Triangle of British capitalism," runs one famous phrase the local tourist board has never seen fit to use. I don't know where the world's seen a run-down on such a scale before. The post-industrial city is with us. First you have your Industrial Revolution, and everything swings for a century or more: noisily, grimly, greedily. Then one day it all starts grinding to a halt. You've peaked and there's no way left to go but down. Shut down. Silence. Ghost town.

As schoolchildren back in Ginsberg's switched-on '60s, we got taken round these bizarre civic exhibitions. There were neat little models of the clean, futuristic metropolis being built out of the ashes left by the Luftwaffe. There were slick sketches depicting tomorrow's dreamworld: ultra-modern, high-tech cityscapes, peopled by sleek little pencil-lines that wore car coats and confident grins. There were glossy shops to stock consumer desirables; there were gleaming towers and streets in the sky.

Somewhere along the line, it's all gone wrong. The money ran out; the optimism fled after it. We all know Toxteth now — worldwide, the place has burned inside a billion TV screens. But that was just the most dramatic symptom of a long, long sickness. It grips almost all of Merseyside to some degree or other. And it isn't quarantined.

Liverpool is sliding because Britain is — it's just that the most vulnerable area suffers first and worst.

Whatever's happening to this country, Liverpool (and its youth especially) is at the sharp end. And that's of more than academic interest: it could even be you'll all go through the same.

SO WHAT HAPPENED? It's only human to be wise after the event — but it seems to take a planner or politician to be so bloody stupid before. All the economic causes of the mess (collapse of UK trading base, obsolescence of port, exodus of investors, blah blah) are fascinating, but outside this article's scope. But the effects, some of them plainly avoidable, are only too obvious.

So . . . Liverpool now is a place of daft roads that go nowhere, scrapped in mid-programme; of dreary flats and tower-blocks, no sooner built than they have to be demolished, unfit for habitation; of sterile, ugly New Towns where no one wants to live; of deserted docklands that nobody knows what to do with. The industrial estates turn into wastelands: mile on mile of closed factories, fences and guard-dogs, futile TO LET signs. Local men take boats to the Continent to put themselves up for hire in street-corner labour auctions: the Turks, the Algerians and the Scousers, the EEC's *Gastarbeiten*.

NORTH WEST AFFRONT

There's a monumentally hideous shopping precinct: a grand architectural abortion for which the old Victorian city centre had to be flattened. The place has burned down twice already: at the moment its squat concrete edifice is surrounded by clusters of makeshift market stalls, like a South American shanty town.

Merseyside, in the war, was blitzed more viciously than anywhere else (maybe because Hitler lived here once, or so the legend goes). But that was hardly anything to the destruction which has followed — whether for municipal prestige, planners' fantasies or developers' profits (three interests that are sometimes closely related: as close, shall we say, as family kinship is). Real communities, before that word passed into bogus jargon, were carved up and scattered, as if obliteration were the only cure for slum conditions. The rest were left to rot.

You get your leafy suburbs, naturally (like Shirley Williams' Crosby), and you get more modest roads where people work hard to keep up some standard of decency. But, inescapably, you also get hollow shells of abandoned buildings, stuck forlornly in bleak expanses of wasteground, dereliction with a vengeance. The bombed spots, or the forgotten sites of "cleared" neighbourhoods, these eyesores are everywhere, like the scars that would heal and disappear on a healthy body, but linger on a sick one. And old street patters with a local logic are wiped out to cut tarmac swathes for strangers' cars — which drive through, as remote from the area they're passing and polluting as aeroplanes crossing the North Pole.

The limited landscape re-arrangements of last summer's riots begin to look puny in comparison. Some media day-trippers to Liverpool 8 looked aghast at the smouldering ruins and spoke gravely of the inhabitants' strange "disrespect for their environment". Given so much official disrespect over the years, it'd be amazing if they'd learned anything else. (Or is *that* what the papers mean by "copycat rioting"? No, I don't suppose it is.)

Of course, Liverpool 8 has been treated to top-level ministerial visits and the like since then. And things *have* changed since the summer: they've carried on getting worse. Meanwhile, by whatever official statistic of grimness you care to look at — from unemployment and juvenile crime to lung cancer and infant mortality — the city's up there with the league leaders, as reliably as its football teams used to be.

Bad news but here's the twist . . . if Liverpool looks like it's been hit by a bomb — and it does — then it must have been a sort of neutron bomb in reverse. One that destroys buildings, but leaves the people intact.

"LIVERPOOL," SAID THE psychoanalyst Carl Jung, waking up from a dream, "is the Pool of Life".

They've even put up a little statue in the old nutter's honour — in Mathew Street, by the Battle Museum, just along from the carpark the Council put in place of the Cavern. Actually, although the Pool is more of a murky-looking puddle, it's teeming with more life than a tramp's vest.

It's true that by any objective reckoning the town *is* in a bad way. All the harsh facts of joblessness and ugliness, and decay are there, and they can't be forgotten. And yet, what still strikes you most is the sheer gaiety of the place. If it's dying, then it's dancing into it's grave. All the private miseries, the depression and desperation, it's all kept hidden most of the time. And there's a spirit of resilience as well — a deeply impressive mix of bitterness and humour, cynicism and hope.

The civic motto, ironically, is "God has given this leisure to us" — coined by the prosperous slave-trading merchants to reflect their affluence and content, rather than the present-day "leisure" enforced by the dole. But the real and unspoken motto seems to have something to do with not letting the bastards grind you down.

When I talk about the life and vitality I don't necessarily mean the fabled Liverpool music scene. In fact young people don't go out to see the groups any more, and even Brady's has closed down now. But the pubs are packed every night of the week, with all ages. The money flies like there's no tomorrow; the pound notes pass like lemmings over the bartops.

It's as if kids are simply more interested in each other than in standing passively and watching somebody else up on stage with pretensions to being where it's at. So few groups seem to be worth the money anyway.

Whatever the state of the rock circuit, Liverpool after dark is still very definitely clubland. The two square miles of the town centre are packed with clubs, probably more than anywhere else in the country. They're not fashionable places, they're not sophisticated: this is the English Brooklyn or Bronx, not its Manhattan. They only vary from tacky cabarets and glittery discos to the frankly dubious basement joints, the late-night speakeasys where you knock on an unmarked door, a shutter snaps open and a jaundiced eye gives you a visual frisk.

There's money to be made, and there's corruption; dozens of clubs might belong to one concern, and lurid headlines of gruesome gangster violence / reprisals have been a feature for years.

But, for a price, the scene offers a sort of glamour, and an escape, and people grab their chances — always have and always will.

Live music isn't the attraction it once was, certainly not like the golden age of early Merseybeat when groups could claim a genuine mass following. Now, a good soundtrack to an evening of interpersonal pleasures seems more important. Much as I love them, Echo And The Bunnymen aren't the sound of young Liverpool: that would more likely be Earth Wind And Fire, or Madness. Nobody's exactly rolling in money, but kids will put each penny they've got into dressing up, dancing, drinking.

(Put in *NME* terms, it's still a world away from the smart-set, cocktail-and-jodhpurs niteclubbers so subtly lampooned by Errol Goldust; but it's even less like the grim grey legions of sulking dispossessed youth who loom behind Ray Lowry's newer cartoons.)

For a town that looks like one big Clash photo-session backdrop, the angry young prole stance has never held much appeal; but a sharp style (verbal and visual) and a cool pose are always respected. Even when you're up to your neck in the realities which supposedly inspire it, something like Oi music just seems too dumb, too *obvious*. Just as the happy, fresh vitality of pre-stardom Merseybeat was no put-on, music was always a way of looking up, not down. In the '70s, Liverpool was *the* national stronghold of, of all people, Roxy Music.

That influence seems to have lingered — the universal local haircut, unique to Merseyside, is a lank side-parted fringe: half Ferry, half racial memory of the Mop Tops. And when the Liverpool music scene started crawling out of hibernation in the mid-decade (beginning with Deaf School, Big In Japan, The Crucial Three of Wylie, Cope and McCulloch) both the meticulous fringe and a certain posey artfulness were much in evidence — but undercut by a keen, self-mocking sense of irony.

Central to the town's youth — or at least to that half which bothers with music at all these days — was a club called Eric's, the one Liverpool club, out of all those hundreds, that I keep any fond memories of. There's always a free-floating fund of creative talent in the city, but it needs its focus. It was The Clash's first Liverpool gig, at Eric's in 1977, where The Crucial Three was born out of the audience (this mythical group barely ever existed, but it did spawn Wah!, The Teardrop Explodes and Echo And The Bunnymen).

Ironically, Wah! Heat (then newly-formed) were on the bill the night that Eric's went the way of all fleshpots. On a night in March 1980, after months of harrassment and pressure, the Merseyside police descended in force, with their dogs and night-sticks (the latter a permanent feature of the city after dark). This seemed very curious, given that Eric's was the most crime-free night-spot in town. They made arrests for drugs and obstruction, said they'd oppose renewal of the licence. Inevitably, the club's creditors pulled out, and Eric's was finished.

To this day nobody understands the police action, but it was several nails in the coffin of relations with the young public.

There's not a lot left now. People moan about the lack of venues, but those that exist aren't well supported. I won't bother listing them: if you live in Liverpool you'll know them; if you live outside then you won't care anyway (you weren't figuring on going there for your holidays anyway).

But there's one hopeful project that deserves mention. The Pyramid Club, in Temple Street, achieved some fame recently as temporary home of The Teardrops' Club Zoo (though even then, attendances weren't spectacular). It's a promising venue, large and comfortable. With any luck, it'll go on offering good live acts, combined with video, under the supervision of Roger Eagle (the man who co-ran Eric's). He wants to use it as an extension of his Crackin' Up scheme in the disused Warehouse next door.

When the Crackin' Up building is ready to open, Eagle intends it to be that vitally-needed focus: studios, a cafe, a meeting place with full communication and artwork facilities for local musicians to interact and realise their ideas.

All we want now is the new wave of incandescent talents.

IT'S NEARLY TWO YEARS now since the last bandwagon rolled through the local music scene, carrying Orchestral Manoeuvres, Teardrops and Bunnymen to national status. Back on the waterfront, that left a lot of punks muttering how they could have been contenders . . .

The big three I've just mentioned can't be said — and wouldn't claim — to belong to any Liverpool scene any more. And as for the groups who remain here, unknown outside, most of them would deny membership too. Although there's still a residue of jealousies, gossip, piss-taking, as well as overlapping personnel and sheer physical proximity, being a "Liverpool group" isn't much more than a statement of geographical fact. The diversity of styles and approaches is now as pronounced as it is anywhere else. And, it has to be said, most of the Liverpool groups I hear nowadays could *come* from anywhere else.

Taking a quick trip . . . Wah! are still around, still poised somewhere on the brink of triumph, but yet to take a decisive final step. 1981 wasn't the year of conquest that many were expecting from them. But one debut LP and beard-amputation later, Wylie's coming out for round two and Wah! stay in contention.

Only two new bands — The Ellery Bop and The Ponderosa Glee Boys — seem to me to catch the spirit that's peculiar to Liverpool. They're rough and inventive, with a touch of insolence and some welcome fierceness. Both of them break the mould of that flowery neo-psychedelic softness, which, by some anomaly, came to epitomise music of the Mersey school after punk.

Other than that, Hambi And The Dance are wonderful and signing to record companies all over the world and on their way. The Room are altogether less flamboyant, but there's a quiet strength to their music that shouldn't be overlooked. Wild Swans and Icicle Works are always being recommended to me. Last Chant have a superb single ('Run Of The Dove') and there's been some interesting stuff put out by Systems, The Nice Men, It's Immaterial.

Dead Or Alive, fronted by the once-seen, never-forgotten Pete Burns, have survived some line-up upheavals and new recordings look set. Modern Eon, A Flock Of Seagulls and Afraid Of Mice are all local acts securing contracts and London recognition. Send No Flowers and A Formal Sigh are two more with promise. A problem, though, is the lack of independent label activity, even if Open Eye studios are moving into the gap left by the removal of Zoo and the near collapse of Inevitable, where Wah! started.

Pink Military seem to have gone AWOL — a loss I think I can endure — while the electronic Dalek I may be due for some re-emergence, led by former Teardrop Alan Gill. I still haven't mentioned The Moderates, or Blue Poland, or The Dick Smith Band or Stun The Guards — the names run endlessly on. Oh, Eat At Joe's have split, as have Alvin The Aardvark And The Fuzzy Ants. But whatever became, I wonder, of Those Naughty Lumps? Or Danger Quinton — There's A God Behind You?

They've probably all wandered, ghost-like, into the same mists of oblivion which so long

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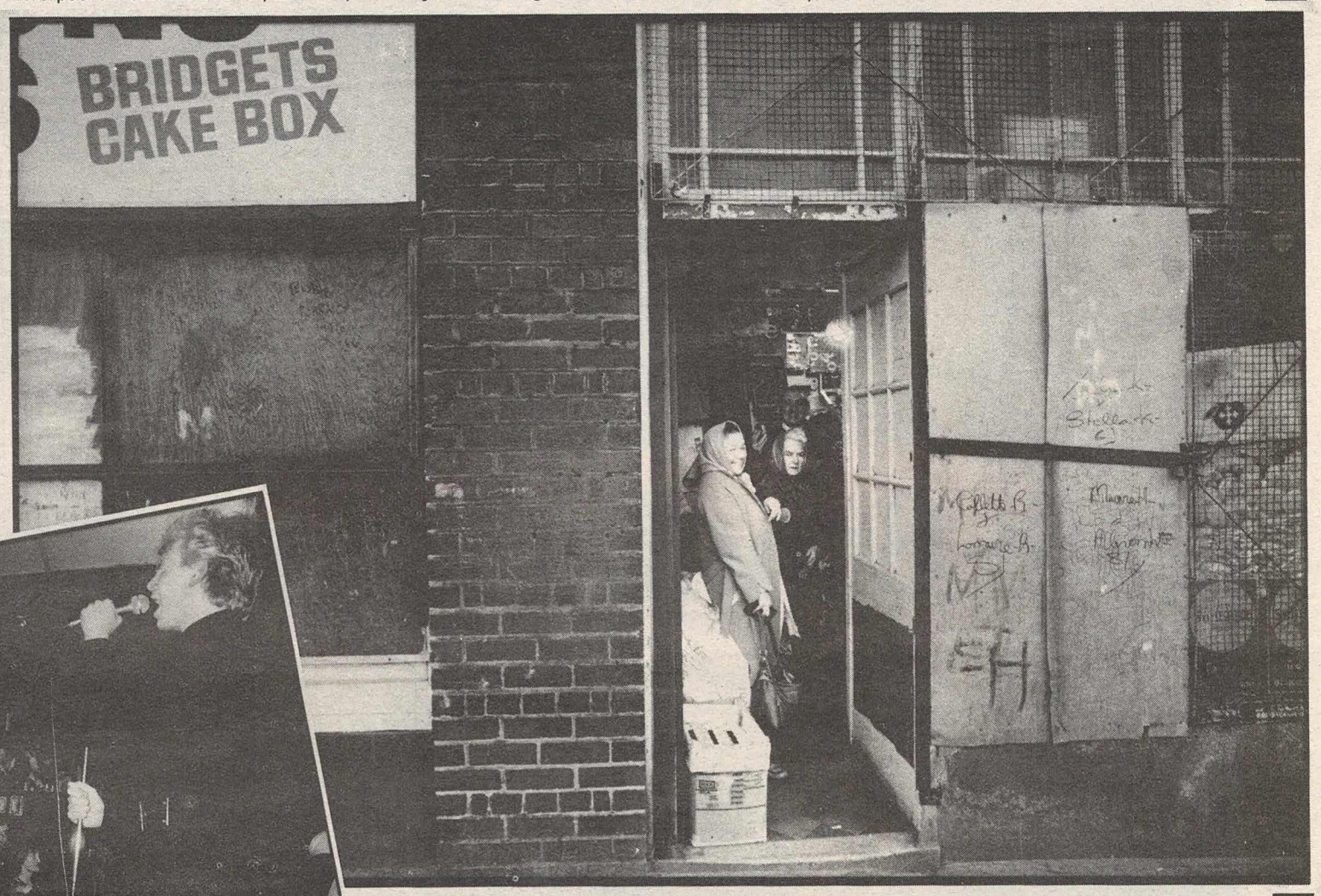


. . . TO TEENS . . .

Julian Cope and the audience at Club Zoo

. . . TO MIDDLE-AGE.
THE LIVERPOOL CYCLE

MOVE UP TO THE

Brooke Bond

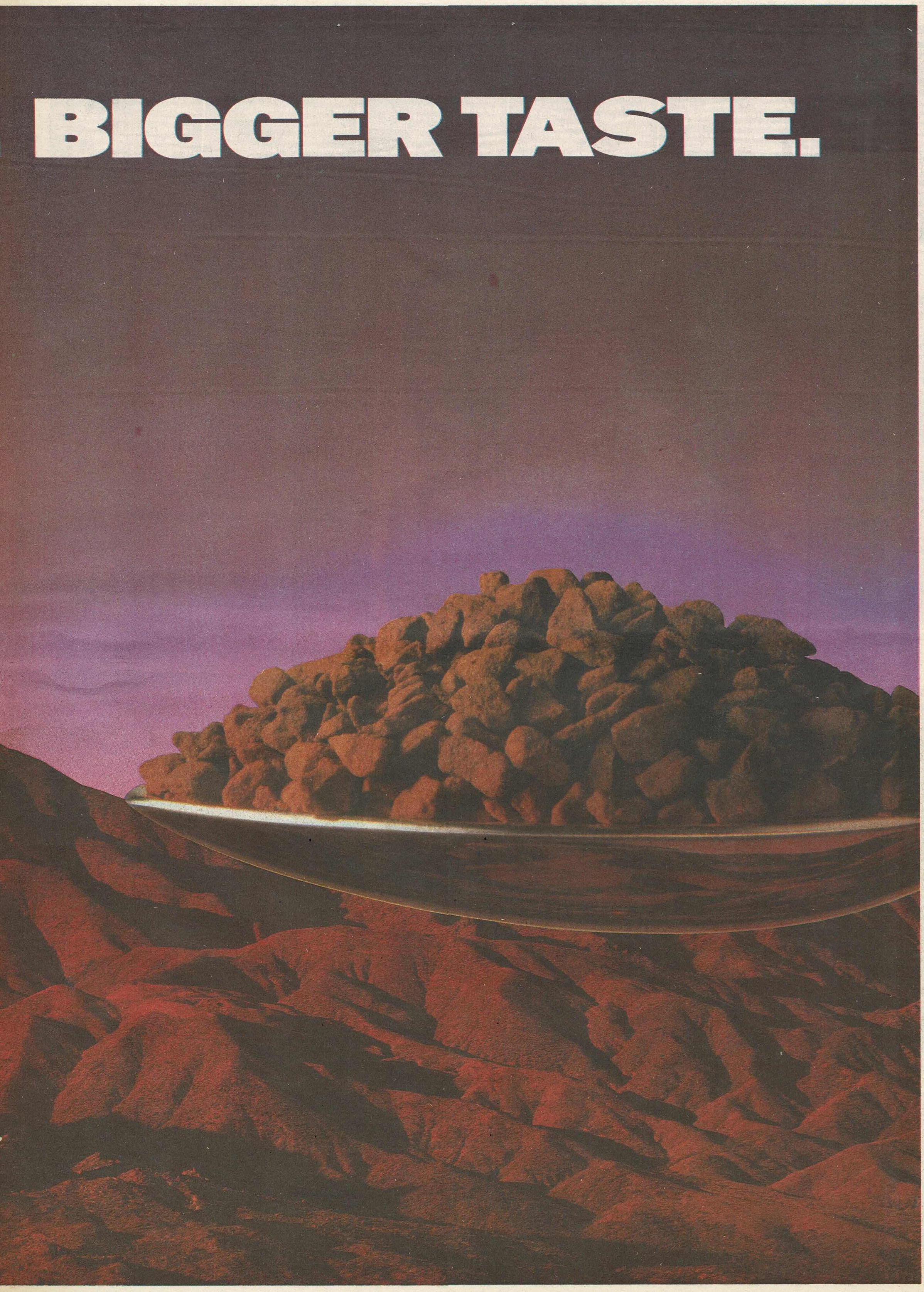
RED MOUNTAIN

RICHER ROASTED

Instant Coffee

All the flavour of
richer-roasted,
darker coffee beans...
freeze-dried for the
bigger taste.

BIGGER TASTE.



Coffin up over clubland

MODERN ROMANCE
Adventures In Clubland (WEA)

IT NOW seems pretty certain that Modern Romance will be remembered, in years to come, as the most critically-reviled band of all time, bar none. This is no mean achievement, especially in a field where critical revulsion traditionally runs high. Why, even Emerson, Lake And Palmer had their apologists in their day, and the despised HM and "real punk" genres are regularly catered to by handmaidens of a somewhat dubious colour. But search as you will, you'll be hard pressed to find even a phrase in favour of Geoffrey Deane and David Jaymes, principal protagonists of this least edifying of operations.

Why should this be so? Well, in this neck of the woods, at least, blind hatred is partly engendered by the bizarre stranglehold 'Everybody Salsa' seems to have on the collective musical imagination of the Carnaby Street Boutique Owners Club, some of whom will inflict this song as many as six times in succession on the general public — which unfortunately includes the *NME* offices, a stressful environment at the best of times.

What's even worse, of course, is that despite the inordinate number of column inches devoted to the more fashionable exponents of Carmen Miranda revivalism, the single (as in *only*) commercial success of the whole Latin "boom" has been the aforementioned 'Everybody Salsa'. Now that really *hurts!* The months of critical groundwork, the endless dissertations on style and subtlety, the constant stream of snaps of baggy-trousered youth — all for what? All, it would appear, so that that gauche beast General Public can form conga lines at parties once again. Some payoff, eh? Still, keep telling people what they need in troubled times is escapist fun and glamour, and you can hardly blame them for opting for the cheapest fun in town ...

For their part, Deane and Jaymes have engineered a smart and seamless cash-in job, right down to their respective Jeremy Irons and Anthony Andrews personas and the brainlessly anthemic nature of their songs, each one a rallying-cry for a particular strain of contemporary pop music. 'Adventures In Clubland' is a cheap and scurrilous blend of mucho-diluto Latino ('Everybody Salsa'), insipid, broken-leg Britfunk ('Bring On The Funkateers'), monumentally trivial rapping ('Queen Of The Rapping Scene'), and mix'n'match combinations of these themes ('Salsa Rappsody'), together with a curious obsession with the noble moose ('Ay Ay Ay Ay Moosey', 'Moose On The Loose'), the origin and point of which escapes me.

Spirit, sex, dance, MUSIC!

Chic. Pic: Anton Corbijn

Tall tales . . . and more shaggy dog stories

ROBERTA FLACK
The Best Of (Atlantic)
GEORGE BENSON
Collection (WEA)

WELL in time for the seasonal 'what-on-earth can-I-get-so-and-so-for-under-a-tenner?' dilemma come these two compilations. one by an artists whose fortunes deserve a turn for the better, and the other riding high on musical and Wembley sell outs. Chalk and cheese *n'est pas?*

First Roberta Flack, and unlike so many Best Of's this one really is. Yes, hevry one's ha winnah!

There's eleven tracks, among them such wonders as 'Killing Me Softly', 'Where Is The Love', 'Feel Like Making Love' and 'The First Time'. It's all such a good deal that I keep wondering where the catch is. Perhaps you've got to collect the coupons from six George Benson albums before you can buy it!

Albums like this are better to receive than to give so it'd be worth being good and making some sort of agreement with the fat guy and his reindeer, but don't get upset if you never get it, he'll probably play it, then decide to keep it for himself.

Now George Benson, a person who has received so much airwave exposure of late that anyone who hasn't heard most of the songs on this set must have special filters fitted to their brains. (If that was the case though, they'd probably have made so much money banging them out on mail order that they'd own *NME* instead of just reading it, so I won't dwell on that.)

I say probably heard *most* of the songs, because this set goes right back to his Creed Taylor days when he did some pretty interesting stuff and wasn't eversofamous. This unfortunately makes for a situation involving a pricey double set with enough good stuff on it for a reasonable single, and recent devotees are going to have to buy a lot of stuffing they've already got in order to get what they haven't. Nice one Warner. But there again if all you're going to do with it is wrap it up and leave it under someone you don't particularly like's tree, you don't really care, do you?

By the way, if you're worried about looking cheap, don't be put off by George Benson's plain white cover. There's a twelve page colouring book, sorry, Full Colour Book, inside.

Lloyd Bradley

LPs LPs LPs

CHIC
Take If Off (Atlantic)

THESE LAST couple of years haven't been the best for the Chic Organisation of Bernard Edwards and Nile Rodgers. There were the murmurings surrounding their production of the Diana Ross album — were the boys re-mixed out of it? Then there was the lukewarm response to their own 'Real People' album (not as bad as the critics made out: try listening to songs like '26'), followed by the panning of their collaboration with Harry-Stein (again, not as bad as the critics would have it— there are certain standards below which Edwards and Rodgers *never* fall).

C'est Chic, and obviously the new album is standards-ised and maintains a level near perfection. But 'Take It Off' is more than two craftsmen at work as both players and producers; it's also an inspiration: lost and found in music. Not only have the team produced the most disciplined, economical record of the year, they HIT you with it. This is the most elegant, classical yet hard album which Chic have ever completed: finished is the word.

The title track 'Take It Off' says it all, starting with bass and drums to close in together that they're one instrument. The vocals take the form of a male and female answering service, high on double-entendres in which sex, dance and music run together, linked by wit and cool scepticism: *"Now I understand that clothes don't make the man/So I'll take them off"*. Incredibly, the playing on this song gets progressively wilder — and more disciplined.

This sort of scene has already been set with the two up-tempo openers 'Stage Fright' and 'Burn Hard': the female

DAVID BOWIE
ChangesTwoBowie (RCA)

QUITE SIMPLY, there won't be a better rock compilation on offer this year. A follow-up, as its title so subtly insinuates, to 'ChangesOneBowie', this is the man's own choice of career highlights. And with vol. one having disposed of some of the most obvious hits, that makes this more out-of-the-way selection doubly interesting.

'Oh! You Pretty Things' is the earliest, 'Fashion' and 'Ashes To Ashes' are the most recent. In between you get 'Aladdin Sane', 'Starman', '1984', 'Sound And Vision', 'Wild Is The Wind' and 'DJ'. And from 1975, there's that radical, disco-fied re-version of 'John I'm Only Dancing'.

The list should be so familiar that little needs to be said. Its stylistic scope is, obviously, immense. As evidence of Bowie's unfailing, uncanny anticipation of future trends, it's consistent. And it flows together beautifully.

Only to the veteran Bowiebore, such as I, is the concept of a compilation a bit odd. Why settle for a fragment of 'Low' or 'Ziggy' instead of the whole? Granted, however, that there are people more cautious, this record does present an acceptable substitute.

Paul Du Noyer

PINK FLOYD
A Collection Of Great Dance Songs (EMI)

IF you're going to tell a lie,

Bleak, dirty, normal LIFE

THROBBING GRISTLE
Funeral In Berlin (Zensor — readily available German import)

CHRIS AND COSEY
Heartbeat (Rough Trade)

VOU'VE GOT FOETUS ON YOUR BREATH
Deaf (Self-Immolation)

CAN YOU really feel it, the present dross of smug rock that minus emotions and notions of caring, while at the same time stepping so cautiously? Since the demise of Throbbing Gristle last Spring, a new middle ground, falling between TG's like-minded cyn-pop strategists on the right hand and their terrorist selves on the left, has been created, occupied by bleary-eyed groups like The Sound and The Comsat Angels.

Trading off their spurious reputations for sincerity and experimenting with shapes, these groups have secured for themselves a moderate success fully in keeping with their "honorable" position between commercial compromise and integrity.

Unlike the Strategists, who embody the virtues they propound of confidence, quick wits and style, the MORockers are unsure of themselves, strangely satisfied with their condition and are content to convey this cosy, profitable uncertainty in song. Bound up in their sense of duty and good taste, they comfort while pretending to prod and in so doing they've diluted the essence of shock and adventure that characterised their punk and post-punk predecessors, thus shielding their followers from the realities they profess to deal with.

They're not even scrawny, savage predators picking at the corpse — they're embalmers prettifying it for the public to look at. They're a wet and unambitious option pushed as an alternative to pop for those still conscious of such barriers, their ready availability making it easy to ignore the more difficult excitement of the likes of

It's a cheap and nasty Xmas Party Album, and it will sell. And Deane and Jaymes will be around with other warmed-up scraps from the critical banquet until the Latin thing is dead and buried and critics chew no longer on their Creole stew. By which time the distasteful duo will no doubt be hard at work on the Big Mac bowdlerisation of whatever's served up next.

In which case, may I throw the first fistful of dirt on this particular coffin lid? It's about time, and I never did like Santana anyway.

Andy Gill

WASTED YOUTH
Wild And Wandering (Bridge House)
UK DECAY
For Madmen Only (Fresh)

WHETHER wasted or decayed, the respective debut albums from these two British bands describe a Gothic muse.

At odds with Wasted Youth's thrashing live performances, the East End quintet here turns in a surprisingly restrained set. The band achieve an ethereal, limpid sound, with musical references to the likes of The Doors, Velvet Underground, David Bowie and Love, the semi-acoustic phrases of guitarist Rocco especially reminiscent of the latter group. Singer Ken Scott affects a vocal style somewhere between Jim Morrison and Lou Reed — as doubtless he is tired of being told — but with neither the same power or vision of these two original artists. Nor are Wasted Youth's lyrics worthy of quotation.

Where Scott's vocals do work is — Beefheart-like — as an added instrument to the overall sound. Throughout the length of 'Wild And Wandering', Wasted Youth seem to be containing themselves, supplying a deft touch where lesser bands would compensate with screeching lead guitars; the expected heavy metal bash the band always seem to be on the verge of slipping into simply never comes.

The better tracks include some autobiographical insight on the harrowing 'Housewife', a melodic 'Games' and the full blown finale 'Survivors Pt 2', featuring some driving rhythms and solid bass, plus the vocal performance of the set. Less enjoyable are 'I Wish I Was A Girl', which overstays its welcome far too long, and 'If Tomorrow', which is too close to Lou Reed for comfort.

The first side closes with 'Wasted' and ponders this extraordinary lyric: *"I can't get no satisfaction, solid gold, easy action. Eight miles high and getting higher, come on little baby won't you light my fire — she loves you, yeah yeah yeah."*

A promising first try.

'For Madmen Only', by contrast, is a barely listenable dirge. 11 songs with titles like 'Duel', 'Decadence', 'Dorian', 'Sexual', 'Shattered' and 'Stagestruck' complete their course in formularised concept, each one ending upon a sudden halt, which may be effective in films such as *If, The Hill* and *Marat-Sade*, but grows increasingly tiresome over two sides of an LP.

"Watch out baby, what you're doing, this is more than a teenage ruin."

Penny Reel

vocals (mainly Luci Martin and Alfa Anderson) operate as a clipped choir — *"Smart as a fox"*, the lyrics go.

By the way, the foxes' predilection for cat-gut has gone: there are no strings on the album, just the merest hint of them on 'Would You Be My Baby', while 'Telling Lies' harks back to former Chic in a similar way. 'Telling Lies', though, is most noteworthy because of Rodgers' guitar, cascading and seeping through the whole track as it does on every other. Sharp: it only gets virtuoso, even schmaltzy, on 'So Fine' whose easy option of jazzy ethereal boogie Chic have traditionally avoided.

But who's bothered? The next track is 'Flash Back', featuring rumbling expressive vocals (from Nile?) and mean dizzying bass. There's a story here of a man looking back at love and his macho self-pity puts into perspective — by a female chorus. The low-down feel of the song goes hand in hand with a certain reflectiveness, emphasised by rippling piano.

And there's better yet: 'Your Love Is Cancelled' is mean but in a more jaunty way. Edwards' bass and the guitar loop in and out of each other, and Tony Thompson's drums fill in the spaces — Chic's conception of space being something so tight and quick yet relaxed that it verges on the mystical, and taxes my metaphors.

Yes, space and time is tight, and ultimately there's something '60s R&B about the funk-disco-soul fusion of this album: the spirit of Booker T, Al Jackson and Steve Cropper and their sessions for Atlantic and Otis Redding, walk in its grooves. This is very much the pace of 'Baby Doll', the concluding instrumental cut which showcases Lenny Pickett (dig his alto on 'Just Out Of Reach') on tenor sax. This is how to end. So now you Take It Off and start again.

Paul Tickell

Pic: Philip Grey

Pic: Peter Anderson

Pic: Peter Anderson

ACR's Simon Topping blows the whistle on Spurs' Ossie Ardiles . . . the Cats look up in disgust and Durutti Column's Vini Reilly plays a perfect through ball for Noel Crepuscule to score . . .??

Christ' is a busy, Djangoesque run through a few well-known Christmas ditties. Or Michael Nyman, whose 'Cream Or Christians' is a silly but loveable fragmented organ collage in a typical English eccentric tradition.

Elsewhere, The Swinging Buildings add a note of honest irreverence with 'Praying For A Cheaper Christmas', and ACR's Simon Topping contributes a beaty, bongo-brassy little thing called 'Peep Show International' (a nativity reference?), which would have sounded a lot less formal and stilted had the likes of Rip Rig been let loose on it.

Tuxedomoon's 'Weinachtsrap' finds them in playful Residential mood, a sly cocktail of styles and sounds and rhythmic German words, whilst The Durutti Column's 'One Christmas For Your Thoughts' is exactly what you'd expect, an exquisite, gentle instrumental operating on a level where factors of "interest" and "boredom" don't figure; if I need a little Sunday morning wallpaper, Durutti designs make the most appealing patterns. Very Vini Reilly, etc.

Very Terry Riley is Cabaret Voltaire's 'Invocation', a warmly atmospheric wash of mirrored synths and clarinet echoes which gives the album its most satisfying, fully-formed few minutes of all. It's this, along with the Tuxedomoon and Durutti cuts, that makes 'GOCP/CN' worth holding on to, I'm afraid. Another unloved lump of vinyl for the corner . . .

God, how I hate compilation albums!

Andy Gill

LPs LPs LPs

it's always best to make it a big one. I really like the tongue-in-cheekiness of whoever had the audacity to entitle this record 'A Collection Of Great Dance Songs'. What nerve!

Exactly what form of body-movement goes with Pink Floyd is anyone's guess — that slow, steady rocking motion that you see in people falling asleep on buses, I should think.

To the point. It's a Best Of thing, for the Christmas business. There are six tracks, beginning with 1971's 'One Of These Days' (i.e. it's all from the band's mega-successful, ultra-boring period, *apres* ThelegendarySyd blah blah) through to the appalling 'Brick In The Wall'. There's 'Shine On You Crazy Diamond', 'Sheep' and 'Wish You Were Here'.

Of particular interest — to somebody, somewhere, surely — is the remaining cut, 'Money'. For this is a special, re-recorded version of the old warhorse — meaning that if you suffer from the need to possess Pink Floyd in their entirety, you've got to fork out for the whole LP.

Still, Christmas always was a time for *giving*, even if the beneficiaries are already millionaires. Personally, I'll give them a miss.

Paul Du Noyer

Roberta Flack

ALLAN CLARKE
The Best Of Allan Clarke (Aura)

POOR 'AROLD — now 10 years into an off-on solo career and still without a *soupcon* of success in his own backyard.

But he's had a couple of lower-order chart-nudgers west of Ellis Island, the best of these being 'Shadow In The Street', an offering so melodic that it probably induced the inhabitants of St Barry's to indulge in a flurry of Hail Manilows.

For it's on such blatantly commercial excursions that Clarke is at his best, wringing out lines that accepted wimps would leave to drip-dry.

But when he tries to make it as an on-file, bristle-chinned hard man, he's hardly so convincing, his Springsteen-penned street scenes (admittedly recorded even before Broocie himself had knuckled down to real studio chores)

Okay, there are cuts here that should have made the grade — predominantly the multi-faceted 'I Wanna Sail Into Your Life', composed by Man-In-Nashville Roger Cooke. Generally though, 'Best Of Allan Clarke' presents a musical portrait of a man wrapped up in Hollie-paper and interminably struggling to extricate himself from the entrapping layers.

Fred Dellar

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Ghosts Of Christmas Past/Chantons Noel (Crepuscule)

GOD, HOW I hate compilation albums. The very phrase "various artists" sends little shivers of anticipatory boredom up and down my spine. Invariably compiled by some halfwit whose idea of coherence is based on record company dictates — the strategy of the sampler, the logistics of the loss-leader — or on whatever gimmick happens to be at hand, they lie unloved and surplus to requirements in some out-of-the-way corner of the record collection, almost thrown out a dozen times or more but for that one track you might want to play again or which completes some *oeuvre* or other . . . God, I hate them. I hate them almost as much, in fact, as I hate Christmas Albums.

The Belgian Crepuscule label is very fond of issuing compilations. These are usually composed of roughly equal parts worthy avant-gardiana, British raincoat bands and utter drivel. They might not be so bad, were it not for Crepuscule's bizarre belief that people who like listening to music will also like listening to Eno being interviewed or Richard Jobson blathering on in some intelligible dialect of his own devising. Strange folk, the Belgians.

'Ghosts Of Christmas Past/Chantons Noel' contains nary an utterance of Jobbo, but still manages a pretty high utter drivel quotient nonetheless. I'l stick to the better bits, which, perhaps not too surprisingly, come from the names you might conceibably be interested in. Like Aztec Camera, whose 'Hot Club Of

VARIOUS ARTISANS
The Tottenham Hotspur Party Album (Cockerel)

DISCO AND REGGAE singalonga of Cockaigne knees ups, terrace chants, Beatle ditties and the chart single 'Ossie's Dream', interspersed with Radio London commentary extracts from the 1981 FA Cup final and a personal message from skipper Steve Perryman. Or as the girls on the lawn at Tottenham High would say, Wow! pretty heavy.

There is something for every discerning Spurs fan here: their considerable following of lapsed Jewish males, sitting in the Paxton Road stand of a Saturday afternoon instead of attending *shul*, are remembered with 'Shine On Harvey Bloom'; their West Indian supporters are treated to 'Bye Bye Blackbird'; the Nazis get 'White Christmas'; while the club's South American connection is regaled with 'Maybe It's Because I'm A Londoner'.

In addition, former White Hart Lane glories are recounted in titles like 'I'm Henry The Eighth I Am', in memory of full back Ron Henry; the spirit of Dave Mackay is evoked on 'Roll Out The Barrel'; John White is remembered with 'White Christmas'; goalkeeper Bill Brown is paid the tribute of 'Knees Up Mother Brown'; even scarlet countenanced Phil Beal becomes the subject of 'Rudolph The Red Nosed Reindeer'. The drunkard's anthem 'Show Me The Way To Go Home' is surely included for the benefit of Jimmy Greaves.

It's a doddle for Hoddle, who sings John Lennon with 'Happy Christmas (War Is Over)' *and* Paul McCartney, 'Hey Jude', though a surprising omission is 'You Never Give Me Your Money' as bemoaned by Alfie Conn during the mid '70s.

File next to Max Bygraves, in the rubbish bin.

Penny Reel

Throbbing Gristle and You've Got Foetus On Your Breath.

Now that they're defunct Throbbing Gristle are, of course, far easier to handle than when they were alive. I always hated and resisted them before, interpreting their unrelenting barrage as crude manipulation of the senses but in the absence of viable, valuable extremes, like Joy Division, Cabaret Voltaire and early, fresh Siouxsie, their violent re-arrangements of pre-existing disorders are now sorely missed.

What once appeared to be a perverse apotheosis of degradation and horror, a wanton fascination with pulling wings off butterflies, comes across now — with the benefit of hindsight as a conscious submersion into the pit to purge themselves of the evils they chose to depict. 'Funeral In Berlin', recorded over two concerts in the city's chilly SO36 club-cum-abattoir, deliberately ignores the accessible highs in favour of the many plummeting lows which turned those two nights into something akin to sitting through Ophuls' *The Sorrow And The Pity* in 3D.

Those moments isolated onto record are indescribably bleak flurries of dirty white noise occasionally arranged into rhythmic blocks and punctuated with Genesis's screams of fragmented media recordings. The jarring ugliness and grotesque humour haven't been lost in the transference and one year on it becomes apparent that Throbbing Gristle's skewered, twisting shapes still display more life and humanity than much of what has passed since. Sorry it took me so long to cotton on.

Ex-TGs Chris and Cosey's 'Heartbeat' is the product of persons informed by the Throbbing Gristle experience who no longer feel the need to repeat it. But like many exorcised individuals one senses that something is missing. Nevertheless, the more obvious surface warmth and sequestered sequencer patterns benefit from both their knowledge and sense of release and final tracks 'Manic Melody' and 'Heartbeat' are quite simply the best evocations of the allurement and dangers of the synthetic night since Kraftwerk's 'Neon Lights'. Not so much coming in from the cold as wrapping up and going out into it.

If You've Got Foetus On Your Breath — a prolific San Francisco seven piece — have got one fault it is paying too much attention to what's going on in music and not the world at large. Their 'Deaf' LP is a gratingly funny mockery of pop's integrating preoccupation with trends.

CONTINUES ▶

● FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

like funk ('Today I Started Slogging Again') and fashion ('Why Can't It Happen To Me'), in which they sneer at pop's inessential frivolity while looking to it for a cut of the action. However, if YGFOYB — a four piece electronic Bavarian ommpah band — have one overriding attraction, it's that same brash irreverence for forms and figures. All the untutored noises tear at each other from opposing directions with scant respect for peace or minds, yet somehow fall into place without falling apart.

And if Foetus — a garrulous North London mythologist of no fixed origin — has one distinctive charm, it's his passionate vision of the downfall of the Moral Mediocrity being brought about by intense, foul-mouthed egotists wielding sackfuls of viscera and handing out armloads of 'Deaf' with the abandon of George A. Romero's *Zombies*. (In case you hadn't noticed that's meant as an endorsement.)

Ultimately, if there's one thing the You've Got Foetus On Your Breath operation lacks, it's good taste, and, going by today's arbiters, that's the last thing anyone should want.

Chris Bohn

Cosey

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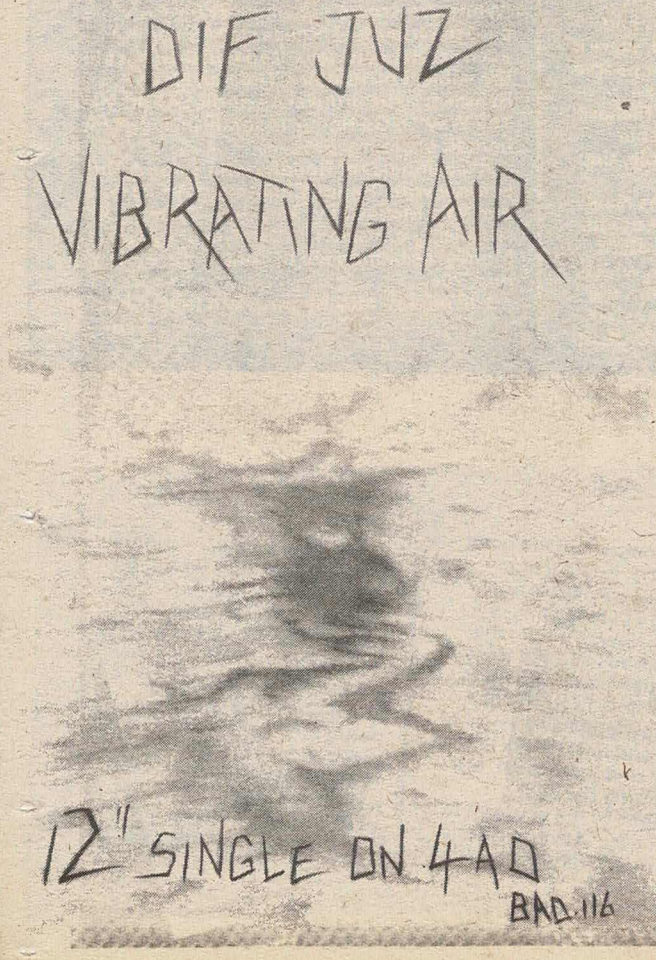


Movealonghair

PROFESSOR LONGHAIR
Mardi Gras In New Orleans (Nighthawk)

NEVILLE BROTHERS
Fiyo On The Bayou (A&M)

HERE ARE two true embodiments of the spirit and rich culture of New Orleans. They represent New Orleans past and present but with no neat division between the two.

Professor Longhair (his friends called him Fess) lives on in New Orleans music — you can hear his echo in everything touched by New Orleans R&B, from the Nevilles to reggae. And the Nevilles make a modern soul music beautifully livened up by the traditions of New Orleans' past.

Fess is legend. His disciples include Allen Toussaint, Huey "Piano" Smith, Fats Domino, Lee Dorsey, Ernie K. Doe, Dr John — just about anybody who has partaken of the city's musical life. What made Fess so influential was his distinctive and potent piano rhythms, pitched somewhere between the blues and a rhumba.

He also did some rocking boogie-woogie numbers, and on those collected here you can hear rock and roll being born. But what made Fess special was his more syncopated rhythm and blues, which instead of rolling straight ahead seem to twist and turn in many directions, piano voice and horns shooting the rhythm back and forth between them.

'Mardi Gras In New Orleans' collects Professor Longhair's singles from the years 1949 to 1957. Many of these were originally issued on 78 rpm, recorded for tiny labels like Wasco and Star Talent, and most of them are incredibly rare. They don't sound dated. On them you hear the joyful yelp of a tradition being born, an unselfconscious sound of discovery.

Fess is most remembered for his piano playing but the greatest revelation here is his voice — the humour, wisdom and sly, worldly-wise knowingness that shines through. When he really lets go, Fess' voice is unbeatable for pure outrageousness.

It's funny too. The moment on 'She Ain't Got No Hair' when the chorus chimes in with *"Oh she baldhead"* is hilarious. It's also the antecedent of every great backing vocal. 'Her Mind Is Gone' is the perfect humalong for those days when you feel like you're losing yours. And check this initiation into the mysteries of romance and madness, *"She jumped up on me said make up Daddy / Let me tell you what it's all about / Let me show you where the light goes / When it goes out."*

It's the spirit and soul of music that matter most. Style, culture and context can take a back seat if those essentials are there. Fess' voice leaps across the decades. Besides, how can you resist a guy who calls his back-up band The Shuffling Hungarians?

Neville Brothers' keyboardist Art Neville made his first record, 'Mardi Gras Gumbo', in 1954, and later played with the Meters. Aaron Neville had a national soul hit in 1966 with his 'Tell It Like It Is'. But I'm just reading off a piece of paper. My ears tell me the Nevilles have a grounding in something deeper than their personal histories.

'Fiyo On The Bayou' has a few nicely done ballads, very well sung. But what gets me is the fast stuff, the strutting Mardi Gras carnival songs. They sound of street drumming, call-and-response singing and wildly-dressed carnival clubs on parade. They sound happy, they sound unforced, they move me.

The Nevilles breath life into the ongoing dance by doing what they know. They go astray sometimes trying to be "pop" or "smooth funk" or whatever. But the best songs here stand for real, authentic things, a way to make music and celebrate that doesn't have to be invented or theorized because it's there, ready to go.

I could do without the cloying sentiment of 'Mona Lisa', and while the Neville's 'Sitting In Limbo' does the song justice I'd go back to the Jimmy Cliff original if I wanted to hear the song.

But the dance tracks here will have me coming back again and again. A flawed album, sure, but getting this 'Fiyo' under my feet feels warm in my heart.

Richard Grabel

The Longhair echo . . . still sounding

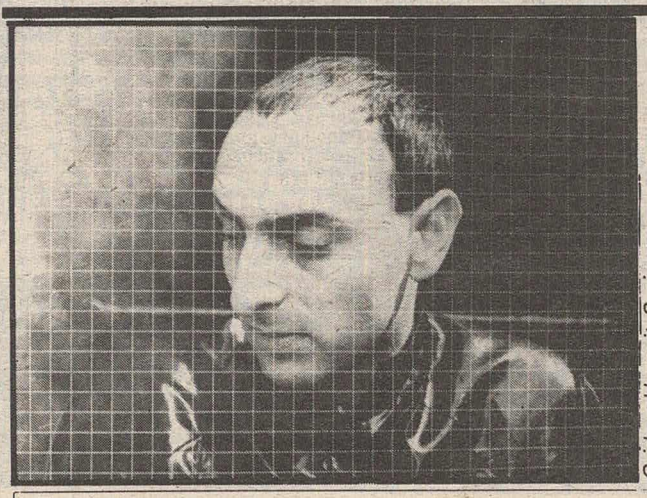
SHINY MEN
Again (Experimental)

ON THE evidence of their softly surreal humour, dry, jazz-derived musical meddlings and the 'encouragement' of Robert Wyatt, it seems fair to deduce that Shiny Men are some Richmond-based pocket of resistance from that school of 'tache-sucking, intellectual pottering which made a home in Canterbury some ten years back.

And that's about it. Their concerns are with the general funniness of the world and its folk, which they remark upon with that air of resigned amusement usually found in eccentric teachers of English. They adopt foolish names with which to mock the wild and frenzied appearance of modern pop, in which they have no place, and are content to model a few low-key trickles of tunes and make ironic and silly personifications of predicaments and behaviours.

Occasionally bright, but never exciting, Shiny Men will tickle no-one's fancy but their own and their friends'. That won't bother them, and it don't bother me either.

Dave Hill



Grid and bear it, Szajner

BERNARD SZAJNER
Superficial Music (Initial)

SUPERFICIAL? No, superlative music! If you care at all for soundtapes that eschew cheap escapes, that demand clear perception without preconception, this album will do far more than tickle the surface of your mind.

With natural French dialeticism, Szajner is now prepared to prove his mettle at opposing (but of course complementary) extremities of the musical spectrum. On the one hand, he's currently refining an uncompromising live show — with some of France's most powerful players — based on his 1980 release 'Some Deaths Take Forever'. That was unquestionably one of the decade's most accomplished fusions of sophisticated electronics and driving rock (I don't just mean grafting tired rock structures onto fussy sequencer filigrees — name your own culprits).

In contrast, this new release marks a penetrating, persuasive look into the possibilities of pure tape music. This is music of almost overwhelming purity, whether played at discreetly ambient or totally engulfing levels. Reworking old material, synthesizer tapes from his musical apprentice-piece "Visions of Dune", it's almost Accidental Music. Except for the fact that there's a remarkably perceptive intelligence at work here.

The tapes play backwards; logic is effortlessly reversed. Half speed gives extraordinary depth to the bass. Spare but telling use of the digital harmoniser and other studio treatments spin a sensitive skin of transparent texture over the naked harmony. Particularly on the second side, the impression is of a sizeable orchestra playing just beyond sight, a stately, spacious, but somehow eerie sound.

As the redundant consonants of his name indicate, Sjazjner's place of origin is Poland, a country with a uniquely turbulent history, whose brooding plains soaked in millenia of usually innocent blood are spread out behind the throndic Bowie/Eno colloboration Warszawa. That's exactly the sort of passionate intensity you'll discover in these tracks. And if I say that Oswiecim is the Polish version of what has become one of the most infamous place-names of the twentieth century, you may understand the compassionate edge of this music and also its inescapable though indirect celebratory impulse.

For an entirely electronic album, this has an enormous resonance, an aura of sublimity that's not at all ethereal: compare the atmospheric virtuosity of Jack Nitzche's grandiloquent St. Giles Cripplegate, coincidentally (?) re-released on this same label. It would be hard to imagine anything further from the music-for-Martians tag affixed by the French popular press, presumably encouraged by Szajner's exclusive science-fiction hairstyle.

In fact, coming full circle from its electronic genesis, Szajner talks enthusiastically about having some Gregorian Chant-like sections transcribed to perform live with a choir, always seeing further possibilities beyond his immediate involvement.

It's hard to believe, in the fashion-entranced, category-entrenched eighties, but you won't find many obvious influences here. If that sounds like critical shortchanging, I could suggest that Superficial Music occupies intellectual territory somewhere between Pierre Henry and Messiaen (without either jokiness or bombast or, come to that, the pretentiousness of most of the IRCAM school). Simultaneously in his rock mode he thrusts forward the standard so disappointingly dropped by Christian Vander. Irreconcilable? Not for Szajner.

Listen to this record with open ears. And next year, when he brings his band and his amazing laser harp to Britain for the first time, Bernard Szajner will well and truly open up your eyes as well.

Felix Jay

TOUR NEWS

Maiden voyage

IRON MAIDEN are at present putting together their biggest-ever show for a nine-month world tour in 1982, which kicks off in late February with an 18-concert UK schedule. This will be preceded earlier that month by a new single, followed in early March by their third album — and according to EMI, they have sold over a million albums in 1981. Both the tour and the new releases will feature the band's new vocalist Bruce Dickinson, formerly of Samson.

Dates are Wolverhampton Civic Hall (February 27), Hanley Victoria Hall (28), Bradford St. George's Hall (March 1), Liverpool Empire (3), Manchester Apollo (4), Leicester De Montfort Hall (5), Birmingham Odeon (6), Portsmouth Guildhall (8), Oxford Apollo (9), Derby Assembly Rooms (10), Bristol Colston Hall (11), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (12), Glasgow Apollo (14), Edinburgh Playhouse (15), Newcastle City Hall (16), Sheffield City Hall (17), Ipswich Gaumont (19) and London Hammersmith Odeon (20).

Maiden then leave for shows in six European countries, followed by a three-month jaunt across America, and subsequently travel on to Japan and Australia. There are plans for more UK and European dates in the early autumn.

Tickets go on sale for their British concerts this Saturday (12), except at Bristol where they won't be available until February — they are £3.75 only at Derby, Wolverhampton, Hanley, Bradford, Oxford, Leicester, Cardiff and Ipswich; £3.75, £3.25 and £2.75 at all other venues. The support act hasn't been named, but is likely to be a special U.S. guest.

Krokus blooming

KROKUS, the top Swiss rock band, return to the UK in February to headline a major tour — and their new album, which they're currently recording in London, will be issued by Arista to coincide with their outing.

The tour marks the first British appearance of their new guitarist Mark Kohler, who replaced Mandy Meier earlier this year.

Dates are Sheffield City Hall (February 11), Manchester Apollo (12), Birmingham Odeon (13), Bristol Colston Hall (14), Leicester De Montfort Hall (15), Bradford St. George's Hall (16), Newcastle City Hall (17), Ipswich Gaumont (19) and London Hammersmith Odeon (20).

Tickets are £3.50 only (Leicester and Bradford), £3.50 and £3 (all other venues) — and they go on sale tomorrow (Friday), except at Bristol where the box-office doesn't open until January 14.

Meatloaf set

MEATLOAF plays a series of UK concerts in the early spring, it was learned just as *NME* was closing for press this week. They are Brighton Centre (April 20 and 21), Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (23), London Wembley Arena (26 and 27) and Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre (May 2 and 3). Full details of ticket prices and booking arrangements will be printed next week.

Queen plan UK gigs

QUEEN are planning a number of UK appearances fairly early in the New Year, it was learned this week. The concerts will tie in with the release of their new studio album, on which they're now completing work — though the exact timing of the gigs is dependent upon the date when the LP becomes available. The band's original intention was to confine themselves to European shows at this stage, but they now feel obligated to play some British dates following their triple-top success — a simultaneous top single ('Under Pressure'), top album ('Greatest Hits') and top video ('Greatest Flix').

CHRISTMAS GLITTER

GARY GLITTER descends upon London's Hammersmith Palais on Sunday, December 27, for his annual Christmas extravaganza in the capital — tickets on sale now, priced £5. This is the climax of his 'All The Glitters' seasonal tour, starting this week and taking its name from the title of his current medley single. Other dates are Colchester Essex University (tonight, Thursday), Hitchin Regal Cinema (Friday), London Mile End Queen Mary College (Saturday), Plymouth Top Rank (Sunday), Leicester Palais (December 15), Ipswich Gaumont (17), Skegness Festival Pavilion (19), Swansea Top Rank (21) and Aylesbury Friars (23).

☐ THE GAS are supporting Glitter on all the above dates and, in the process, promoting their current Polydor album 'Emotional Warfare'. They also have a headliner in their own right at the new Pink Monday Club, located at London Gossips in Dean Street, next Monday (14).

Madman on the run

OZZY OSBOURNE was forced to cancel five of his current UK tour dates last week, due to illness. Leicester De Montfort Hall was called off on Tuesday (1), when he went down with suspected food poisoning, but it was promptly re-scheduled for December 23 — and existing tickets remain valid for the revised date.

But his illness then developed into gastro-enteritis, and shows at Edinburgh (Friday), Glasgow (Saturday) and Newcastle (Sunday and Monday) had to be scrapped — and there's no chance of re-arranging these four dates, as Osbourne's UK tour ends on Boxing Day, and he begins a U.S. tour on New Year's Eve. So ticket holders must apply for cash refunds.

☐ ROSE TATTOO have now cancelled their London Hammersmith Odeon concert on December 19, as well as their preceding provincial dates, and they've now all returned to Australia to await the outcome of singer Angry Anderson's legal problems. There are no immediate plans for re-scheduling — so here again, it's cash refunds.

ULTRAVOX PARTY

ULTRAVOX are throwing a "Fancy Dress Christmas Party" on Sunday, December 20, at the London Coliseum — the first time a contemporary band has performed in concert there for eight years. It's a benefit show in aid of the English National Opera Jubilee Appeal Fund, and tickets are priced £5, £4.50, £4 and £3.50 — on sale now at the box-office and usual agents. The band say they hope their friends and fans will turn up in fancy dress.

☐ **VIC GODARD & Subway Sect** have made a couple of changes in their December schedule, announced last week. Tomorrow (Friday), they now play Winchester College of Art instead of Aylesbury Friars — and they now support The Pretenders at London Lyceum only next Monday (13), and not Tuesday as well. And an extra gig is at Bath Moles on December 19.

☐ THE BIRTHDAY PARTY play their farewell gig tomorrow (Friday) at London Central Polytechnic, supported by Malaria — at any rate, it's their farewell until the spring, when they'll be back on the UK circuit again. Meanwhile, they return to Australia to record a new album. And to keep the pot boiling in their absence, they'll have a 12-inch single released by 4.A.D. Records in the New Year — recorded live at London's The Venue, and featuring New York's Lydia Lunch on the flip side.

☐ THE 45's, who've graduated from busking to clubbing over the past year, celebrate their 1981 breakthrough by staging two seasonal party gigs in London — at the Marquee Club (December 21) and a New Year's Eve special at Fulham King's Head. Other December dates in the capital include Central Polytechnic (this Saturday), Fulham Golden Lion (Sunday), Kentish Town Bull & Gate (15) and Fulham King's Head (18).

BLACKFOOT COMING

BLACKFOOT, who last appeared in the UK at the Castle Donington event during the summer, are set for a return visit to play a one-off headliner at London Hammersmith Odeon on Tuesday, March 2 — tickets priced £4, £3.50 and £3 go on sale from tomorrow (Friday). The Florida outfit — Greg T. Walker (bass), Jackson Spires (drums), Charlie Hargrett (guitar) and Ricky Medlocke (vocals and guitar) — will be featuring material from their latest WEA album 'Marauder'.

JAPAN ADD ONE MORE

JAPAN have added another date to their current British tour, which culminates in three London concerts — Drury Lane Theatre Royal (December 21 and 22) and Hammersmith Odeon (23). The extra show is at Birmingham Odeon on Friday, December 18, and it's been slotted in because their date at the same venue the previous night has sold out.

UB40 IN VENUE MIX-UP

UB40 have issued an apology for the confusion over their concerts on November 24 and 25. It was originally announced — and accordingly printed by *NME* — that they were playing two nights at Stafford Bingley Hall, one of them a free gig for local youth club members and the unemployed. All too late, it transpired that they'd got their Bingley Halls mixed up, and it should have been the one in Birmingham. The band say they're sorry for the inconvenience, and they hope all their fans were re-directed to the correct venue.

OMD re-set Leeds

ORCHESTRAL Manoeuvres have re-scheduled their Leeds gig, originally planned for Tiffany's on December 1, but called off because of "technical shortcomings" at the venue — it now takes place at the city's Queens Hall on December 14 and, while existing tickets remain valid, the larger venue means that extra tickets are currently on sale. They cost £3.50 at HMV (Leeds and Bradford), Jumbo (Leeds), The Arena (Hull), Red Rhino (York), Woods (Huddersfield), Piccadilly (Manchester), Probe (Liverpool), Virgin (Sheffield), JAT (Wakefield) and Selectadisc (Nottingham). If any remain on the night, they will cost £4 at the box-office.

☐ **DOLLY MIXTURE headline a Christmas Party on Wednesday, December 16, upstairs at London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (as opposed to the regular downstairs venue) — featuring acts from Paul Weller's Respond and Jamming Records, as well as "special guests". Also set are The Rimshots, The Questions and Apocalypse, with ex-Nips vocalist Shane O'Hooligan as compere. Admission is £2, inclusive of party hat and streamers! Starts at 7 pm.**

☐ MICHAEL SCHENKER GROUP, who recently completed a lengthy European tour, are now destined to be out of action for some time. This follows the loss of two of their members, Gary Barden and Paul Raymond, who both felt they needed to move in a different direction and have decided to pursue other projects. The remaining members — Schenker, Cozy Powell and Chris Glen — are now auditioning for replacements.

☐ CHELSEA, who've just finished a series of dates around the country, have slotted in another four last-minute gigs prior to going into the studio to start work on a new album. They are at Manchester Polytechnic (tonight, Thursday), Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (Friday), Gillingham Central Hotel (this Sunday) and London Marquee (next Monday).

☐ PIGBAG and The Raincoats co-headline the latest No Nukes Music benefit at London Brixton Town Hall, supported by The Psychotics, on December 18 — tickets are £1.50 (unwaged) and £2 (others). The Raincoats and Friends also appear the following night, December 19, at the New Albany Empire in Deptford — tickets are £2, available through Rough Trade.

☐ THE PASSAGE have acquired a new drummer in Paul Mahoney, who augments the nucleus of Dick Witts and Andrew Wilson. The new line-up makes its deput tonight (Thursday) at London's Boulevard Theatre in Soho. The band will be promoting their recently released 12-inch single 'Taboos' on Cherry Red Records.

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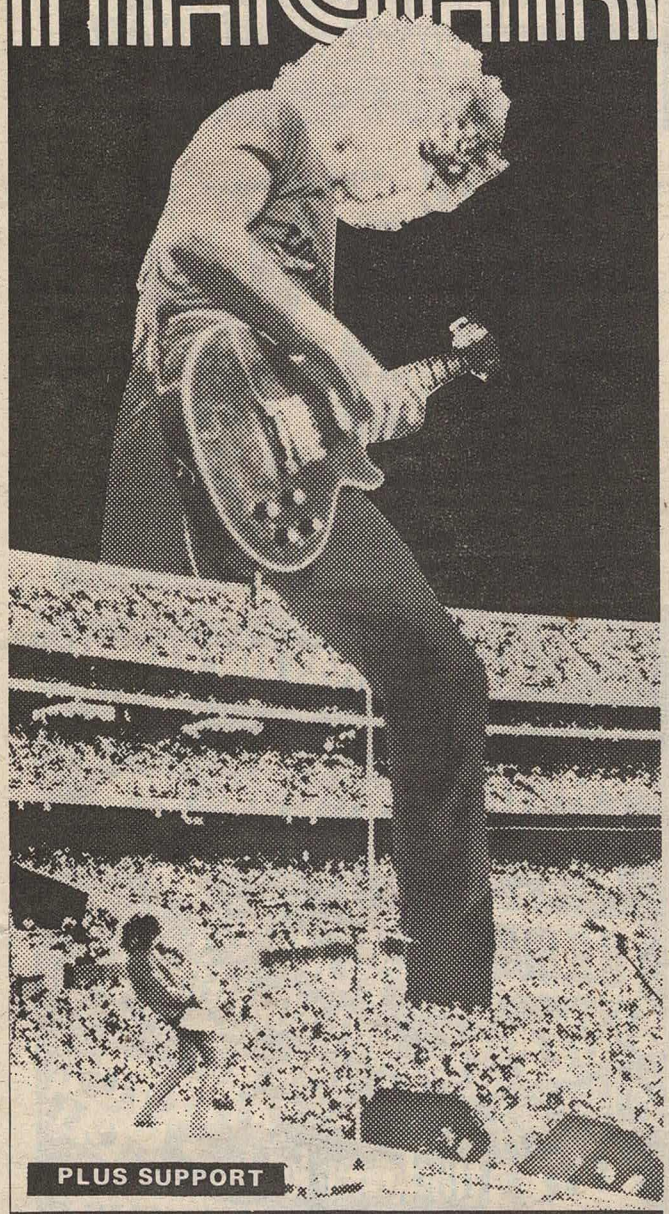

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BIRMINGHAM ODEON
TUES. 2nd FEBRUARY 7.30pm
tickets £4 and £3.50 from box office tel. 021 643 6101

IPSWICH GAUMONT
THURS. 4th FEBRUARY 7.30pm
tickets £4 and £3.50 from box office tel. 0473 53641

LANCASTER UNIVERSITY
SAT. 6th FEBRUARY 7.30pm
tickets £4 and £3.50 from box office tel. 0524 65201

MANCHESTER APOLLO
SUN. 7th FEBRUARY 7.30pm
tickets £4 and £3.50 from box office tel. 061 273 1112

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
TUES. 9th and
WED. 10th FEBRUARY 8pm
tickets £4.50 and £4.00 from box office tel. 01 748 4081 and usual agents

RECORD NEWS

● The previously reported **Tom Robinson Band** compilation album is available from this week on EMI. Idea of this 12-track set is to round up all the old TRB material which never made it onto an album, and put out a budget "best of the rest" collection.

● Liverpool outfit **Walter Mitty's Little White Lies** have been signed by RCA, and the label's first move is to reissue their first single 'Brave New England' — which originally appeared on Hip Records and enjoyed 11 weeks in the *NME* Indie Chart earlier this year.

● **Killing Joke** are currently in Germany, where they're recording material for their next album. It's still not sure when the LP will be available, but a single from it is scheduled for mid-January release.

● Release of **The Soft Boys'** single 'Only The Stones Remain', recorded live at London's Hope & Anchor, has been delayed by distribution problems. It's now due out tomorrow (Friday) on Armageddon.

● **Frank Sinatra's** new single, out this week on Reprise, is the Sonny Bono song 'Bang Bang (My Baby Shot Me Down),' taken from his new album 'She Shot Me Down'. The B-side is a track called 'Monday Morning Quarterback'.

● Much-acclaimed Nigerian percussionist **Gasper Lawal** has his single 'Kita Kita' out this weekend, in both 7" and disco 12". It's a remixed track from his album 'Ajomase'. Release is by Cap Records, through Stage One and Rough Trade.

● **The Four Tops** follow their smash hit 'When She Was My Girl' with a new single titled 'Don't Walk Away', coupled with 'I'll Never Ever Leave Again'. Both tracks are from their current album 'Tonight', and the label is Casablanca (through Phonogram).

● 'Jah Bless Africa' is the new **Misty In Roots** single, taken from their album 'Wise And Foolish', and released this weekend on their own People Unite label (through Spartan). The B-side is a different version of the same song.

More budget reissues

CBS and Epic are reissuing another batch of albums and tapes in their 'Nice Price' budget series, which they say should retail at around £2.99 each. Among the latest 25 titles are 'The Birth Of A Legend' and 'Early Music' by Bob Marley, 'That's The Way Of The World' by Earth Wind & Fire, 'Angel Clare' by Art Garfunkel, 'Original Singles' by The Byrds, 'Sylvia's Mother' and 'Ballad Of Lucy Jordan' by Dr Hook, 'Caravanserai' by Santana, 'Turnstiles' by Bill Joel and 'Raw Power' by Iggy & The Stooges — plus self-named albums by Reo Speedwagon, Cheap Trick and Abba.

● More information has filtered through about the album 'The Original Modern Lovers', the first release from Bomp International's new London outlet, issued this weekend with distribution by Pinnacle. It was apparently recorded in Boston in spring 1972, and features **Jonathan Richman, Jerry Harrison** (Talking Heads), **David Robinson** (Cars) and **Ernie Brooks**, with Kim Fowley producing.

● EMI have signed four-piece London band **Talk Talk**, who are currently on tour as support to Duran Duran. Between gigs, they're recording material for January release.

● 'Ghosts Of Christmas Past' is a compilation album on Belgian label Crepuscule, with UK distribution by Rough Trade. It features 13 seasonal songs written by **Aztec Camera, Cabaret Voltaire, Tuxedomoon, Durutti Column** and **The Names**, among others.

● Manchester band **The Freshies** have added a fifth member to their line-up, Barbara O'Donovan on guitar and vocals. She can be seen and heard on the group's new one-hour video cassette 'Razzvizz 4' — available in either VHS or Betamix formats at £15 (including recorded delivery) from Razz Records, 20 Cotton Lane, Withington, Manchester M20 9UX.

● The **Kraftwek** single 'The Model' / 'Computer Love', originally issued in June, is relaunched by EMI this week — in a new picture bag, and in both 7" and 12" formats — due to continuing public demand.

● Owing to the Christmas rush, Secret Records have withheld two singles planned for late November release — 'Jive Jive' by **Brian Brain** and 'I Can't Hold On' by **Lovely Previn.** These will now be issued in mid-January.

● From her chart compilation 'All The Great Hits' comes the **Diana Ross** single 'Tenderness', issued by Motown this week in both 7" and 12". It was recorded at the same sessions at 'Upside Down' and 'My Old Piano', and was produced by Bernard Edwards and Nile Rodgers of Chic.

● **Lindsey Buckingham**, of Fleetwood Mac has a solo single out this week on Mercury, titled 'Trouble'. It's taken from his recently released album 'Law And Order'.

● **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**, whose album 'Two Bad D.J.'s' has just been issued by Greensleeves, now release a single from the LP in both 7" and 12" — titled 'Talk About Run', Other 12-inch disco singles from the same label include 'Christmas-a-Come' by **Eek-a-Mouse**, 'Bone Connection' by **Nicodemus**, 'Being With You' by **Al Campbell** and 'Holding On To My Girlfriend' by **Linval Thompson.**

● A re-working of The Archies' chart-topper 'Sugar Sugar' marks the debut of **David Gamson** on Rough Trade. He's a New Yorker who has arranged and produced the track, as well as playing synthesisers and keyboards — with the aid of Material drummer Fred Maher, plus vocalist Jessica Cleaves who's a member of the Parliament and Funkadelic crew.

● Independent West Midlands labels Inferno and Impact have released two intriguing singles, through Pinnacle, Graduate and other leading distributors. On Inferno, there's the original mid-60s **Gloria Jones** version of the recent Soft Cell hit 'Tainted Love'. And Impact offers a 12-incher featuring three jazz-funk tracks by keyboards ace **Eddie Russ**, which has been fetching up to £25 on import.

● An album-length cassette by the **New York Dolls**, recorded in 1972 at the Mercer St Arts Center in New York, has been issued by America's Reachout Records — produced by Marty Thau, it consists of material never before available on vinyl or tape, and it's called 'Lipstick Killers'. Other cassettes from the same source include 'Live At The Peppermint Lounge' by **Shox Lumania**, 'Half Alive' by **Suicide** and 'Live In New York' by **James Chance & The Contortions.** They each cost 9.25 dollars, or the equivalent, including p & p — from ROIR Cassettes, Suite 214, 611 Broadway, New York City NY 10012.

REST OF THE TOUR NEWS

☐ **ORANGE JUICE** make a surprise appearance as special guests of Aztec Camera at London Victoria The Venue tonight (Thursday), even though they've not yet found a permanent replacement for drummer Stephen Daly. They'll be using a stand-in (or rather, sit-in) for this occasion.

☐ **LIONHEART** return to live action, after a lengthy break for rehearsals and recording sessions, at London Peckham Bouncing Ball on December 14. They then appear as special guests on Saxon's Christmas mini-tour, starting in Birmingham on December 15.

☐ **THE BLUES BAND** wind up 1981 by playing two festive shows at London Victoria The Venue on December 18 and 19. Then, while they take a New Year breather, slide guitarist and vocalist Dave Kelly sets out on a series of solo acoustic gigs — starting at Aldershot Arts Centre on January 6.

☐ **FUNBOY THREE, Madness** and **The Stray Cats** will be making personal appearances next Tuesday afternoon (15) at a party for handicapped and under-privileged children at London's Forum Ballroom in Kentish Town. **Wreckless Eric, Black Slate** and **Gorp** (ex-English Subtitles) will be performing, with Richard Skinner providing the disco. In order to defray costs, a few tickets will be on sale to the general public.

☐ **JOHNNY & THE HURRICANES** — who played a short series of dates here last month, as part of a European tour — will be returning for a more extensive tour in the New Year. Dates are currently being set for the period from mid-February to mid-March, and will be announced shortly.

☐ **KILLING JOKE** have asked us to make it clear that they are NOT appearing at London Hammersmith Palais tonight (Thursday), although a number of media advertisements have suggested that they are.

☐ **THE SHAKIN' PYRAMIDS** and Lonnie Donegan will not now be appearing at London Camden Dingwalls next Monday and Tuesday (14-15), as illness has forced Donegan to withdraw. It's hoped the two dates can be re-scheduled early in the New Year.

☐ **HOT CUISINE** are playing four dates this weekend, to boost promotion of their current single 'Disco Calypso' on the Kaleidoscope label (through Epic), which is in considerable demand on the club circuit. They visit Huddersfield Stars Bar (tonight, Thursday), Nottingham Tiffany's (Friday), Blackpool Yellow Submarine (Saturday) and Gillingham King Charles Hotel (Sunday).

HOLIDAY REGGAE PACKAGE

FREDDIE McGREGOR, Linval Thompson and Al Campbell co-headline a reggae package tour (well, actually, it's described as "a reggae showcase extravaganza"), which plays a number of dates over the holiday period — supported by Channel One Band and Moa Ambassa Sound. The show visits London Camden Town Hall (tomorrow, Friday), Huddersfield Cleopatra's (Saturday), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (December 18), Luton Drill Hall (19), Manchester PSV Club (24), Bristol Mayfair (26), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (31), Nottingham Commodore International (January 1) and London Acton Town Hall (2). Admission is £5 everywhere, except Huddersfield where it's £4.

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

Stray Cats

SCREAMING LORD SUTCH and the savages

C.S.A.

TOP RANK SUITE BRIGHTON
WEST ST., BRIGHTON
* NOT AT BRIGHTON
MONDAY 14th DECEMBER at 8·00
TICKETS £3·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE TOP RANK SUITE BOX OFFICE, TEL: BRIGHTON 25895 OR BRIGHTON: VIRGIN RECORDS, POLYSOUNDS. CRAWLEY: CLOAKS, OR £3·00 AT DOOR ON NIGHT

LYCEUM
STRAND, W.C.2
TUESDAY 15th DECEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £3·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

EDINBURGH ODEON
CLERK ST.
* NOT AT EDINBURGH
THURSDAY 17th DECEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £3·50, £3·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE 12·00 AM—7·00 PM, MON-SAT. TEL: 031 667 3805. OR ON NIGHT

LYCEUM
STRAND, W.C.2
SUNDAY 27th DECEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £3·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

BIRMINGHAM ODEON
NEW STREET
* NOT AT BIRMINGHAM
MONDAY 28th DECEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £3·50, £3·00, £2·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE 10·30 AM—8·00 PM, MON-SAT. TEL: 021 643 6101, OR ON NIGHT

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

SQUEEZE

IT'S ALL HAPPENING

a flock of seagulls

LOCARNO
NEW BRISTOL CENTRE, FROGMORE ST., BRISTOL
TUESDAY 15th DECEMBER at 8·00
TICKETS £3·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LOCARNO BOX OFFICE, TEL: BRISTOL 276193, OR BRISTOL: VIRGIN RECORDS, RIVAL RECORDS, REVOLVER RECORDS, BATH: RECORDS UNLIMITED, OR £3·50 (INC. VAT) ON NIGHT.

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

LYCEUM
STRAND, W.C.2

BOW WOW WOW

JIMMY THE HOOVER

SUPERGIRL

WEDNESDAY 23rd DECEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £3·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 — 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11.00 pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS, SOCIAL SECURITY CARD HOLDERS AND MEMBERS

Thursday 10th December (Adm £2.00)
Heavy Metal Xmas Bash!!
VARDIS
plus special guests Accent & D.J. Jerry Floyd

Friday 11th December (Adm £1.50)
SIAM
plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Saturday 12th December
Closed Private Function

Sunday 13th December (Adm £1.50)
NAUGHTY THOUGHTS
& guests and Jerry Floyd

Monday 14th December (Adm £2.00)
CHELSEA
Sudden Death Cult & Jerry Floyd

Tue 15th December (Adm £2.00)
THE BLONDES
Drastic Measures & Jerry Floyd

Wed 16th December (Adm £2.00)
BURNING RED NANHOE
Grand Zero & Jerry Floyd

Thursday 17th December (Adm £2.00)
Rude Heavy Metal Night
JACKIE LYNTON
Call Of The Wind & Jerry Floyd

Hamburgers and other Hot and Cold Snacks available

LYCEUM

STRAND, WC2

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

SUN/MON 13th/14th DECEMBER at 7·30

TICKETS £3·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

PRETENDERS

SUNDAY: vic goddard & SUBWAY SECT, THE FLYING PADDYANS

MONDAY: the belle stars, BUZZ

FRIARS AT THE MAXWELL HALL AYLESBURY

Saturday 12th December 7.30pm

STEVE HARLEY
and
COCKNEY REBEL
+ ZOO RADIO
+ DREAM SOLDIERS

Tickets £3.50 from Earth Records Aylesbury, Scorpion High Wycombe, Old Town Records Hemel Hempstead, FL Moore Dunstable, Luton & Bletchley, Hi Vu Buckingham, Music Market Oxford or £3.50 at door on night. Life membership 25p. Reservations Aylesbury 84568/88948.
Teddy Boys are farming, it's all a little alarming

DINGWALLS

RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE

CAMDEN LOCK, CHALK FARM RD, LONDON NW1 01 267 4967

THURSDAY 10
RED BEANS 'N' RICE £2.50

FRIDAY 11
JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS x SCREEN 3 £3.30

SATURDAY 12
THE DANCE BAND x THE DEADBEATS £3.30

MONDAY 14
INNER CITY XMAS BASH
INNER CITY UNIT
3 LAWS A.N. OTHER £1.75

TUESDAY 15
GONZALEZ £2.25

WEDNESDAY 16
CLOSED-

THURSDAY 17
FROM JAMAICA CHRISTMAS REGGAE WITH
LOUIS LEPKE, TRISTAN PALMER SAMMY DREAD

COMING UP.... MON 21
JOHN COOPER CLARK

TUES 22
CARLENE CARTER

WED 23
WILKO JOHNSON

MCP by arrangement with ITB presents
DIARY OF A MADMAN TOUR

OZZY OSBOURNE

plus special guests
MAGNUM AND Girl

NEW BINGLEY HALL STAFFORD
TUESDAY 22nd DECEMBER 7.00pm TICKETS £4.50
Available from Mike Lloyd Music, Stoke-on-Trent
Sundown Records, Wolverhampton
Lotus Records, Stafford Cyclops Records, Birmingham
R.E. Cords, Derby & Burton Select a Disc, Nottingham
Penny Lane, Chester Penny Lane, Liverpool
Piccadilly Records, Manchester Virgin Records, Coventry
or by postal application to Bingley Hall Stafford Cheques & Postal Orders made payable to Bingley Hall Stafford, Enclose S.A.E.

THE Venue

160–162 Victoria Street, London SW1E 5LB
Tel 828 9441

Doors open 7.30pm Main Band on at 9.30pm

THIS WEEK

THIS WEEK
Thursday 10th December £2.00
AZTEC CAMERA
+
THE BLUEBELLS
+ Special Guests

Friday 11th & Saturday 12th December £3.50
Q-TIPS

Monday 14th & Tuesday 15th December £4.00
STEVE HARLEY AND COCKNEY REBEL

Wednesday 16th December £2.50
BELLE STARS

Late Night 16th December £2.50
THE RED & WHITE CHRISTMAS BALL
featuring ROUXGE
(Dance, dance, dance)

Thursday 17th December £3.50
ASWAD

Friday 18th & Saturday 19th December £4.00
THE BLUES BAND

COMING SOON

Monday 21st Dec £4.00
SUZI QUATRO

Tuesday 22nd Dec £3.50
DAVE EDMUNDS

Wednesday 23rd Dec £3.50
THE BUREAU, THE MO-DETTES, RODDY RADIATION AND THE TEARJERKERS

Thursday 24th Dec £3.50
OTWAY AND BARRETT + THE HEE-BEE-GEE-BEES + HUMPHREY OCEAN + JOHNNY G

Wednesday 30th Dec £3.00
Special re-union of **SPIZZ ENERGI**

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

OUTLAW AND PHIL McINTYRE PRESENT

Gillan

BUDGIE — NIGHTWING

MON./TUES. 21st/22nd DECEMBER 7.30pm
TICKETS £4.25 £3.75 £3.25
TICKETS FROM BOX OFFICE AND USUAL AGENTS (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)

LIVE ADS 261 6153

SLADE

DECEMBER
TUE 8th — SHEFFIELD, CITY POLYTECHNIC
THU 10th — NOTTINGHAM, ROCK CITY
FRI 11th — MARQUEE
SAT 12th — ELECTRIC STADIUM, CHADWELL HEATH

NEW SINGLE CATRIX OUT NOW

THE EXCITERS December Tour

Thurs 3rd — Cartoon, Croydon
Fri 5th — Mansfield College, Oxford
Thurs 10th — Creepers, Hastings
Sun 13th — Bowes Lyon, Stevenage
Wed 16th — Railway, Hornsey
Fri 18th — Horn of Plenty, St Albans (Christmas Party)
Sat 19th — The Three Rabbits, Manor Park
Tues 22nd — Kings Head, Fulham High St

For more info, bookings phone
Mike Malley
01-346 4109.

BRIAN KNIGHT

(legendary slide guitarist)
and his BAND

The Star, London Rd, Croydon on Thursday 10th December

New Merlins Cave, Margery St., WC1 on Sunday 13th December

R & B! All enquiries phone PVK records 0494 36301

TBA International proudly presents

STEVE HARLEY & COCKNEY REBEL

THE Venue

14th & 15th December Tickets £4.00

MCP *presents*

SAXON

plus Special Guests
LION HEART

ODEON THEATRE, BIRMINGHAM
TUESDAY 15th DECEMBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £4.00 £3.50 £3.00
Available from B.O Tel: 021 643 6101

RAINBOW THEATRE, LONDON
WEDNESDAY 16th DECEMBER 7.30 pm.
Tickets £4.00 Available from B.O Tel: 01 263 3148

CIVIC HALL, WOLVERHAMPTON
THURSDAY 17th DECEMBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £4.00 Available from B.O Tel: 0902 28482

See Special Merchandising Offer in Current Saxon Album "Denim and Leather" on Carrere.

These Shows will be Recorded for a Live Album, ticket purchaser agrees as a member of the audience to being a part of this recording.

The CLARENDONIA HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY

Take Soul and Spirit when you feel sadder than all the dead Christmas Trees in the World

Mon 21st December.

MISS PID Sounds

RIP RIG + PANIC + GUESTS

tickets £3.00 from Rough Trade, Honky Tonk, Premier, Virgin Megastore, The Venue at Victoria

Lic'Bar. 8.pm.

MOONLIGHT STARLIGHT

100 West End Lane W6 : Sundays 7.30-10.30
West Hampstead Tube — Jubilee Line

Thursday 10th December £1.50
DRASTIC MEASURES + Kimbo

Friday 11th December £1.75
CUDDLY TOYS + Howard Jones

Saturday 12th December £1.75
CROWN OF THORNS + Comatose

Sunday 13th December £1.50
MOTOR BOYS MOTOR + Extras

Monday 14th December £1.50
Psychedelic night with
MILES OVER MATTER + The Silence

Tuesday 15th December £1.50
PERFECT CRIME + We're Only Human

Wednesday 16th December £1.50
THE BALLOONS + The Cardiacs

Thursday 17th December £1.75
BABYLON + Animal Luxury

Thursday 10th December £1.50
GOING STRAIGHT + Heads of Agreement

Friday 11th December £1.75
BLACK MARKET + Output

Saturday 12th December £1.50
THE RIMSHOTS + The Dangermen

Sundays — Closed

Monday 14th December £1.50
MENTAL NOTES + The Thin Men

Tuesday 15th December £1.50
XPERTZ + Oceans Eleven

Wednesday 16th December £1.50
DIRTY STRANGERS + Double Agents

Thursday 17th December £1.50
THE WAVES (formerly the Soft Boys) + Plain Characters

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

Please phone before setting out & check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:-

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS.
THU. 10th DEC. The KAMA SUTRA set to music by boy/girl septet. We promise to have a trapeze installed.

SLOW TWITCH FIBRES
FRI. 11th. Eccentric pot-pourri of styles — reggae, funk, jive and then some, seasoned with wit & craft, and fine for dancing.

BLACK ROOTS
SAT. 12. "Reggae band from Bristol whose declamatory vocals and galvanic rhythm section," wrote N.M.E., "had more people on the dance floor than..." Name withheld to avoid embarrassment.

SUN. ENGLISH DREAM + SNEAK PREVIEW + DEVOTION
MON. 13 at MIDNIGHT + SIGNALS + REVERS & BARBED
TUE. 25th STREET + HISS THE VILLAIN + SHADOW CREEP

THU. 17th The MOTHMEN

THE DOORS OPEN 7:30 till LATE, EXCEPT SUNDAY WHEN IT'S 7.30 till 12. REAL ALE AND COCKTAILS RIGHT THRU. YOU HAVE TO BE 18. OUR RESTAURANT IS OPEN 8:30 A.M. till 0 A.M. MOST DAYS. WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING ST. & JAMES ST. OLD COVENT GARDEN
PHONE FOR LIVE MUSIC INFO: 836 1927
PHONE FOR RESTAURANT INFO: 240 3961

ACID - DISCO ?

CROWN OF THORNS

+ COMATOSE
saturday 12th december
'moonlight club'
west hampstead, n.w.6
doors open 8.30
all CND welcome

A PRODUCTION OF HOLY INNOCENCE

SUNSET JAZZ

3 North End Crescent W14
Tel: 603 7006

Thursday 10th December
25th STREET
Friday 11th December
ELECTRIC BLUE BIRDS
Saturday 12th December
CHRIS BARBER'S JAZZ & BLUES BAND
Wednesday 16th December
FAST EDDIE
Thursday 17th December
ROCKET 88
Friday 18th December
GERAINT WATKINS BAND
Saturday 19th December
ROOT JACKSON
with the GB BLUES CO

PARADISE PRESENT
GLITTER OVER CHRISTMAS

GARY GLITTER

plus special guests & VENIGMAS

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
SUNDAY 27th DECEMBER 7:30pm
tickets £5.00 inc VAT
Available from Hammersmith Palais Box Office London Theatre Bookings 439-3371
Premier Box Office 240-2245 or direct from Paradise 405, Strand, London WC2. 01-379-7888

KILTORCH/OUTLAW PRESENTS CLUB ZOO
STARRING
THE TEARDROP EXPLODES
HAMMERSMITH PALAIS at 8pm
JANUARY 3rd 4th 5th
£3.50
tkts. from box office tel. 748 2812
TICKETS ALSO FROM: CENTRE, LTB, PREMIER, KEITH PROWSE, STARGREEN

THE OLD QUEENS HEAD

133 Stockwell Road, London SW9

Thursday 10th December £1.00	Monday 14th December £1.00
SONS OF MAN IN ROOTS + The Creamies	**UKRAINE** + Top Secret
Friday 11th December £1.25	Tuesday 15th December £1.00
THE HEARTBEATS + Auntie & The Men From Uncle	**BABYLON REBELS** + The Hamsters
Saturday 12th December £1.00	Wednesday 16th December £1.00
MAINLAND + Crisis	**THE RECRUITS** + Maureens Wrestling

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING
MARCH 15, 16, 17, 18 EARTH, WIND AND FIRE

DECEMBER
12 Exploited
13 Ralph McTell
14 Pretenders
15 Stray Cats
16, 17 Duran Duran
16 Saxon
17 Squeeze
18 Hawkwind
18 Hot Gossip
19 Brendan Shime
19 Rose Tattoo
20 Ultravox
20 Christmas on Earth, Leeds return coach available
20 Nils Lofgren
20 Slade
21, 22 Gillan
22 Ian Dury
23 Japan
23 Bow Wow Wow
24 Elvis Costello
24,26 Blizzard of Ozz
27 Stray Cats
31 Black Sabbath

JANUARY
1, 2, 3 Black Sabbath
3, 4, 5 Teardrop Explodes
27, 28 UFO

FEBRUARY
9, 10 Sammy Hagar
25 Scorpions

MARCH
10, 11 10cc
13, 15, 16, 17, 18 Earth, Wind & Fire

APRIL
9-12 Country Music Festival

TELEPHONE CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS ACCEPTED.
PERSONAL CALLERS WELCOME.
POSTAL APPLICATION ENCLOSE SAE PLEASE.
SEND SAE FOR FREE LIST OF LONDON GIGS.
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
96 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. Phone 439 3371

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET ISLINGTON, N.1

Wednesday 9th December £1.00	Sunday 13th December £1.00
EUROPEANS	**CALLING HEARTS**
Thursday 10th December £1.00	Monday 14th December £1.00
THE WAVES *featuring Kimberley Rew (ex Soft Boys)*	**BABY 'N' THE MONSTERS**
Friday 11th December £1.25	Tuesday 15th December £1.00
RHYTHM METHOD	**LONDON APACHES**
Saturday 12th December £1.25	Wednesday 16th December £1.50
THE COBRAS	**THE FLYING CLUB**

THE BASEMENT BAR

Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith W6

Thursday 10th £1.25
PARTISANS + The Ejected
Friday 11th £1.50
RUDI + Apocalypse
Saturday 12th £1.50
THE DARK + The Solicitors
Sunday 13th £1.00
HIDDEN CHARMS + Modern Life
Monday 14th £1.00
DIRTY STRANGERS' XMAS PARTY
Tuesday 15th £1.00
IDIOT BALLROOM BEACH PARTY PT II
Various artists, with Sir Alias Sounds, and Random Pulse Lights.
Thursday 17th £1.25
REACTION (direct from Jam Tour) + The Odd Hits

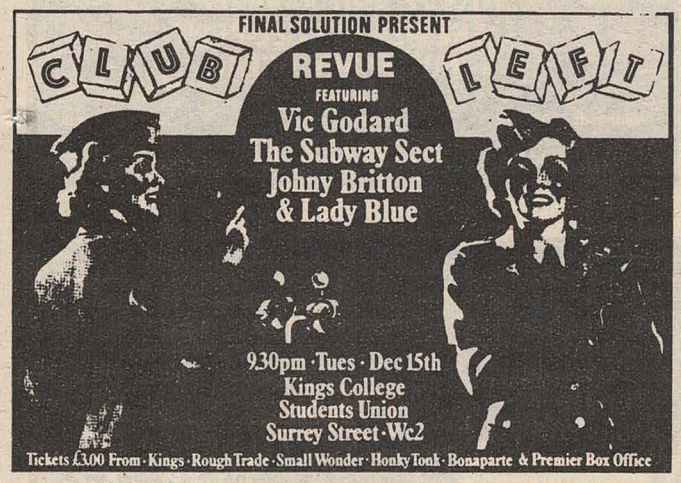
KINGS HEAD

4, Fulham High St., SW6
736 1413

Thursday 10th £1.00
ESSENTIAL VILLAINS
Friday 11th £1.50
S.A.L.T.
Saturday 12th £1.50
TRIMMER & JENKINS
Sunday 13th £1.00
S.A.L.T.
Monday 14th £1.00
JOHN SPENCER BAND
Tuesday 15th £1.00
KISSING THE PINK
Wednesday 16th £1.00
RYE AND THE QUARTER BOYS
Thursday 17th £1.00
GINGER

Elliott Dubell *Presents*
ARLENE PHILLIPS
HOT GOSSIP
CHRISTMAS ROADSHOW
with Special Guests **BERLIN BLONDES**
DOMINION THEATRE
FRIDAY 18th DECEMBER at 8.00pm
Tickets £5.00, £4.00, £3.00.
From Box Office 01-580 9562.
and usual agents.

FINAL SOLUTION PRESENT
CLUB REVUE LEFT
FEATURING
Vic Godard
The Subway Sect
Johny Britton & Lady Blue



9.30pm · Tues · Dec 15th
Kings College Students Union
Surrey Street · Wc2
Tickets £3.00 From · Kings · Rough Trade · Small Wonder · Honky Tonk · Bonaparte & Premier Box Office

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MIDDX POLY S.U. PRESENTS

Live reggae with
TRIBESMAN
Thursday 10th Dec. Middx Poly, Queensway, Enfield.
£1.00 NUS £1.50 others

Alternative Music presents
the RIFFFS
Plus **PRAXIS & 11 - 53**
Woolwich, THAMES POLY
Sat 12th December 7.30 pm
Tickets £1.25 on door. Licensed bars

THE 100 CLUB
100 Oxford St W1

Thursday 10th —
Return By Public Demand
PRINCE FAR — I AND THE ARABS
"Congo Ashanti Roy"

Tuesday 15th —
CHRON — GEN
+
Two supporting groups

TYGERS OF PAN TANG
+ TWELFTH NIGHT

19 December at 8 pm
Breckland Sports Centre
Thetford (0842) 3110

Adm £2.50

TO ADVERTISE 01-261 6153

SPINTONE ENTERPRISES PRESENTS
RESPOND/JAMMING RECORDS
XMAS PARTY
featuring
Dolly Mixture
+ The RIMSHOTS + The Questions + APOCALYPSE
compere: Shane O'Hooligan & Surprise guests
THE CLARENDON HOTEL (upstairs) HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY LONDON W.6. Enquiries: (01) 602 - 6795
WEDNESDAY 16th DECEMBER 7 p.m. - 11 p.m. ADMISSION: £2.50

Derek Block in association with TBA presents
Nils Lofgren
+ GRAND PRIX
+ Grand Prix
Sunday 20th December at 8pm DOMINION THEATRE W1
Tickets £4.75, £4.25, £3.75 — *Available in advance*
From Box Office 01-580 9562 and usual agents

NELSONS

49 Durnsford Rd
Wimbledon SW19
(Behind the Sportsmans public house at Wimbledon Football Club)

Saturday 12th December £2.00
ROOT JACKSON and the **GB BLUES CO**
+ Perfect Crime
Sunday 13th December £1.50
LEE KOSMIN
Saturday 19th December £2.00
MANUFACTURED ROMANCE

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101 CLUB

101 St Johns Hill
Tel: 01 223 8309

Thursday 10th December £1
RICK SMITH & THE VILLAINS
Friday 11th December £1.50
Urchin Rock Unemployment Benefit With
THE INTROZE
Saturday 12th December £1.50
THE FEELERS
Sunday 13th December £1
DRAMA
Monday 14 December £1
PRECINCT
Tuesday 15th December £1
RED ARMY CHOIR
Wednesday 16th December £1
LOOSE TALK

5/12 Stockholm, Ritz
6/12 Köpenhamn, Saltlagret
14/12 London, Heaven

TWICE A MAN

Nationwide Gig Guide

The Jam. Pic: Anton Corbijn

The Police. Pic: Claude Gassian

MOST OF the major autumn tours are now drawing to a close, but surprisingly — in view of the proximity of Christmas — another batch sets out this week. And the number of gigs available, well in excess of 600, is abnormally high for mid-December — particularly with the campus circuit now closing down for the holidays. So all things considered, a remarkably good week.

And that assessment is enhanced by THE JAM playing their four seasonal specials in London, from Saturday to Tuesday; THE POLICE kicking off their pre-Christmas jaunt with a string of concerts at Wembley (from Monday); and ADAM & THE ANTS playing St. Austell on Monday and Tuesday, at the outset of a five-week countrywide trek.

THE STRAY CATS are on the UK road for the first time since the beginning of the year, highlighted by a London Lyceum show on Tuesday; THE EXPLOITED headline at London Rainbow on Saturday, then embark on a series of provincial gigs; and SECRET AFFAIR are back in live action after a 12-month absence.

NILS LOFGREN flies in to play a string of concerts, which get under way in Nottingham on Saturday; SAXON provide a Yuletide treat for metal freaks, beginning their 'Denim & Leather' mini-tour at Birmingham (Tuesday) and London Rainbow (Wednesday); and THE BEAT are doing a few more shows, commencing with their replacement date at Hanley on Friday.

New Year deadline

A REMINDER that, because of holiday printing arrangements, the Gig Guide for the first week of the New Year will go to press before Christmas. This covers the period from

DECEMBER 31 to JANUARY 6

If you want your gigs listed on this page for that particular week, please note that details must be received by us not later than

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16

That is the absolute deadline. So don't put it off — bear in mind the postal delays usually incurred at this time of year, and remember that December 16 is less than a week away. Mail your New Year details at once to NME Gig Guide, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG — and make sure you're not disappointed.

Thursday 10th

Eurythmics: Edinburgh

Aberystwyth University: **Dr. Feelgood**
Bangor University: **Otway & Barrett**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Here & Now / Dangerous Girls**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Odeon: **Joan Armatrading**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Birmingham Union Cellar Bar: **The Microdots**
Bolton Aquarius: **The Salford Jets / Stilts**
Bolton Swan Inn: **The Lulu Boys**
Bordon Robin Hood: **Easy Street**
Bournemouth Exeter Bowl: **Vic Godard & Subway Sect**
Bournemouth The Pinecliff: **The Time**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Cliff Richard**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Lennie Best / Ian Carr**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton New Regent: **Manufactured Romance / Decent Assault**
Bristol Arnolfini Gallery: **Mike Osborne Septet**
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **Red Star Belgrade**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **Patrik Fitzgerald / Attila The Stockbroker / Anne Clark**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Stripes / The Reactions**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips / Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Colchester Essex University: **Gary Glitter/The Gas**
Coleraine New Ulster University: **The King's Singers**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Ramrods / Street Kids**
Coventry Hand & Heart: **April First Movement / Furious Apples**
Coventry Warwick University: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers / The Bureau / The Mo-dettes**
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **The Marines / Pillowhead**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Gillan / Budgie**
Durham University: **Rio & The Robots**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Eurythmics**
Exeter Boxes: **In The Red**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Great Harewood Cloggers: **Al Grey / Buddy Tate**
Guildford Civic Hall: **The Human League / Huang Chung**
Huddersfield Stars Bar: **Hot Cuisine**
Ipswich Gala Ballroom: **Vital Disorders**
Kingston Polytechnic: **The Prats**
Leamington Spa Crown Hotel: **Fallen Angels / The Precautions**
Leeds Queens Hall: **Japan**
Leicester Belgrave Hotel: **Haste To Waste**
Liverpool The Dolphin: **French Lessons**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Whispers Club: **Kinetics**
London Barons Court Tavern: **Ginger**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Mickey Jupp Band**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **SJ & Her Gem**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **True Life Confessions**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Rick Smith & The Villains / The Fancy Goldfish**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **True Life Confessions**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Jimmy Witherspoon / Danny Adler & The Deluxe Blues Band (for three days)**
London Deptford Royal Albert: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Elephant & Castle College of Printing: **Bumble & The Beez**
London Enfield Middlesex Polytechnic: **Tribesman**
London Euston The Golf Club: **The Decorators / Lucky Saddles**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Cobras**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Merger / The Avengers**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Five Hand Reel**
London Gt. Portland St. The Albany: **Room 13**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Partisans / The Ejected**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Squeeze**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Going Straight / The Heads of Agreement**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Waves featuring Kimberley Rew**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Rudi / Apocalypse**
London Marquee Club: **Vardis**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Heart Patrol**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Prince Far I & The Arabs / The Beatroots**
London Putney Half Moon: **Ricky Cool Band**
London Putney White Lion: **The Machines**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Alex Welsh Band**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Release De Beat / The Creamies**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Horseshoe: **Roy Weard & The Last Post**
London Victoria The Venue: **Aztec Camera / The Bluebells / Orange Juice**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Drastic Measures / Kimbo**
London W.1 Boulevard Theatre: **The Passage / The Inevitable**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Le Change**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Pat Crumley's Edge**
Manchester Devilles: **Vice Squad**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Chelsea / Black Flag**
Manchester The Hunting Lodge: **Stockholm Monsters / Deli Polo Club / Beach Red**
Manchester (Wythenshawe) Cock o' the North: **The Permanents**
Newcastle City Hall: **Thin Lizzy**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **Lindisfarne**
Newcastle The Junction: **The Green Eyed Children**
Northampton White Elephant: **The Crew**
Norwich Gala Ballroom: **Vital Disorders**
Nottingham Ad Lib Club: **The Howdy Boys**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline / Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Rock City: **Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Max Boyce**
Oxford Caribbean Club: **Havana Let's Go**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **The Vetoes**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Mr. Zoot**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Tandoori Cassette**
Rickmansworth Watersmeet: **Neil Innes / As Above So Below**
Sheffield Big Tree Hotel: **ADSR International**
Sheffield City Hall: **Duran Duran**
Sheffield Limit Club: **After The Fire**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Nine Below Zero**
Sudbury Quay Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Watford Verulam Arms: **Click Click / Blazing Red / The Platinums**
Whitstable The Neptune: **Baby 'n' The Monsters**
Wokingham Angie's: **Little Sister**

Friday 11th

The Beat: Hanley

Aberdeen Valhalla's: **Factory Poems**
Bath Moles Club: **Rye & The Quarterboys**
Birkenhead Gallery Club: **The Lulu Boys**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **Chelsea**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **Ewan MacColl & Peggy Seegar**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **The Quads**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Way Of The West**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Birmingham Star Club: **Rockastyle / Eternity**
Bournemouth Winter Gargens: **Cliff Richard**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Amity / Proteus Theatre Co.**
Brighton Centre: **Joan Armatrading**
Brighton Dome: **The Human League / Huang Chung**
Brighton Lewes Road Inn: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Bristol Polytechnic (lunchtime): **Bert Drain & The Downpipes**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **Black Roots**
Broadstairs The Pavilion: **Naughty Thoughts / The Pulsaters**
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **The Waves**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **Bim**
Cambridge Townley Hall: **The Amyl Dukes**
Cannock Double M: **The Androids Of Mu / Rock Goddess**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Vardis / Triarchy**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Wreckless Eric / Nite Hawks**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Nine Below Zero**
Croydon The Star: **The Cobras**
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **Patrik Fitzgerald / John Baine / Anne Clark**
Doncaster Co-op Club: **Here & Now**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Dangerous Girls**
Durham Ladies College: **Richard Strange**
Durham Trevelyan College: **The 45's**
Fareham Prices College: **The Time / The Acclaim**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Pete Stacey Band**
Fort William Milton Hotel: **Powerhouse Boogie Band**
Grimsby Town Hall: **Bucks Fizz**
Guernsey C.I. The Hermitage: **The Pulse**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **The Beat**
Hastings Claringdon Hotel: **Curfew**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel**
Hitchin Regal: **Gary Glitter/The Gas**
Ipswich Gaumont Thestre: **Slade / Spider**
Lancaster Trades Hall: **Walled-Up Nuns**
Lancaster University: **Japan**
Launceston White Horse Inn: **In The Red / The Gift**
Leeds Brannigans: **Discharge / G.B.H.**
Leeds University: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Gillan / Budgie**
Leicester Electric Theatre: **Haircut 100**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Jackie Linton Band / Screen 3**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Sound Of Musiq / The Drabstyles**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Central Polytechnic: **The Birthday Party / Malaria / Death In June**
London Clapham Landor Hotel: **Starcore**
London Clapham The Roundhouse: **Pressure Point / Splendour Of Rome / Malcontenta / Andreas Swann**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Talk Like That**
London Clapham Wessex House: **The Skank Orchestra**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Introze**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Slow Twitch Fibres / Empty Vessels**
London Euston The Golf Club: **The Blue Cats / King Kurt**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Amazon**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Five Hand Reel**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Rudi / Apocalypse**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Black Market / Output**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Republic / Kiler Wales**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Rhythm Method**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Wreckless Eric**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **The Escorts**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Lickmalolly**
London N.W.1 The Cellars: **Cosmotheka**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Gulf Tides / Macondo**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Neuer Art / Louis — Louis**
London Putney White Lion: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Sugar Minott**
London School of Economics: **Dr. Feelgood / City Kids**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Digby Fairweather Quintet**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Heartbeats / Auntie & The Men From Uncle**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Strand King's College: **Delta 5**
London S.E.1 The London Dungeon: **Sweet Substitute / Pete York's New York**
London Twickenham St. Mary's College: **The Chefs**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **The Beatroots**
London Victoria The Venue: **Q-Tips**
London Walthamstow Assembly Hall: **Bauhaus / Zeitung Da / Blazing Affair**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Cuddly Toys / Howard Jones**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Blue Chip**
London W.14 Sunset Jazz: **The Electric Bluebirds**
Lowestoft College: **Tandoori Cassette**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Duran Duran**
Manchester The Legend: **Vincent Sloane / Shakin' Ball / Stores & Sparks**
Manchester New Century Theatre: **Chris Barber Band**
Manchester Rafters: **Pigbag**
Manchester University: **Sisterhood Of Spit**
Milton Keynes Starting Gate: **C-Saim**
Newcastle University: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers / The Bureau / The Mo-dettes**
Norwich East Anglia University: **The Pretenders / The Flying Padovanis**

☐ OVER PAGE

Nationwide Gig Guide

☐ **CONTINUED**

Norwich Gala Entertainments Centre: **Aswad**
Nottingham Rock City: **Squeeze**
Nottingham Tiffany's: **Hot Cuisine**
Nottingham Town Arms: **Mike Osborne Septet**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Max Boyce**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Splash**
Paignton Festival Theatre: **Hawkwind**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Canyon**
Reading Caribbean Club: **The Monsters**
Sandown Pier Pavilion: **Billie Jo Spears**
Sheffield City Hall: **Herb Miller Band**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Lindisfarne**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Straight Jocelyn**
Southport Greaves Hall: **Kinetics**
Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: **Otway & Barrett**
Stockport Warren Bulkeley: **Al Grey / Buddy Tate**
Stourbridge The Broadway: **Sub Zero**
Tolworth Recreation Centre: **Bad Manners**
Wallasey Leasowe Castle Hotel: **Paul Costello & Friends**
Wakefield Bretton Hall: **The Cheaters**
Weston-super-Mare Old Pier: **Flux Of Pink Indians**
Winchester College of Art: **Vic Godard & Subway Sects**
Wokingham Angie's: **Dave Ellis Band**

Saturday 12th

Haircut 100: St. Albans

Aylesbury Friars: **Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel**
Bicester Nowhere Club: **C-Saim**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Babylon Rebels / Psikix**
Birmingham Imperial Cinema: **Secret Affair**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Electric Light Orchestra / Voyager**
Birmingham Odeon: **Bucks Fizz**
Blackpool Yellow Submarine: **Hot Cuisine**
Boston Elizabeathan Club: **The Nashville Teens**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Cliff Richard**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Mike Maran & David Sheppard**
Brighton Centre: **The Pretenders / The Flying Padovanis**
Bristol Granary: **Spider**
Bristol Greenhouse: **Rye & The Quarterboys**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **Animal Magic / Harold & Hilary / Mouth / Scream & Dance**
Cambridge Corn Exchange: **The Androids of Mu / Rock Goddess**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Siam**
Chesterfield Middlecroft Leisure Centre: **Dawn Fury**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies / Stuttering Jack and the Heart Attacks**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Wasted Youth / The Method**
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **Clockhouse / Triple Echo**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **The Human League / Huang Chung**
Dudley JB's Club: **Moscow Philharmonix**
Durham Town Hall: **Maddy Prior Band**
Durham University: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers / The Bureau / The Mo-dettes**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **Otway & Barrett / Baby'n'The Monsters**
Gloucester Brockworth House: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Lindisfarne**
Huddersfield White Lion: **Dodgy Tactics**
Leamington Bath Place: **Neville Staples — Jah Baddis Sound**
Leeds Astoria Ballroom: **Sisterhood Of Spit**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Duran Duran**
Leicester University Queen's Hall: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Japan**
Liverpool Parbold Community Centre: **Kinetics**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Vic Godard & Subway Sect**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Dance Band / The Deadbeats**
London Central Polytechnic: **The 45's**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Feelers**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Black Roots / ton tons m'assai**
London Cricklewood Production Village: **The Exciters**
London Deptford The Crypt: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Euston The Golf Club: **The Distractions / Lucky Saddles**
London EC1 The Loft: **Conversations**
London Finsbury Park Michael Sobell Centre: **The Jam / Department S / The Questions**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Mickey Jupp Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Wreckless Eric / The Lucky Saddles**
London Fulham King's Head: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Greenwich White Swan: **Talk Like That**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Chefs / The Dark**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Joan Armatrading**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Rimshots / The Danger Men**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Refreshers / Lino's Lost Patrol**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Cobras**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Up-Sect / The Shoppers**
London N4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London NW 2 Hogs Grunt: **Fast Games / The Bac Band**
London Plumstead Lord Raglan: **The Escorts**
London Putney White Lion: **Juice On The Loose / Tony McPhee**
London Rainbow Theatre: **The Exploited / Black Flag / Honey Bane / The Insane**
London Royal Albert Hall: **The King's Singers**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Danny Moss Quartet / Jeanie Lambe**
London Southgate The Rox: **The Comic Strip Revue / Combo Passe**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Mainland / Crisis**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Jimmy Roche Band**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Platinum Needles/The Civilians/ Stormchild/Made in England ('Opportunity Rocks' final)**
London University College: **The Cheaters**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **The Beatroots**
London Victoria The Venue: **Q-Tips**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Almost Brothers (lunchtime) / Crown of Thorns (evening)**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Root Jackson & The GB Blues Co**
London W1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
London W1 Embassy Club: **Diodes**
London W14 Sunset Jazz: **Chris Barber Band**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Dr Feelgood**
Northampton Nene College: **Nation 3 / The Bootleg Beatles**
Norwich Bethel St Labour Club: **Vital Disorders**
Norwich Labour Club: **Vital Disorders**
Nottingham Rock City: **Nils Lofgren**
Oldham The Greengate: **Stilts**
Oxford New Theatre: **Gillan / Budgie**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Spring Offensive**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Matrix**
Preston Guildhall: **Thin Lizzy**
Reading Central Club: **Aswad**
Retford Porterhouse: **Way Of The West**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **Squeeze**
Shoreham Community Centre: **Johnny & The Roccos**
Slough Studio 1: **Here & Now**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **The New Brendas**
Southport Arts Centre: **Al Grey / Buddy Tate**
St Albans City Hall: **Haircut 100**
St Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Billie Jo Spears**
Stockport Mersey Precinct: **Belgian Bitch**
Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic: **Eurythmics**
Stroud Leisure Centre: **Hawkwind**
Tonypandy Naval Club: **Ohibo Paronti**
Weston-super-Mare Old Pier: **The Revillos**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **We're Only Human**

Sunday 13th

Nils Lofgren: Birmingham

Bath University: **The Beat**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Odeon: **Nils Lofgren**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham Repertory Theatre: **Sweet Substitute / Pat Halcox-Pete York All Stars / Chris Barber Band**
Birmingham Strathallan Hotel: **Mike Osborne Septet**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bristol Locarno: **The Stray Cats**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Camberley Lakeside Club: **Max Boyce**
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **Duran Duran**
Cardiff Top Rank: **The Exploited / Black Flag**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Le Mat**
Cleethorpes Pier Hotel: **Nosferati**
Gillingham Central Hotel: **Chelsea**
Gillingham King Charles Hotel: **Hot Cuisine**
Harlow Square One: **Attila The Stockbroker**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **Limelight**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Hull Clouds: **Fault**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Duncan McFarlane Big Band**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Little Sutton Municipal Golf Club: **Stoneground**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Results**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Drama / Howard Jones**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **English Dream / Sneaked Preview / Devotion**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Juliet Amiet / Errol Clarke**
London Deptford The Duke: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Cleo Laine / John Dankworth / George Melly / John Williams**
London East Dulwich Old Cherry Tree: **Starcore**
London Elephant & Castle County Terrace Tavern: **Avenue**
London Finchley Torrington: **The Cobras**
London Finsbury Michael Sobell Sports Centre: **The Jam / Second Image / The Rimshots**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The 45's**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Duffo / Ronnie Golden**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Salt**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Hidden Charms / Modern Life**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Joan Armatrading**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Calling Hearts**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Lambeth The Angel: **The Introze / Talk**
London N.11 Standard Social Club (lunchtime): **Young Jazz Big Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Ken Barton Band**
London Parsons Green White Horse: **Double Image**
London Putney Half Moon: **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia**
London Putney White Lion: **Kevin Stenson Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Colin Bates Duo**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **As, Hem, Syrup**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Pretenders/Vic Goddard & Subway Sect**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Tottenham The Railway: **Talk Like That**
London Tottenham The Spurs: **Lickmalolly**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Ralph McTell**
London Tottenham-Court Road The Horseshoe: **Overkill / Burn**
London Wapping Autonomy Centre: **Epsilons / Sinyx / Screaming Babies / Eratics**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Glub: **Motor Boys Motor / The Extras**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Lee Kosmin**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Pete Brown & Ian Lynn**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Japan**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Northampton The Roadmenders: **Discharge / G.B.H.**
Oldham Birch Hall Hotel: **Al Grey / Buddy Tate**
Poole Arts Centre: **Hawkwind**
Peterborough Gladstone Arms: **The Precautions**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Canyon (lunchtime) / Playhouse (evening)**
Plymouth Top Rank: **Gary Glitter/The Gas**
Portsmouth Locarno: **Aswad**
Poynton Folk Centre: **The McCalmans**
Reading Top Rank: **Slade / Spider**
Royton The Railway (lunchtime): **Stilts**
Sheffield Hallamshire Hotel: **E-Plus**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers / The Bureau / The Mo-dettes**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Q Tips**
Swansea Dublin Arms: **Ohibo Paronti**
Wokingham Angie's: **Music Company**

Monday 14th

The Higsons: London

Bath Pavilion: **Hawkwind**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Electric Light Orchestra/Voyager**
Birmingham Odeon: **John Holt**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Mayday**
Bordon Robin Hood: **Boogie Chillun**
Brighton Dome: **Gillan/Budgie**
Brighton Sherry's: **The Polo Club**
Brighton Top Rank: **The Stray Cats/Screaming Lord Sutch**
Bristol Locarno: **The Exploited/Black Flag**
Bury St. Edmunds Theatre Royal: **Chris Barber Band**
Camberley Lakeside Club: **Max Boyce**
Cardiff Chapter Centre: **The Beatroots**
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **Slade/Spider**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **National Gold/Room 13**
Durham University: **Dr. Feelgood**
Exeter University: **The Beat/Trimmer & Jenkins**
Hertford The Woolpack: **Raunch & Roll Band**
Hull Tower Ballroom: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers/The Bureau/The Mo-dettes**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Billie Jo Spears**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Thin Lizzy**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Teardrop Explodes (for three days)**
Liverpool Camden Dingwalls: **Inner City Unit/3 Laws**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Polkadots**
London Charing Cross Heaven: **The Higsons/Dislocation Dance**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Precinct**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **13 At Midnight/Reverb & Barbed**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Alain Debray**
London Epping Rendezvous Club: **Anti-Establishment/The Legendary Beer/BootsPunk Band**
London Euston The Golf Club: **The Past Seven Days**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Bzarre/Mad Shadows**
London Fulham King's Head: **John Spencer & Johnny G**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Paradise Of Cain/Actifed/The Solicitors**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Joan Armatrading**
London Hammersmith Palais: **The Jam/TV 21/Rudi**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Mental Notes/The Thin Men**
London Islington Hope& Anchor: **Baby & The Monsters**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Talk Like That**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Lambeth The Angel: **The Flat Tops**
London Leytonstone Laurel & Hardy: **Starcore**
London Marquee Club: **Chelsea**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Soundogs**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Pat Crumley's Edge**
London Peckham Bouncing Ball: **Lionheart/Marquis De Sade**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers (for three weeks)**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Ukraine/Top Secret**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **That's Cooking**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Pretenders/The Flying Padovanis**
London Victoria The Venue: **Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel**
London Wembley Arena: **The Police/Jools Holland & His Millionaires**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Miles Over Matter/Second Window**
London W.1 (Baker St.) The Barracuda: **Malaria**
London W.1 (Dean St.) Pink Monday at Gossips: **The Gas**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Manchester LEsser Free Trade Hall: **Durutti Column/Kevin Hewick**
Margate Winter Gardens: **Bad Manners**
Middlesbrough Town Hall Crypt: **Limelight**
Newcastle City Hall: **Japan**
Newcastle University: **The Pressure Drop**
Preston Clouds: **The Cheaters**
Rugby Oakfield Club: **Al Grey/Buddy Tate**
Sheffield City Hall: **Bucks Fizz**
St. Austell Cornwall Colisuem: **Adam & The Ants**
Swansea Top Rank: **Squeeze**
Watford Bailey's: **The Dooleys (for a week)**
Workington West Cumbria College: **Natural Scientist**

Tuesday 15th

The Stray Cats: London

Aylesbury Grammar School: **Marillion/Mari Wilson & The Imaginations**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Saxon / Lionheart**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Birmingham Star Club: **Strumpet**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Slade/Spider**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Pete Allen Band**
Bristol Locarno: **Squeeze**
Bury The Derby Hall: **Tractor**
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **The Beat**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Purple Hearts/The Pencils**
Chester Edwardians Wine Bar: **Stun The Guards**
Durham Brewers Arms: **The Stingrays**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Japan**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **Gillan/Budgie**
Gillingham King Charles Hotel: **Secret Affair**
Hemel Hempstead Old Town Cellar: **Blazing Red/Click Click/Agent Orange**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leicester Braunstone Hotel: **Al Grey/Buddy Tate**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Bucks Fizz**
Leicester Palais: **Gary Glitter/The Gas**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers/The Bureau/The Mo-dettes**
London Camberwell Adventure Rooms: **Sans Culottes**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrecktangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Red Army Choir/Danger Men**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **25th Street/Hiss The Villain/Creep Shadow Creep**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Mitch Dalton Jam Band/Billy Mitchell**
London Euston The Golf Club: **The Dark**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Gerry McAvoy & Friends/Rob & The Rustlers**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Real Imitations/Murphy Federation/Blue Midnight/Jonathan Brainless**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Joan Armatrading**
London Hammersmith Palais: **The Jam/Ruts DC/Reaction**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The London Apaches**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **The 45's**
London Lambeth The Angel: **The Telegents**
London Marquee Club: **The Blondes**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Risk A**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Babylon Rebels/The Hamsters**
London Strand King's College: **Vic Godard & Subway Sect**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Stray Cats/Screaming Lord Sutch**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **The Pretenders/The Flying Padovanis**
London Victoria The Venue: **Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel**
London Wembley Arena: **The Police/Jools Holland & His Millionaires**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Perfect Crime/We're Only Human**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Chris Barber Band**
London W.1 (Wardour St) Whisky-A-Go-Go: **Nick Plytas**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Nils Lofgren**
Poole Arts Centre: **Duran Duran**
Sandown Pier Pavilion: **The King's Singers**
Soutport Arts Centre: About Time
St Albans Adelaide Wine Bar: **The Nashville Teens**
St Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Adam & The Ants**
Stockport Smugglers Nitespot: **Belgian Bitch**
Sunderland Fusions: **The Cheaters**

Wednesday 16th

Saxon: London

Aberdeen Valhallas: **Radio Ghosts**
Aldershot West End Centre: **Roaring Jelly**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Afrikan Star/Fast Relief**
Birmingham Locarno: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers/The Bureau/The Mo-dettes**
Birmingham Odeon: **Hot Gossip**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Birmingham Town Hall: **Ralph McTell**
Blackpool Jenks: **The Cheaters**
Brighton New Regent: **Vic Godard & Subway Sect**
Bristol Tiffany's: **Heavy Heads/Ore**
Cardiff University: **Aswad**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Marillion/Theatre Of The Absurd**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion: **The Exploited**
Corby Strathclyde Hotel Rafters Bar: **Nation 3**
Croydon The Star: **The 45's /The Marines**
Darlington Arts Centre: **The Watersons/Martin Carthy**
Eastleigh Concorde Club: **Al Grey/Buddy Tate**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Nils Lofgren**
Edinburgh Royal Highland Exhibition Hall: **Electric Light Orchestra/Voyager**
Epsom Baths Hall: **Dollar**
Heckmondwike Craven Heifer: **Not in Colour**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Mountain Road**
Kingston Polytechnic: **Secret Affair**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Leeds University: **Verba Verba**
London Barbican Centre: **The King's Singers**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **John Townsend's Christmas Night**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Eurythmics**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea College of Art: **Rio & The Robots**
London City University: **Sax Mania**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Loose Talk**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Johnny M & The Uptown Rhythm Boys.**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **Results.**
London Euston The Golf Club: **No Illusions/Graduate.**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **De Metro's**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Shea Ramah/The Helicopters**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Duran Duran**
London Holborn Princess Louise: **Fuchsia & The Fabled**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Flying Club**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **The Beatroots**
London Kensington Imperial College: **Wa Pa Cha!**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Duphorias Last Dance/The Purple Panic/Hiss The Villain**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Arc Connexion**
London Oxford St 100 Club: **Chris Barber Band**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **The Firm/The Elite**
London Plumstead The Ship: **The Blackout**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Saxon/Lionheart**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Peanuts Hucko/Fred Hunt Trio**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Recruits/Maureen's Wrestling**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **The Pretenders/The Flying Padovanis**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Belle Stars**
London Wembley Arena: **The Police/Jools Holland & His Millionaires**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Balloons/The Cardiacs**
London W.1 (Dean Street) Gossips: **Nightshade**
Maidstone Mid-Kent Centre: **Hawkwind**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Margate Winter Gardens: **Bucks Fizz**
Newcastle The Cooperage: **The Hostages**
Nottingham Rock City: **Slade/Spider**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Five-a-side**
Poole Wessex Hall: **Bad Manners**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Gordon Giltrap**
Sheffield George IV Hotel: **Empty Bed Blues Band**
Southampton Top Rank: **Squeeze**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **The Heartbeats**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Cliff Richard**
Stourbridge McCoy's: **Sub Zero**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **Rockin Horse Horse**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **Life Boat Boys/Let Them Eat Cake/The Kennel Club/The Mad Daddies/Deathwish/Jump Boys**
West Bromwich Stork Hotel: **The Xit**
Wokingham Angie's: **The Swinging Guitars**

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R'n'B with
BRIAN KNIGHT
Legendary slide guitarist
and His Band

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COBRAS
+ Messenger

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Backing band for Long John Baldry
More Blues than the Blues Band plus
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STEVE HARLEY
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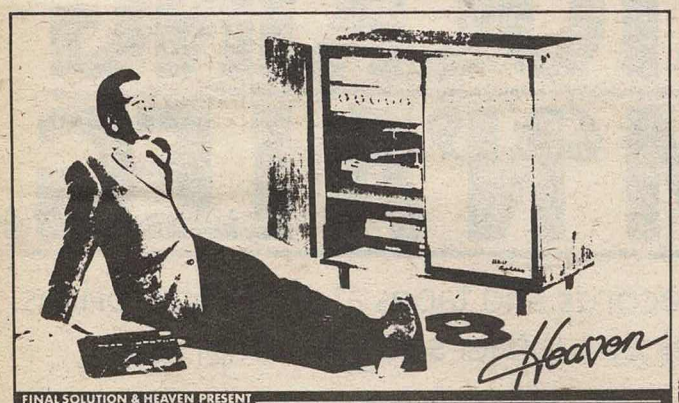

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900 High Road, Chadwell Heath, Essex
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Admission £1.00 (£1.50 Fri & Sat)
8pm — midnight
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Thursday 10th Dec £1
Mod Night
STRIPES
+ The Reactions

Friday 11th Dec £1.50
Heavy Rock
VARDIS + Triarchy

Saturday 12th Dec £1.50
SIAM + Mad Shadows

Sunday 13th Dec £1
Psychedelic Night
LE MAT

Monday 14th Dec £1
Hard Rock
NATIONAL GOLD
+ Room 13

Tuesday 15th Dec £1
PURPLE HEARTS
+ The Pencils

Wednesday 16th Dec £1
MARILLION
+ Theatre of the Absurd

Thursday 17th Dec £2.50
SECRET AFFAIR
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RUDI + Apocalypse

Friday 11th £1.50
WRECKLESS ERIC

Saturday 12th £1
UP-SECT + The Shoppers

Sunday 13th £1
THE INTROZE + Talk

Monday 14th £1
FLAT TOPS

Tuesday 15th £1
THE TELEGENTS + Support

Wednesday 16th 50p
Audition Night
DUPHORIAS LAST DANCE
+ PURPLE PANIC
+ HISS THE VILLAIN

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Thurs 10th
Goulding's **NIGHTMARE ALLEY** 4.30 8.55
+ Bette Davis in **ALL ABOUT EVE** 6.30

Fri 11th
Goulding's **NIGHTMARE ALLEY** 4.30 8.55
+ Bette Davis in **ALL ABOUT EVE** 2.05 6.30

Sat 12th
Goulding's **NIGHTMARE ALLEY** 4.30 8.55
+ Bette Davis in **ALL ABOUT EVE** 2.05 6.30
11.30 All night John Carpenter/Horror

Sun 13th
1.30 **KAGEMUSHA** (Sep perf)
Goulding's **THE RAZOR'S EDGE** 4.30 8.35
+ **THREE FACES OF EVE** 7.00

Mon 14th
Goulding's **THE RAZOR'S EDGE** 4.30 8.35
+ **THREE FACES OF EVE** 3.00 7.00

Tues 15th
Goulding's **THE RAZOR'S EDGE** 4.30 8.35
+ **THREE FACES OF EVE** 3.00 7.00

Wed 16th
Pasolini's **SALO** 1.00 3.00 5.00 7.00

Thurs 17th
Kinski in **NOSFERATU** 3.10 7.15
+ **BAD TIMING** 1.00 5.05 9.10

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Licensed 8.30-1am
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Thursday 10th December £1.50
THE DECORATORS
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THE BLUE CATS
+ King Kurt

Saturday 12th December £1.75
THE DISTRACTIONS
+ Empty Vessels

Monday 14th December £1.50
THE PAST SEVEN DAYS
+ Support

Tuesday 15th December £1.50
THE DARK
+ Dead Man Shadow

Wednesday 16th December £1.50
NO ILLUSION
+ Graduate

DJ FOX

SLOUGH COLLEGE
Wellington St, Slough
present their Christmas Party night with
THE BUREAU
MO-DETTES
Roddy Radiation and THE TEARJERKERS
THURSDAY 17th DECEMBER 8pm
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MASS +
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THE SECTION 25 +
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THURS 17TH DEC

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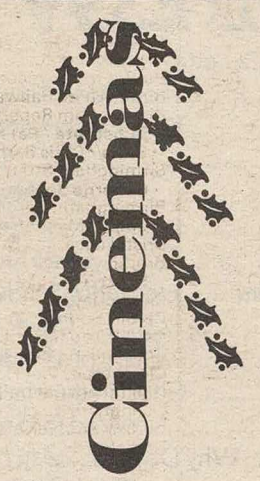

ABC West End Film Guide EMI

ABC SHAFTESBURY AVE
Sep Pers. Seats Bkble Last Perf. Mon-Fri. All weekend perfs. Bar, Pkg nearby
1: **MOMMIE DEAREST** (AA)
Wk & Sun: 2.0, 5.05, 8.05
2: Mel Brooks
BLAZING SADDLES (AA)
MONTY PHYTHON & THE HOLY GRAIL (A)
Wk & Sun: 2.0, 7.15

ABC 1,2,3,4 EDGWARE ROAD
1: **FLESH GORDON** (X)
2.45, 5.50, 9.05 Sun: 5.50, 9.05
JUNGLEBURGER (X)
1.20, 4.25, 7.30 Sun: 4.25, 7.30
Late show Fri & Sat 11.15
2: **KENTUCKY FRIED MOVIE** (X)
2.05, 5.30, 9.0 Sun: 5.30, 9.0
THE OTHER CINDERELLA (X)
3.40, 7.05 Sun: 7.05
Late show Fri & Sat 11.15
3: **MIDNIGHT EXPRESS** (X)
Wk & Sun 4.10, 8.35
McVICAR (X)
2.0, 6.20 Sun: 6.20
Late show Fri & Sat 11.15
4: **SCANNERS** (X)
1.30, 5.05, 8.50 Sun: 5.05, 8.50
THE HILLS HAVE EYES (X)
3.20, 7.00 Sun: 7.00
Late show Sat 11.15

ABC 1,2,3 BAYSWATER (Queensway)
1: **MOMMIE DEAREST** (AA)
Progs 2.0, 4.25, 7.35 Sun: 4.30, 7.35
Late show Sat 11.00
2: **KENTUCKY FRIED MOVIE** (X)
2.0, 5.30, 9.0 Sun: 5.30, 9.0
THE OTHER CINDERELLA (X)
3.35, 7.05 Sun: 7.05
Late show Tonight & Sat 11.00
3: **SHOGUN** (A)
Progs 1.15, 4.20, 7.25 Sun: 4.30, 7.35
Late show Tonight & Sat 11.00

ABC 1,2,3,4 FULHAM ROAD
Seats Bkble Last Sep Prog. L'cnd bar
Doors open 15 mins prior
1: **GALLIPOLI** (A)
Sep Progs. Wk & Sun: 1.45, 5.0, 8.45
2: **MOMMIE DEAREST** (AA)
Sep Progs Wk & Sun: 1.45, 5.0, 8.30
3: **KENTUCKY FRIED MOVIE** (X)
3.45, 9.50
THE OTHER CINDERELLA (X)
Sep Prog Wk & Sun: 2.0, 8.0
4: **SHOGUN** (A)
Sep Progs Wk & Sun 1.45, 5.0, 8.30
5: 5th Great Month Steven Spielberg's
RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (A)
Sep Progs Wk & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.30
All Progs At Emi Cinemas Subject To Late Change

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ENQUIRIES for all ABC West End & Greater London Cinemas.
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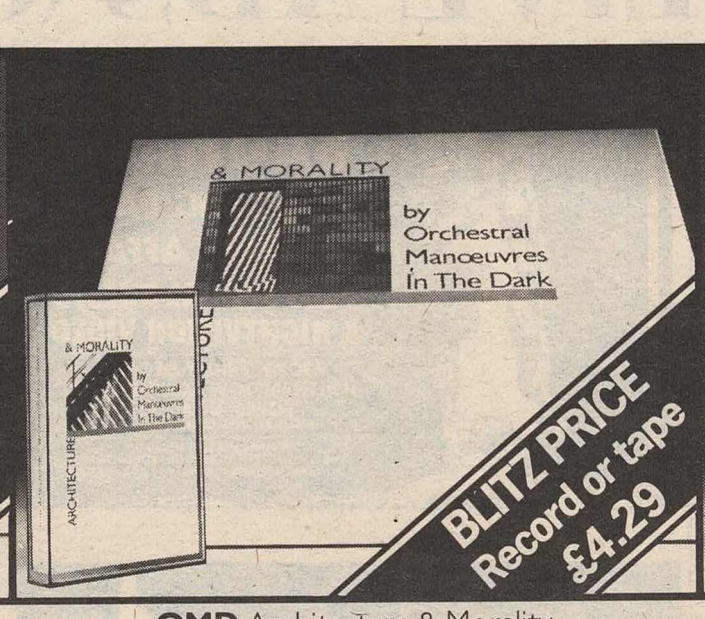
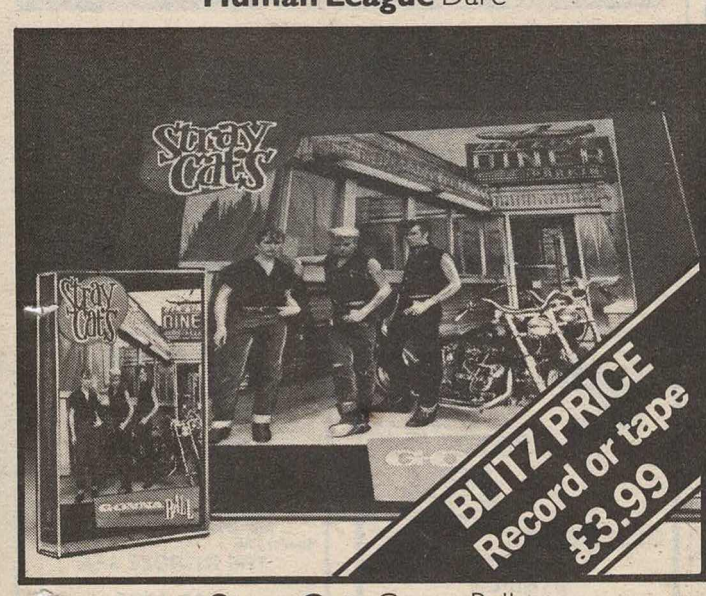
Human League Dare



OMD Architecture & Morality

Bad Manners Gosh It's



Stray Cats Gonna Ball

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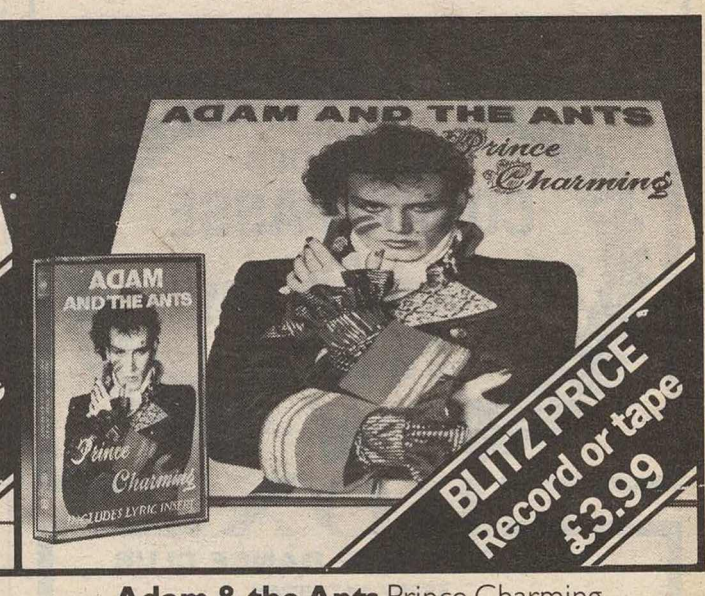

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CORONATION STREET DON'T YOU CALL IT CORRY?

THE WINDOW CLEANER

December 1981, and Britain's favourite television serial is 21 this week. To honour the occasion, IAN PENMAN (academic worry lines, holding hands with the stars) and KEVIN CUMMINS (loitering with intent, interruptions) visited the Street of a thousand million viewers. Will they — or the Street — ever be the same again? Scene One take One. Cue rooftops and trumpets...

THE AUTHOR & HIS MOTHER FIGURE

* Julian Cope, January 1981

WHAT is the secret at the dark end of the Street? Is all human life really here . . . or is it only our rubbish, waiting to be recycled?

IT'S ABOUT this friend of mine, who is tough and broody-minded over all the most treacherous folds of Everyday ideology and its kept images; who cannot tolerate the 'accepted' corrals of authority, family, love and sex roles, class, politics, national traditions . . . or the watery reflection they present in the media, and hidden away in various pockets of culture.

So, let us suppose there existed a popular television series which — it was generally 'accepted' — everybody loved and followed and couldn't fault. A programme comprising the trails and tabulations of an 'average' working-class community; middle-aged for the most part, exclusively white, happily married or at least stoicly monogamous; a tawdry pub pool positively teeming with offensive stereotypes — blokes belly-to-belly at the bar spuming common-sense and sinking pints, birds twittering over their gossips' gin and tonic: people of limited ambition and little self-reflexiveness.

In short, a working-class with politics enough to cold-shoulder Watt Tyler as a bit of a bolshy bleeder. A 'timeless' working-class taking an eternal catnap in a cherishable ice-age, and not waiting for the meltdown.

Nah, never, go on. Don't be so ridiculous; no one would credit it! And as for this friend of mine, well, they wouldn't be *caught dead* . . .

EVERYBODY WATCHES *Coronation Street* and everybody knows that everyone *they* know watches it and yet still it is assumed, from time to time, that there must be a 'secret' for its success. It's like getting halfway through a courtship or to the quarter finals of the FA Cup only to draw a halt to the gathering urgency of the proceedings, raise a pacifying palm and say *wait, I must reason why!*

But this — the 21st anniversary of *Coronation Street* — is one of those times, and we must query this 'secret'. Nobody, of course, is interested; nobody seems overly concerned to know what beats at the heart of the Street. It is not like the movies where there's always the trek after an author — a justifying director or scriptwriter or studio. There is little beyond a lighthearted acknowledgement of the *Coronation Street* actors and their characters, or both.

Coronation Street is hardly 21 years *young*, yet it seems able to maintain an impression of being both propelled by its own vast history and of staying outside the ravages of real time.

"Eee Elsie, you're ready for the knacker's yard," says someone to the resilient Mrs Tanner in one of the earliest episodes. Two decades hence and the unflattering remark would not really fit — which has less to do with the character in question than with *Coronation Street's* own unique metabolism. It does not pretend a cosmetic freedom from the conditions of memory; it will die on its feet, when and if.

Coronation Street is a continuum, a serial enclosed within the walls of one isolated community and restricted to its chosen world — that of everyday working-class life, of 'family drama'; the type of viewer-consuming trap that has come to be known as 'soap opera'. In such terms, *Coronation Street* is manifestly much better written, acted, staged and sustained (as TV narrative) than any of its immediate rivals — the most obvious one being *Crossroads*.

Coronation Street is viewed with the heart, with the permission of our warmer sensibilities, where *Crossroads* has to be manoeuvred — hopelessly marooned in plasticity and constantly on the verge of evaporation. The characters of *Crossroads* veer between unappealing cariacature and a kind of celebrated emptiness. (Arthur Brownlow is surely the most terrifying man on TV: so remorselessly one-dimensional!) Personalities in *Crossroads* are only ever creditable when they are ridiculous; everyone is so humdrum it hurts, and there is *not one single* lovable — perhaps even likeable — character extant.

The rogues of *Coronation Street* are all too human. Even the Street's most endearing duffers and plodders seem to effortlessly bear, on their cruelly shaped cartoon bodies, heavy crosses of mortality, limitation and the acceptance of a long-suffered lot. (Feelings of meditative displacement are scorned as upwardly mobile, and existentialist moaners get short shrift in the Street; or, more precisely, they get killed off.)

Although *Crossroads* is the real soap and *Coronation Street* closer to 'social realism', our reliable latter does share certain devices and vices with the world of melodrama — it's where its *structural* homeland is, at any rate.

MELODRAMA is the pornography of our emotional lives, where too much light concentrates on a moth-mad eyelash rather than the unremitting seesaw of buttocks. As in pornography, the 'story' is subjugated out of existence, a laboured and flimsy prop whose real purpose is to faciliate as many possible opportunities for *it* to take place.

In melodrama's case *it* is a traumatic *verbal* intercourse, consummated in the exit of one partner (who's confessed all over the place) and the camera's subsequent over-dwelling on the emotion-raddled, lack-marked face of the other. It is an often self-defeatingly over-played grimace, and individual suffering tends to become deprived of all context. We move from drama to drama — revelation and retaliation — and perhaps recognise the motions. (Perhaps ... pornography and melodrama are the truest representation of

ONE WAY

T·H·E K·E·Y T·O T·H·E S·T·R·E·E·T

CONTINUED

CORONATION STREET

ELSIE, EDDIE & STAN

They are all walking and talking wounded from the dawn-raids and damp squibs of love, but remain unrepentant (tremors such as Elsie's recent 'breakdown' are always resolved).

As Bet put it in an archetypal soliloquy on the cyclic viccissitudes of sexual engagement, they'll still always fall for the next fella.

They all know better, but the acceptance of this fatalism — and it is a neutral fatalism rather than a one-sided oppression — is stoaked with a fierce humour and at times an equally fiercely good-humoured protest. The sly banter often heard in the Rovers is tactical, just as underhand as can be. Even Annie Walker is a hardened businessman *(sic)* and moves with easy cunning in the brewery world — scarcely a sorority after all. The cold, detached way she brought about Fred Gee's professional impasse this year was only the latest in a very long line of grand matriachal coups.

In any comparison, the male characters pale into inebriation. Mike Baldwin's Dad is the exception who proves the rule; the candidacy for male viewer identification is a curious affair. No one (young) I know identifies with goody goody (*or* is he?) Brian Tilsley. For as long as there have been chaps our choice has been for Len Fairclough, Stan Ogden, Eddie Yates — Brobdingnagian gallants, icons of advanced sloth, sodden soothsayers.

These gnarled old ne'r-do-wells we look up to not even as *active* losers (unlike all those snappy Hollywood 'anti'-heroes) but as complete chumps. What needs do they gratify deep within us? Do they appease our considerable guilt over ignored opportunities, misspent times, lack of adventure and childish delight in muddleheaded misadventures? They give us confidence; but confidence to *be*, to *do* what?

Stan finds a whole world in the fried bread Eddie has cooked them — "Doesn't go soft in the middle like Hilda's" — and we find solace in all their tiny victories, in all the minor desires and dust motes of their day-to-pay-day existence. But even here the values are often unreal: Stan will borrow a *quid* off Hilda to go down the Rovers, and even for a champ sponger like him that's not *on* in 1981!

We are back somewhere in the myths of time ... surrendering to the same crafty subliminal tug employed by Hovis and John Smith's in the ad break. A hazy Englishness, something warm and dark and Northern which stirs involuntary memories, resuscitating inarticulate 'childhood' days when the little boy in the flat cap tripping up the cobbles was the carrier of tremendous hopes. When a working class community was something to be, and something like how it is portrayed in *Coronation Street* ... not yoked to a destructive hegemony of NHS valium, DHSS bureaucracy, tower block paranoia, the whole insular, fragmented sweep of a social grind whose handiest painkiller is indeed television.

WE ARE STANDING, as our press release puts it, *"in the middle of 2000 years of Manchester's history"*. Well, take your pick — *Coronation Street* is only 21 years old (2151 episodes after the first was broadcast on December 9, 1960), but the mud we are keeping company is in an area known as Castlefield.

It was designated a Conservation Area in 1979 and is something of a local hot spot, historically speaking. They're putting up a big museum to commemorate the fact, but we've been invited along with the rest of Fleet Street's elite to witness the inauguration of Granada's contribution to this "integration of civic and public enterprise" — the building of a new Coronation Street. The original is just around the corner, not quite lifesize so they have to shoot it at funny angles to make the doors and alleyways look convincingly negotiable.

The new Street is going to be large as life and intermittantly open to the public; a real Rovers Return is planned, where "tourists can take a little refreshment" and "maybe throw a dart". *Coronation Street* is just one tiny jewel in the corporate mechanism of Granada Television, a subsidiary of the Granada Group Ltd — television set rental, property investment and development, insurance and life assurance, bingo social clubs and cinemas, motorway services, book publishing and music publishing (Director's Report no 45, quoted in BFI Television Monograph no. 13 on *Coronation Street*) — but it's a valuable one.

At present, the site for the new Street is just that — a dreary first stage map of construction drawn in planks, cables and tyre tracks. Doris Speed (Annie Walker) is here to smile at the press photographers and press a spade into the soil from which will rise her Mecca anew. She's wearing a workman's blue boiler suit under her fur coat today.

"I feel like a pin cushion," she crackles. "I can't move for clothes."

The photo session doesn't take long and we're soon huddled inside for a warming nip or two and salmon paste rolls.

I've Jimmy Saviled *(travelled!)* up to Castlefield not merely to chance my elbow in the rush to Doris, but for a more expansive afternoon of interviews and inspection. And maybe throw a fit.

I mean, *of course* I was overawed! What a day out! What a delight! I felt like a little kid let loose in Disneyland — shall I ever see so many stars gathered together in one place at one time? And strolling past me constantly, so casually. Turn the corridor's bend and . . . it's STAN! EDDIE! LEN! Photographer Kevin Cummins and I keep up an uninterrupted exchange of silly effusive giggles and mutually understood gazes of religious contemplation. We can't be . . . it's not really . . . real . . .

And why not? *Coronation Street* is something which has become irrevocably wound around our memory and outlook, a constant reference point, a fixed measure, a bloody marvel. Analytic prodding only ever takes place after the event . . . and the memory is still always a good one.

A mixture of adrenalin and unyielding awe keeps us sane as we're promptly and professionally shuttled from one interview to the next — fitted in and flagged down. At the end of the day Pat Phoenix (Elsie Tanner) takes one look at me and says, "You're tired, aren't you luv?" and I just wanted to *die*, it was so perfect. (Was that in the original script or added later?)

THE PRODUCER

BILL PODMORE took over as producer of *Coronation Street* in 1975 from Susi Hush, who had been the programme's one and only concession to radicality. (During our split and predictable urges?)

Consequently, the difference between a storm set in a boardroom and a tiff in the launderette is not — in the world of soap — so much one of class and power, but merely the same thing twice: leatherbound or latherbound. The point *is* in these interminable series, that the characters know they are unhappy but don't really know why. Sure they know their loved one is screwing around and they know their own melancholy, but the exhilarating leap into some more social knowledge is repressed.

There is an additional sexual dimension to this view. Melodrama — since its widespread inception in the Hollywood 'Woman's Picture' of the '40s and '50s — has always been considered somehow inherently (and often 'worthlessly') feminine ... as well as one of the few places a woman could get the more substantial or intriguing role(s) in a moving plot. As suggested above, the pivotal shot in melodrama — the equivalent of what is known in the blunt glossary of hard core porn as the 'come shot' — is not of the aggressor and their withdrawal (of support, trust, permanence), but of a residually 'passive' victim's face and its silent, even absent quiver.

It's a bit louder, but still there in *Coronation Street*, which *is* female dominated. (Something also frequently claimed for the show's audience — an ill-considered empirical claim.)

It has a compelling cast of strong middle-aged women — and strongly *sexual* middle-aged women (Elsie, Bet, Rita, Vera).

her stay as producer, Hush shifted a few aesthetic lines — camera angle, scene duration — and more importantly tried to wring a few 'contemporary' changes. Issues such as Northern Ireland, drugs and racial minorities seeped into the Street's hardly wide-open porous surface, albeit in sufficiently diluted measure. The ratings dropped and so was she). Bill Podmore's pre-1975 reputation rested on successful, amiable Northern comedies such as *My Brother's Keeper* and *Nearest and Dearest*. (The ratings gradually returned to where they had been, pre-Hush).

IP: ONE THING that struck me in the repeats was the presence of young people. In the very first episode we had Kenneth Barlow, rebel of the family . . .

BP: Yes, he was indeed. He was brought in for that specific role, as a lad from a terraced street going to university and developing different attitudes as a result of mixing with different sorts of people, coming back and appearing as somewhat of a misfit. He was really only there to make that point and then go . . . but as things turned out they thought his character was such an interesting one they kept it in and he's stil there 21 years later.

Also, those early episodes seemed more serious. They had the feel of the 'kitchen sink' dramas coming up later in the '60s — Ken Loach and so forth — and therefore quite ahead of their time.

It was ahead of its time then, really. It *was* a

forerunner of the 'kitchen sink' story, before *Taste of Honey* and that sort of thing. It *looked* more 'kitchen sink' because it was in black and white.

It's quite an interesting experiment, actually: if you turn the colour off on your set and look at it in black and white it looks far more *Coronation Street!* It looks more *real* in black and white because the colours seem to be so exaggerated on television. It's very difficult to make the Ogdens look really tatty, for instance — you really have to make it look disgusting.

There was a great opening image in the first episode of some little girls playing ball outside the corner shop . . .

Yes, we still use kids now and then, but the problem is you put them on the Street and people get interested in something they're not going to know anything about — you never know who they are. Where do those kids live? Not in the Street. We should really be featuring children more as characters. We'll be introducing a late teenager to go along with Brian.

Brian of course is now married . . . and that's been an interesting area. A lot of people have identified with the problems Brian and Gail have had with money. But the big problem with children is the licenses you require from the education authorities.

How has Granada's attitude towards you changed over the years? How did they regard it in the beginning? Were they a bit cagey?

I don't think they were *cagey* with it. I don't think for one minute they expected it to be the success it's been. It was Tony Warren presented the idea and the first seven scripts I think it was, and Harry Latham was set up to produce it. Harry Latham had a great affection for it, for the idea, and worked very hard at maintaining it at that level . . . because one of the problems, well not problem, but at that time those sort of television series were in fact all middle-class.

They still are.

Yes, indeed they are. And it was a rather bold experiment at that time. Harry Latham as a producer really held out for that when the company did want to introduce a young doctor living in the Street, and he wasn't going to allow that to happen because it was putting middle-class into it. He resisted that very strongly and happily succeeded. But it was never expected to be so successful — I think you don't ever start a programme and expect it to last 21 years and still be number one and two in the ratings.

Was there a point where all vaguely realised it was turning into the monster it now is?

I think within a very short amount of time, yes, because it became instantly successful. It was only shown in the North of England to begin with and the whole network took it very quickly and it was an instant success, went straight to the top of the ratings. It was sold all over the world. Some of the cast went out to Australia to promote it — just as a PR job, really — and they were received like royalty.

Have there been any technical innovations or shifts that really affected you?

No, not particularly. The shift going into colour, the advancement of equipment made life much easier for television generally. But the Street hopefully remains the same even though the technical facilities surrounding it look very different.

What's the foremost consideration: individual characters or the Street as a whole?

The Street as a whole, as representing the sort of community. I mean, the Street isn't any street, because the number of things that happen in the Street never really happen in *any one* street. But it's reflecting life in a community, so all the characters in the Street are characters you would expect to find somewhere within a community — much wider than one street, of course.

As long as you can maintain characters and find new characters to replace people like Albert Tatlock and Annie — because if the programme goes on another 21 years nature will take its toll.

This is one of the problems for the producer — new interesting characters, be they individuals or a family unit, and also looking for new writing talent to give them the words. One of the most difficult things is finding writers able to go from scene to scene — from writing a humorous scene with the Ogdens to an in-depth personal relationship between two other characters in the programme: the ability to write both ends of the spectrum . . . is a rare one, actually. I have tried some experienced writers on *Coronation Street* and it's been unsuccessful, it's come as somewhat of a surprise.

So that is the real headache of the producer: dealing with the story ideas and having the writers to portray them and the characters to play them.

It is unique in that sense. If you've got a long-running drama series or a long-running comedy it's within very set perimeters — the characters function in a given way. Whereas in *CS* a comic moment can be followed by a completely tragic one . . .

There are always two or three story threads, a minimum of two unless . . . The only exception is when you have a very dramatic situation like for example when Ernie Bishop was shot and we had the funeral. There's no way you could interlace the funeral with some comedy stuff with the Ogdens. *(Laughs).* That would be in rather bad taste and unbalance the programme.

So there are occasions when you have to play it straight down the line for high drama, but generally it switches from humour to light drama quite easily, quite effectively.

How far ahead do you actually plan?

The actual story ideas are about three months ahead of what's on the screen. The actual recordings are two weeks ahead.

Do you plan the *mood* of it? Recently it seems to have been fairly pessimistic — what with the Tilsley troubles and Mike Baldwin sliding away . . .

Well, we've tried to reflect the slump, the recession, a bit . . . so Bert's been out of work for over a year. He's going to get a job, certainly. He's going to go to court as well for his DHSS fiddling. Brian's been to court — the family's full of bloody disasters, but they all grow out of it and everybody lives happily ever after. Mike Baldwin is feeling the pinch as all the clothing manufacturers are . . .

KC: There doesn't seem to be much sympathy for Mike Baldwin; he's an outsider, isn't he?

Well, he's a Londoner for a start! He's a cocky *(unintelligible)* who's succeeded, who's pushy. People admire him and hate him for it. He's just feeling the pinch but he'll ride that, like his setting up this stall in the market —

IP: He's not exactly Michael Edwardes though, is he? I mean, he still goes in the *Rovers* . . .

Right. I got that idea off a friend of mine who's in the rag trade — he manufactures jeans and he was feeling the pinch so he set up stall in a market. Never looked back, actually.

KC: Do you often get stories from real life?

Yes, we do. You can read a story in the *Morning Advertiser,* which is the trade magazine for pubs and brewers, and you see stories in there. It's amazing how people say some story's ridiculous . . . when Stan put the washing in the dustbin and took the rubbish to the launderette. This happened to somebody I know!

IP: It's like recently when Annie Walker had the tiff with Fred and contacted all the people she knew in the trade — it was like the Mafia, she the Godmother who just had to pick up the phone and she could have someone wiped out.

The Godmother speaking — eliminate! Exterminate! Yes. We do stretch it a little sometimes — it's called artistic, dramatic license. When Fred wanted his own pub, there's no way he was going to have to be married — as we suggested. I know the head of one small privately owned brewery and he said they don't even ask if the woman he's with is married to him.

Whose hands will the Rovers pass into after Annie?

The thought of Annie ever leaving *Coronation Street* is something I blank out of my mind. Because she's irreplaceable. You wouldn't attempt to find a similar character — it'll have to be someone totally different.

KC: When Jack Walker died it got the headlines in the *Manchester Evening News* . . . more space than when President Kennedy got shot.

IP: Do you feel the need to make *CS* optimistic in general, to present something which has *hope* in terms of the characters lives?

Yes, we do. That's why with Brian and Gail, when they were having problems with their finances over this house they wanted . . . at one point we thought right, they can't afford it they'll have to stay living with Bert and Ivy. But then we thought *no,* let's give those young people out there hope, let's see them make it bloody work, let's see them strive to cope with the financial problems and make it work.

We don't go out of our way to make *social comment,* it comes quite naturally out of the stories we develop. Of course, we get pressured by all sorts of organisations and charities to make some point in their direction. Especially in this the Year Of The Disabled everybody's been writing in saying why not have somebody crippled in a wheelchair or something. If you listened to all of them you'd have a *very funny* Street . . .

Do you ever get any flak from Granada for any of the actual details of the programme?

No, I don't get a lot of flak because we're very careful. We're very careful about not making political issues — if we do we balance them out. We're *very* careful about language . . . and about sex, because we go out at 7.30pm, a very big family viewing audience. We're very careful about things like that, if somebody's having a relationship — like, Mike Baldwin bought the house and had Bet Lynch living in it; everybody, all the adults, obviously knew what was going on, but you never actually saw them going upstairs together, let alone in bed!

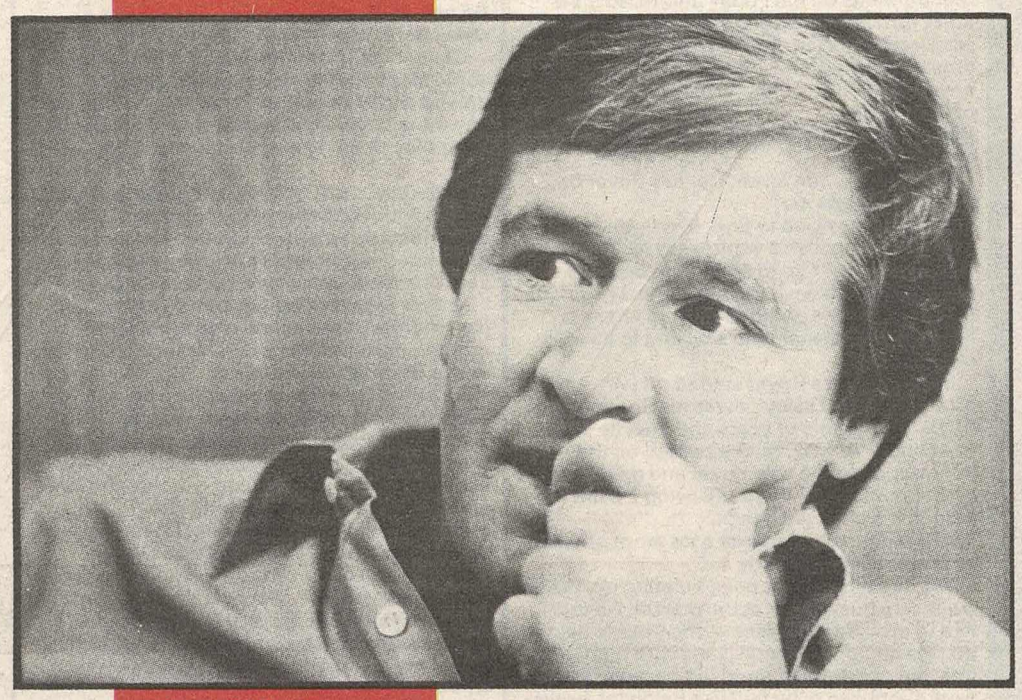
ONE OF THE PROPS

BERT HARRISON has serviced *Coronation Street* for all 21 years, and is in charge of major props. A backroom boy, invisible and integral. We conduct our interview leaning on a counter in The Kabin corner shop.

BH: MY PARTICULAR job? Well, everything you see I've got. Any props whatsoever. Action props, cigarettes, food they eat . . . anything you see I've got.

IP: How do you decide what brands to use?

We don't decide on a brand normally as we're not allowed to advertise under the IBA charter. But the point is, normally they're concentrating on the artist, stuff's in the background . . . so what we try and do is every manufacturer's tins on so nobody can say they've not had a show. If in fact it's an action prop where they say, *I want to buy a tin of beans,* and they give them a tin of beans



THE HUSBAND

THE WIFE

THE GLAMOUR

ONE WAY

CONTINUED

then we have to disguise that. We've tried all sorts of things — blanking things out, having labels printed, but they never look right.

It's coming Christmas as you can see, so at the moment we're Christmas cards. There is action with Christmas cards this week, they do need them in the action.

Do you have to read the scripts to find out what you need?

I get issued with a form with prop requirements on the Friday before, so it's a quick turn round. During the week while' I'm working on the list they're popping in all the time and saying, Oh, we need a side of bacon or we need three or four pounds of sugar, stuff of that nature.

How far does this extend. To cars for instance?

Any vehicle. Len's van, Annie's Rover or . . .

Alf's new sports car!

Yes, that's my job to find. My problem is that if you establish a vehicle say for Annie Walker you can't go to a hire firm because they wouldn't have it the next time. I need one that somebody's going to keep so I have to find a private owner who's willing to hire his car to me.

In fact, Annie's Rover started off with an estate agent in Tilsley; it was his Rover and he had it for a couple of years and then he sold it to a chap at Ashley. But he passed on the information to the new buyer and gave me his phone number so we're still using it even though it's changed hands.

There seems to have been a lot more outside broadcast in *CS* recently . . .

Yes, the filming has been building up. We've been very busy down at the market. All that I had to provide was jeans — the trouble being that we couldn't provide jeans with names on like Levi or Brutus or anything because they were supposed to be by Mike Baldwin! So we found some that didn't have any brand names on — and we're talking in terms of a couple of gross here, at ten pounds each.

You should have actually sold them on the day.

KC: What was the most difficult thing you ever had to find?

Sometimes you get silly little things . . for instance, on one production not long ago, they wanted an Eiffel Tower, a metal Eiffel Tower about a foot or so high. But I couldn't find one anywhere. I finished up getting one from Paris. None of the prop suppliers had one so we had to ring up Granada's agent in Paris.

IP: What . . .

Well, the storyline was Hilda had been to France and she comes back with this Eiffel Tower and it's wrapped up and looks like a bottle. And Stan thinks he's getting a bottle. When he opens it it's the Eiffel Tower.

KC: I don't remember that one.

Well it fell flat actually. What happened was I located it and they promised they'd send it me but it never arrived in time. So we just reverted to it being a bottle.

But it's little things like that that prove difficult. Silly little things. They might come along next week and say they want one of those dunking ducks . . . and I mean every shop at one time had them — you try and find one now!

IP: What about all the drinks in the Rovers?

Beer is shandy, and the shorts are made up: gin is water, whisky is water with a drop of gravy browning. Champagne is Pomagne. You can't give them alcohol in the studio, because if they're all drinking real beer all day long no work would get done.

No, apart from that, really, it's an insurance thing: if somebody was to fall over something and they'd had a couple of drinks . . . So unless, if there's a dinner party say and there is action with opening the wine, well obviously we would give them a bottle of wine; we can mock things up but not so good that it looks absolutely like a new bottle of unopened wine. And they'd know it was wine and wouldn't drink so much.

THE STORYLINERS

THE STORYLINERS construct a skeletal Street, which is then handed over to a team of writers who provide the flesh. Esther Rose has been storylining for about ten years — "About 900 to 1000 episodes. I've actually worked on more storylines than any other storyline writer in the history of the programme." — and Peter Tonkinson for about eight years. I talked with Esther in their office, which seems to occupy quite a high position in the Street hierarchy. She was a Fleet Street journalist before she joined the programme — "I worked with Parkinson on the *Daily Express,* you know" — and still has a clipping of the damning article she once wrote on . . . guess what.

IP: HOW DETAILED are your storylines before the writers take over?

ER: There are about eight pages, broken down into scenes. They're told exactly what sets they can have and what actors and actresses they can have or have to be written out and so on. They get a pretty detailed breakdown of what's happening and they can't depart from any of that, you see. They only have five sets for each two episodes and they're told which they are and what to use and what the themes are.

What they do is flesh it out with dialogue and minor actions. What they're given is a complete scene by scene breakdown complete with ad break and cliffhanger at the end. They can't invent any major action that will carry on into the next episode; they can only invent any minor action that opens and closes within that episode.

There's six writers working simultaneously, all freelancers, without meeting. So they don't affect or contradict one another. They're given a single storyline each and they've got to stick to that — that's why they can't invent any major action, it would interfere with the episode before or after them, being written by someone else.

Do you work with actors on developing a character?

Oh, not really. But they do come up with some ideas sometimes, things they'd like to do and we listen to that — but it's not a day to day thing. They do say what they think about what they're doing and we do take notice of that.

Of course, most of them are so unlike their actual characters that their real characters never feature. I mean, Hilda Ogden (Jean Alexander) is actually a terribly quiet lady, very reserved, likes classical music and historical biographies, used to be a librarian, isn't married, lives at home with her very old mother, makes all her own clothes . . . She's as unlike Hilda as you could get.

And then Geoffrey Hughes who plays Eddie Yates who's supposed to be an ex-convict Liverpudlian; he lives in the country, all he likes are the country pursuits — hunting and fishing and that sort of thing — he's extremely quiet too and lives a very quiet life.

Stan Ogden (Bernard Youens) is totally different as well — very quiet and happily married to an ex-ballerina for about 40 years and he never drinks. The only person who's perhaps a little like the way she appears is Emily Bishop (Eileen Derbyshire) who's a nice quiet lady . . . and Betty Turpin (Betty Driver) who's a bit like that.

What's the foremost consideration: the Street, family units, who do you think of first?

We don't do it like that, we don't write like that actually. Because the thing's been running for so very very long it's built up a massive backlog of continuity and it carries itself forward, from our point of view. What happens is that every three weeks we have a conference to which we go and the six writers and the producer and there we talk about what we're going to do in the next storylines. It's based on plots, you see. It's also based on the idea of who hasn't had much to do lately, possibly.

What's your biggest difficulty?

The biggest difficulty is the fact that it's been running that long. Life's allowed to repeat itself over and over again but we're not. The difficulty is to come up with new stories all the time!

What about new topics as opposed to new stories?

Well, we constantly do that because life throws those up. So we've had one about cruelty to children, one about wife battering; life does provide some stories. We want stories connected to what goes on out there, comes up out of the daily papers, comes up out of reality. We do that all the time — this is what I think part of the show's secret is, that people recognise real life in it.

Do you ever feel tied by the fact that it is just *the* Street?

No, I think that's its secret.

I was saying to Bill Podmore that the show's recent pessimism seemed to reflect current realities. Is that sort of thing a conscious decision on your part?

I don't think it's new, that. I think it's always done that — it's just that the problems change outside and as the problems change outside we reflect them. We have a factory so we're reflecting the hard times that these factories have. There's 3 million unemployed so we have someone who's been unemployed for over a year. These things present themselves. We don't exist in a vacuum, in other words.

THE HUSBAND

WILLIAM ROACHE has been playing Kenneth Barlow for 21 years.

IP: HOW DO YOU think the young Ken Barlow would view the older Ken Barlow, how he's turned out?

WR: Oh, with disappointment no doubt — shattered dreams and ideals chipped away at. You get a lot of young people who you see in politics — that are left to right, whatever — put a lot of energy into their cause, fighting away and then . . . life, family, kids, house, mortgage, money takes over. They may get reasonably successful, their politics will change a bit for their convenience. And it's rather sad to see the ideals wane, but then this life; it's the younger ones who push and really motivate change and it's the old 'uns maintain the establishment.

I'm not saying Ken Barlow's old any more than I'm old *(laughs),* but certainly his early enthusiasm . . . mind you, it killed off his mum and his father, his brother and two wives. I think that would have a bit of a chastening effect on me! Dangerous to know — like a one man Greek tragedy! So that would have chastened him a little.

His first observation would be how much weight he's put on: I'm three stone heavier than I was then. In fact, the following morning after that episode was repeated, someone said, I'm glad to see you've got over your anorexia . . .

Would Ken Barlow go on a CND march these days?

No, I don't think he would. Actually, I think they (the writers) slipped up there. They don't like it, you see . . . they're more and more terrified of showing one side. If they show Ken *pro*-CND they'd have to put somebody else in *anti-*, otherwise they'd say it was propaganda. Politics can't really be expressed unless you show all three or four or however many sides there are. And then somebody's still going to scream that it's loaded on one side. But they avoid it.

In the early days CND didn't have a political connotation at all — it was a clean thing. I think now it's too dangerous for them. But yes, I think it would have been quite nice to have seen Ken — like a lot of the ones who originally went on CND marches are — doing it.

In the Street now there's certainly a lack of the sort of character and presence that the young Ken Barlow provided.

It *wants* someone young, free. There *is* a gap. What they've got, they've got babies — little Tracey and the Tilsley baby and *(sotto voce)* probably a new Barlow baby *(grimaces)* . . .

It'll coincide with the Royal baby, like your weddings did.

Well, we beat them on the wedding, how about beating them on the birth? That would be good. Yes, there is the gap for the sort of rebel teenager, who does their bit, fighting causes, going to discos and whatever. And it'll be a long time before they have that unless they bring a ready made one in. You see, the community centre isn't used, which I find very sad because there there's a lot of youth activity going on. But they don't like stories that aren't actually connected with people in the Street. Although I could be involved, but only in so much as I run the centre: the characters in it would be outside of the Street.

What would Ken Barlow's politics be these days? He wouldn't have joined the SDP would he?

I wonder. You see, Ken was supposed to be Left Wing, there's no doubt; in so much as they could say it. I would think now . . . I'd like to think that, rather like myself he's more of a philosopher than a politician, and would therefore tend to become apolitical. He might *well* have joined the SDP *(Exactly: apolitical!).* He's the sort who would have adapted. He wouldn't have sufficient fire to go hard Left Bennite and I don't think he'd become a Liberal or a Tory. So he probably would actually. But let's say he's a philosopher, has no politics.

So what's his philosophy on life?

To try to understand what we are and why we're here and then work *with* that rather than against it. Now, that's a nice simple little statement. But it's exceedingly difficult to follow. Basically, it's trying to understand human nature. So many things now are done externally without considering what's happening to individuals who are bleeding, crying away inside. So his job is very much in tune with what I would like and wish was shown more, which is concern for people in a community.

I think in life you've always got to be growing, developing and evolving; the minute you stop you become a brontosaurus and you die or you become dogmatic and take on a dogma. Just like I'm apolitical, I'm areligious as well — I don't have a creed. They've all got good and they've all got bad in them. So you should always look around to understand life and go with it. But it's very hard, you make mistakes all the time.

How do you view the marriage to Deirdre?

I thought it was good, in so much as you look for stories . . .

KC: She's not exactly the type you would have married, I didn't think. Possibly someone a little more intellectually stimulating . . .

Well, this is the problem with the Street. If Ken brings in somebody who's intellectually his level — well, Ken himself is already a stranger, the only reason he's in the Street is that he's from it, his roots are there. If he married someone of his own level he'd be more removed and it would get more difficult. The only way to keep him in is if he goes back . . . looking for a mother or sex thing or whatever, that's compatible with his roots. You can have a *bit* of conflict and a *bit* of difference. So I think it was a good move.

You see up till then Ken, since he bumped off his last wife, has lived with his weird old Uncle Albert — I mean, the *Odd Couple!* A very strange situation — and we really don't know what he did for his jollies. So his marriage to Deirdre sort of stabilises that, puts some background to that.

IP: Do you collaborate much with the writers?

Not really. It's a bit like the army: in the end they can pull rank and of course you've got to do it. But obviously *you've* got to play it and if you don't go upstairs and complain unless you've got a very good reason, then they listen and usually do something about it. This is a tricky one, because the writer has got to understand and have the same point of view on a relationship that you have.

How will the marriage progress?

Hopefully, on these lines: there will be differences, but we will show a way of resolving them that is loving, caring and built on communication and understanding. I would like to think that it would develop into a very good relationship.

There's no reason why it shouldn't. Deirdre's quite bright, whatever her background is — a bright girl, she can catch on quite quickly. Ken is an intellectual alright and he's got his work, but emotionally I think Deirdre can assist him and he can assist her mentally.

What's the relationship between yourself and Ken Barlow? How far does he intrude upon your life?

Well, I always reverse this: I've intruded upon Ken's life a heck of a lot more. From the acting point of view, the playing of the character, Bill Roach has affected Ken Barlow very much.

KC: Your accent's changed over the years. In that first episode everyone had a very solid Northern accent, even Annie Walker.

Everybody was doing the heavy acting bit then. It's excused I suppose a certain amount by saying that someone like Ken Barlow in his job would try and improve himself a bit. But in fact all that's happened is a relaxing of the effort to some extent; imperceptibly, not consciously. So that one's natural accent comes through a bit more.

I don't think this is *good.* I think we should have maintained it a little more. But over the years all the characters have changed and become a bit more like the actors who play them and *this* is good in the way that they're more real.

I don't do and say what Ken Barlow would do and say but he says it in the way that I would. Although you could say in one way we're not acting as much, in another way the characters are more real and more alive and are part of us. The only regret I would have about Ken Barlow is that he's not a fun character. His role is a sort of serious, responsible . . . not a jolly one, but an important one.

IP: What are the advantages of doing the same character year in year out? It's obviously not a role written in history, like a play or a novel where you're not at liberty to change. . .

Yes, it's your private property, nobody else can play it and when you go it will go. It's a one off, whereas normally an actor has to do two things — get a character and then steer it through a certain sequence of events. We have the character but we have to watch how it's being written, how we're playing, guide it . . . it's growing. You don't have to age because you do age, your weight goes on and comes off so the character's weight goes on and comes off.

Do you do any work outside *CS?*

Yes. I opened a production company with my wife about three years ago. I did three years rep at Oldham and Nottingham so I've done everything from Shakespeare right down the line. And I find I *enjoy* comedy most — like *Blythe Spirit,* that sort of thing. I'm not a great classical Shakespearean actor and I don't particularly want to be. I *like* television as a medium, I prefer it to theatre. But theatre is important to get that audience contact, to remember what it's all about.

What's your weekly cycle on *CS?*

You get your script halfway through the previous week, Wednesday or Thursday. I'll usually just glance through them over the weekend. Monday we don't start till one or two in the afternoon which is a very good start to the week. Then we literally just go through the two episodes getting the moves right — you stand, you sit, you walk across the room and if you've got any problems at that juncture you discuss them. Tuesday morning you come in, you're meant to know it and you'll rehearse the first episode in the morning and the second episode in the afternoon, working from 10.30am to 6.30pm. Wednesday morning we run through and at two we do another but the producer, the writer and the camera people all come up and have a look. So it's very short: from Monday to Wednesday afternoon that's all you've got. Thursday afternoon we come in and start recording — from three till six and all day Friday from nine till six and it's all got to be in.

Is there anything Ken hasn't done so far that you'd like him to?

Yes, I would like him — if he could — to break out. I'd love to get hold of the community centre and do something lively with it and start some new trend going, some youth movement — not a sort of scout master thing which could be tedious, but a really lively . . . helping all these inner city problems, something like that that's genuinely of topical interest, creative and active. You never see him at work. You just see him coming into the Rovers, kissing Deirdre in the shop or rowing with his Uncle Albert at home.

Do you think *CS* tends to be taken less than seriously — not that it should be taken over-seriously — and perhaps a little for granted?

What happened . . . Initially, 1960 to 1963, we were treated Very Seriously, very heavily. We used to get written up in the *Sunday Times,* the *New Statesman, The Listener* — we were A Social Documentary, we got the big treatment and by 1963 we could draw big crowds, we were big guns.

Then we moved onto a plateau for a bit, then we dipped quite considerably and we just became Quite A Good Soap Opera That's Been Going For Some Time. Then we got left alone totally until suddenly Laurence Olivier said he liked the show and then all the Royal Shakespeare people started saying they liked *Coronation Street* as a *folk* opera rather than as a Soap Opera. Then John Betjeman said he liked it and wouldn't miss it, Willis Hall and one or two other writers said the same . . . and we moved into a marvellous sort of, almost like the British Museum, we were locked in on a thing whereby it was suddenly something good to say you watched. As well as, as you

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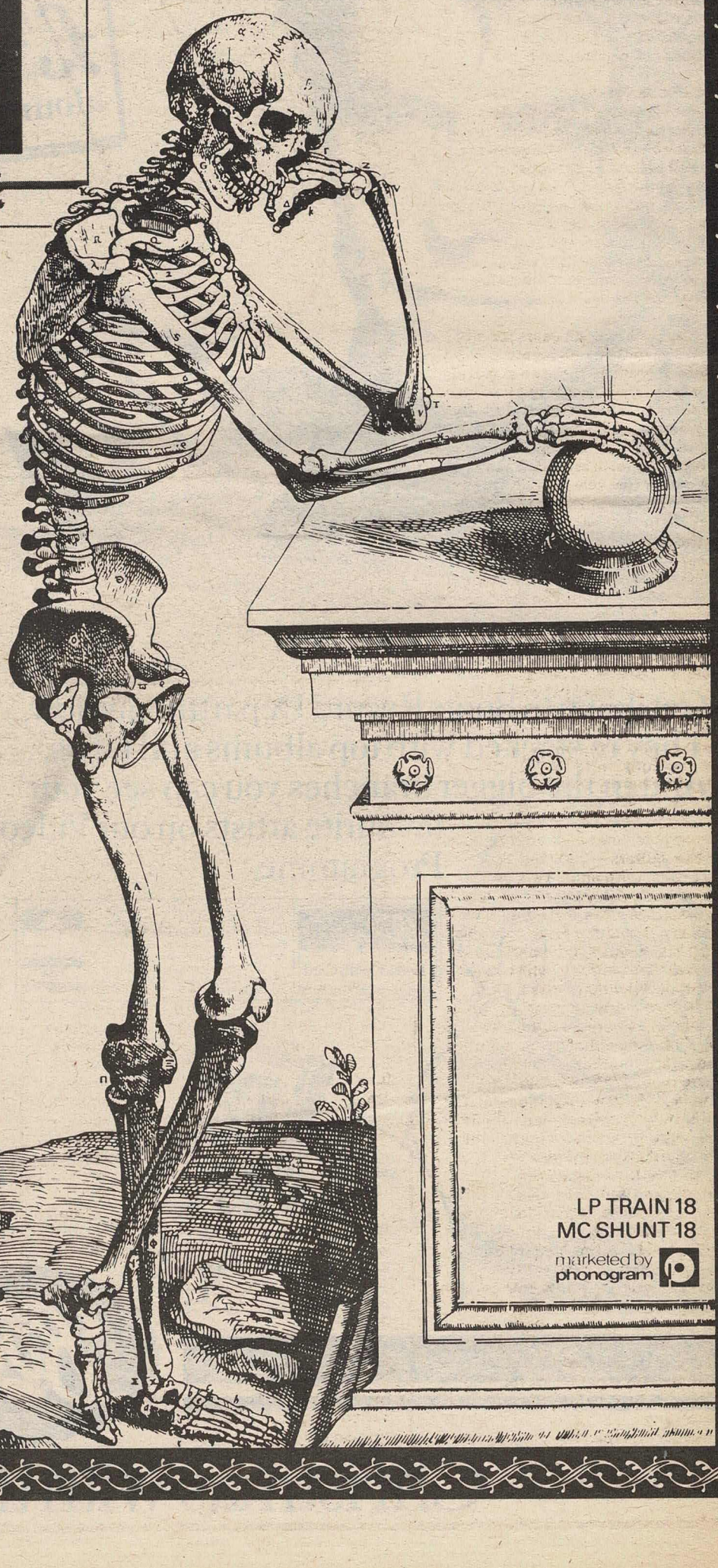

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LIVE!

James Brown

Birmingham

THE GODFATHER. The Undisputed King Of Soul, The Minister Of The New New Super Heavy Funk . . . when it comes to James Brown, words are not enough. All the titles and all the accolades on earth are not sufficient, do not capture the great challenges, the profound beliefs and compelling honesty which are directly pinpointed in his music. Half the records released today are pale emasculations of the style he created and perfected in an irresistible, trailblazing series of songs and performances during the past three decades.

His combination of rhythm and blues beat music with gospel roots was never a contradiction but rather a validation and rejuvenation of both forms. Aligned to a ferocious self belief and the most pulverising rhythms ever created, Brown's songs virtually breathed freedom, passion, pride and power. All of which went hand in hand with his egotistical affirmation and unflinching sense of morality. If you have to have a hero make it James Brown; his music is some of the most uplifting and inspiring ever made.

Tonight we're almost 30 years from where it all began. The half empty Birmingham Odeon is a place so stiff and regimented that the possibility of creating an atmosphere to match that of glorious live performances like 'Live At The Apollo', 'Live At The Garden' or his reportedly startling return to form recorded live in New York earlier this year, seems very remote. Indeed, it's a little sad to look at the big void in the stalls: after all he's done, this is all the thanks he gets.

The show had been advertised as The James Brown Revue, so what one expected was a total show, from start to finish — the fine edges, the full colour and the broad scope of the values and cultures celebrated and encouraged by Brown throughout his career. Instead the production gives the impression of being scrappily and hastily arranged — the roadies play an endless stream of tracks from the 800th Steely Dan album, the support group are a tired lacklustre thudfunk outfit from Brum, and the whole affair hardly seemed conducive to building up to JB's performance.

The JBs are all here, present and correct — three trumpets, one sax, two drums, two bass and two guitars — and they start off the show proper with an unstartling introduction but quickly pep things up with their celebrated 'We Are The Funky Men'. They gradually introduce the rest of what constitutes The Revue — two back-up singers called 'Fire', and the white-suited MC Danny Ray. Now there was a time when Mr Ray's big bravado introductions would bring *him* encores — totally over the top showbiz parody announcing — but he's something of a quaint relic, smiling benignly and squeaking like Olive Oyl.

And then *he's* there — bounding onstage with a smart bow, a red suit and a smile big and bold enough to crack a department store window, It's straight into 'Rapp Payback' and the JBs are cooking spectacularly, and James is not only in fine shape physically, his voice has lost none of the old magic either. He gets right up there with the throttling rhythm and incisive horn punctuations and then — POW! — from some unheard-of energy source deep down inside he lets rip with an unearthly scream of unbridled passion. From a centrifugal point in his body he goes into a 360 degree spin, sends the mike stand on a downward spiral and gets back round to retrieve it just in time to face the audience and keep singing.

'Rapp Payback' is the best thing Brown has recorded in years, and what he could and should do once he has performed it is go surging through those golden years, knocking out the classics and bowling over the fledgling fans. Instead it's immediately followed by a dip into a muggy funked-up funk-for-funk's-sake rant. It's well into the area of form over content and it reaches the point where the rant becomes so vacuous that the whole design begins to fall apart and James Brown and The JBs are doing the unthinkable — going through the motions.

What hurts most is that there are enough flashes of brilliance and fusillades of exhortation pushing and urging forward to show that underneath all the bluster there is still the power to wrack and rip up total havoc. LET YOURSELF GO. GET UP. GET ON UP!

Occasionally he does, and with 'Superbad/Superbull' or the beginning of 'Sex Machine', James Brown reaches true greatness — but I can't forget how he willed 'Get On The Good Foot' to a close, mining the punch-drink stance of a reeling-on-the ropes Ali in one of his unsuccessful comeback bouts . . . The problem seems to be that he's too ambitious, too anxious to prove he can do it all again, and better. Certainly the spirit and the ability was never in doubt, but when he tries to rearrange the original magic it's too often into misshapen frameworks which don't do justice to the songs.

When he plays it stark and emotional with 'It's A Man's Man's Man's World', stretching back and forth from the microphone, his performance — the evening's best — positively drips passion. But the schmaltz treatment spoils and makes a mockery out of 'Please Please Please'.

James Brown wasn't a total embarrassment, but he was a partial disappointment. Often he seemed to be warming up, but the audience payback that he needed wasn't forthcoming. Still, he's got what it takes, and I wonder how many performers we'll be able to say that about in 30 years time.

Gavin Martin

SAY IT LOUD!

The Minister of the New New Super Heavy Funk is back, and proud as ever. Gavin Martin joins the congregation. Photo: Anton Corbijn.

Billy Connolly

Cambridge Theatre

"TO THE Artist, life is like a banquet . . . thanks for the cheese sandwich!" — Billy Connolly's excellent riposte to tepid applause.

A ripping opening shot at the loathsome and ludicrous Ian Paisley — concentrating on his inability to communicate by anything other than a shout — reducing to appropriate absurdity by projection into an intimate situation. Humour used as a weapon against those without a sense of one. Aside from this, well . . . some exhilarating and body-shaking verbal dexterity in a (de)construction of a hogmanay orgy, composed of layer upon layer of vocal mayhem, was the virtuoso high-point in what I thought was a too mellow show. A bit soft. It's all that scatology, I reckon. (The Las Vegas residency may not be lined up yet — though I'd bet Negotiations Are Under Way — but soon come, and he'll be adapted to it.)

Still, more laffs than Keith Allen, less than John Cooper Clarke, he at least had the style and good grace not to encore. No small point. And he made the buggers laugh.

Mark Cordery

RIGHTEOUS TIME!

The Slits

Hammersmith Palais

ARI WAS rapping about the sometimes contradictory nature (to put it mildly) of the relation between 'reality' and the appearance thereof. *"You see I could be laughing, but I might not be having fun . . . and we need the fun all the more now that Christmas is coming . . ."*

An illusion emphasised the point: from where I was standing, at first sight Neneh Cherry looked the spitting image of Annabella. Annabella!?? Let off McLaren's Bow Wow Wow fantasy leash for the night? Now, that would be interesting.

The Palais was half-empty, which was a surprise to me, having experienced full houses recently for the execrable Bauhaus and the tremendous, though tremendously limited, Level 42. And with The Slits lately having signed to CBS too, on the understanding, on one side and/or the other, that rapidly multiplying sales units were just a kiss away . . . But for our pleasure . . . there was more space to dance in, more space to move into. *"Clap clap, kiss kiss, what a relief it is . . ."* The Slits were wonderful.

A great big welcoming, joyous sound. So inviting, so enticing. A friendly funked-up jazzed reggae soulbeat . . . er, you know what I mean? Well . . . a sound that utilised and borrowed from a lot of diverse sources / influences, and paid them all back, with interest. A vivid contrast to the sucking up and spitting out of half-digested fads which has been passing for creativity, energy, soul, funk, blah, blah, blah, these days.

"A long time I see no true warrior."

Bruce was up, up and away on, over, under and around the beat. And everything he doesn't play is brilliant. A perfect rhythm and just about the greatest tone I've ever heard.

Everything was just about right; slick, even. Ari is a top league rapper who puts some of the chinless chart wonders — talking loud, saying nothing — in their places at the depths of the lower divisions. She has the playful fascination and virtuosity with language often characteristic of people expressing themselves in other than their native tongue. (Which could apply to a lot of people, on reflection). The strangeness seems to increase the attention, and leads to picking up chances missed by those who may be taking their medium for granted.

And none of The Slits onstage was taking anything for granted. Whatever the degree of refinement and deliberation, technique and contrivance, a personal commitment is always essential to the creation of the greatest, most righteous music — with zest, skill, confidence — which is what The Slits played. A righteous quality music. A defiance of categorisations. Good Times!

Mark Cordery

Ari Slit *Pic: David Corio*

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BLOOD GROUPS

The Birthday Party
Lydia Lunch

The Venue

THE AIR was thick with anticipation. A cult queen was about to create yet another debut. No one ever knows what she'll do. She can be disaster or salvation. She began as Teenage Jesus, then she was the Queen of Siam, tonight she is just Lydia Lunch.

A soundtrack plays, the theme from some tacky horror movie, moody and evil. The drummer enters with the look of every butler who has ever opened the castle door. Severin, her guest, crosses the stage and takes up his bass. An anonymous guitarist under a full face rubber hood begins to crank out long scratching, whining notes. This band are new and as usual precariously impermanent. Lydia loves chance and change.

She slouches on. Under a big hat, her eyes burn. She swills her lager down, proud and arrogant with her back to her audience. She is Teenage Jesus, she is Queen of Siam. She holds herself up with the mike stand, leans heavily across and bellows. *"Noooooooo."* One very very long no.

"Pools of blood in my bed," she stretches her words out, neither singing or talking.

Someone points their video at her, trying to commit her to history. She seems so impermanent and hellbent. Lydia Lunch wants to step into some nether world, but we won't go with her. She dances horrifically, jerking her limbs in slow motion. The macabre atmosphere thickens.

She takes her hat off; reveals a thatch of hair with singed flame roots. She lays on the stage; she doles herself out in tiny doses. *"God will wait forever."* She looks her audience in the eye; we're gift horses.

What Lydia Lunch does in the here and now is understandable if you know her past; what she'll do in the future makes her presence significant. Listen carefully.

The Birthday Party bound onto stage, over-energized, loud and reckless.

Nick Cave jumps into his adoring audience. They tear at him, reach for his hair, shake him up and down. I fear for him. Somehow he manages to scream and retch his words out. The roadies drag him back up onto the stage, and he doesn't miss a beat.

The Birthday Party are a band that inspire total commitment in their fans. They entertain, in a rock tradition with a solid beat and intense guitar. Their originality lies in their unique non-melodies, the weird key changes, Nick Cave's self-destructive footwork. They break musical rules and yet keep right in line. They finished with Iggy's classic "I'm Loose", and although following in Pop's path isn't very new, it was strong and effective. Rock death and live sacrifice. As Cave left the stage a long thin stream of blood trailed down his back.

Laura Hardy

Wah!

University of London

WHEN THE lecture theatres have been boarded up for the night, and the lecturers have gone home to *Nationwide* and Horlicks, the University of London becomes a spacious adequate venue with room to sit, talk, walk and breathe.

On Saturday night, incongruous snatches of The Last Chant filtered through to the bar, and their clashing chords wormed their way into my brain and jolted a headache into existence. Still, they were slightly more stimulating than the desperately 'right' High Five, with their tepid blend of weak riffs and foot-tapping mediocrity, who played a standard set and encore and then fizzled out of existence. The entwining passageways offered relief in their cool, timeless span, but were mostly blocked off by tables of sour students. By ten, the main auditorium was packed. Wah! found their way onstage and lost their direction.

In small doses, Wah! are sheer energy and joy, raw vigour that hits hard and whisks you off your feet or knocks you down flat. 'Seven Minutes To Midnight' and 'Better Scream' as singles are dynamic, furious four-minute bursts of fire and spirit, Wylie's voice a celebration of potent, punching power and sharp clarity. Having said that, there must be some explanation for their live failure. Did they play too long? Do they need a variation of material? At times, my knees were jerking but my mind was curling up at the corners. Their approach was all forceful drive with no question or changes of temperament, and after a while the incisive ardour lost its bite.

The most moody, intense music often combines relentless violence with the weird, indirect and ambiguous — something like what Wire perfected on parts of 'Chairs Missing' and '154', or The Associates produce at times. Wah! have the edge over many groups in the context of technical ability, but it's all too standard and conventional. I'm not suggesting that they tinker with the frivolous — leave cocktail muzak to narcissists — just that they inject the more jaded elements of their set with a new whiplash starkness or contrasting melancholy.

"They're doing a bit of a Grateful Dead," my companion commented at 11.20. I agreed. Wylie may hate the concept of touring, but a gig is only as redundant as the players feel.

Leyla Sanai

Wylie Wah! *Pic: David Corio*

Cave Party *Pic: David Corio*

NOISE WAVE MUSIC

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GLENN BRANCA's music has everything you ever wanted to get out of great rock'n'roll. It has passion, drive, irresistible force. It knocks you over, knocks you out, stirs you up. It assaults the ears and digs deep into the emotions. It builds, it moves, it shakes the walls down. And . . . it's not rock'n'roll.

Writers have been falling all over themselves recently trying to describe what it *is*. So far, Kristine McKenna has my favourite line on this, calling it "a noise you've always imagined but never expected to hear". That's exactly how surprising and thrilling it is to discover this sound.

We're talking live now. Branca has an LP out, and it's very good, but it's not the same. No one has yet figured out how to capture on a recording the full range and power of the sound Branca and band make. Or perhaps our recording technology just isn't capable of doing it.

The effect of this music is very physical, not just because of its high volume but because of the density and fullness of the sound, as palpable as a punch in the gut. It's not "nice" music, and it may be hard to take if you listen in a conventional way, expecting the usual strokes. Branca demands a different expectation, a different approach to listening, and he rewards such attention with a profound experience.

Branca is a composer, writing pieces that progress through definite movements. He is a structuralist and a rocker, working with the tools of ringing guitar textures and a driving rock beat.

Tonight's piece is for ten guitars and drums. It begins with the guitars picking single, high-pitched notes, a delicate tone poem. It soon becomes a crashing tangle of chords and rhythms. It is about sound — a wall of sound, overtones that suggest choirs, colliding, massive waves of sound. It is also about motion, shifting rhythms tied up by very deep grooves.

Branca stands facing his guitar army, his back to the audience, waving his own guitar like a conductor's baton. He uses lots of body language to cue the changes in the piece, and as the pace builds up he bops and weaves and rocks furiously.

The other players look equally good. Two women, the men in modern haircuts and everyone in East Village boho-artist clothes and intensely concentrated or transfixed expressions. Playing this music looks like a great effort and a great release.

The movement of the piece is from control to chaos. Near the end is a de-tuning passage. Everyone untunes their guitars and hammers away at them, setting up a barrage of noise. But the structure never falls apart because there's always the rhythm to hold it together.

This stuff is incisive and piercing, it envelops and shoots through you. It has textures you can feel as well as hear. It excites an addictive sensation. When I hear it I want to get nearer, I want to dive right in. I swoon under the assault. Hit me with your white-hot ten-guitar rhythm stick!

Richard Grabel

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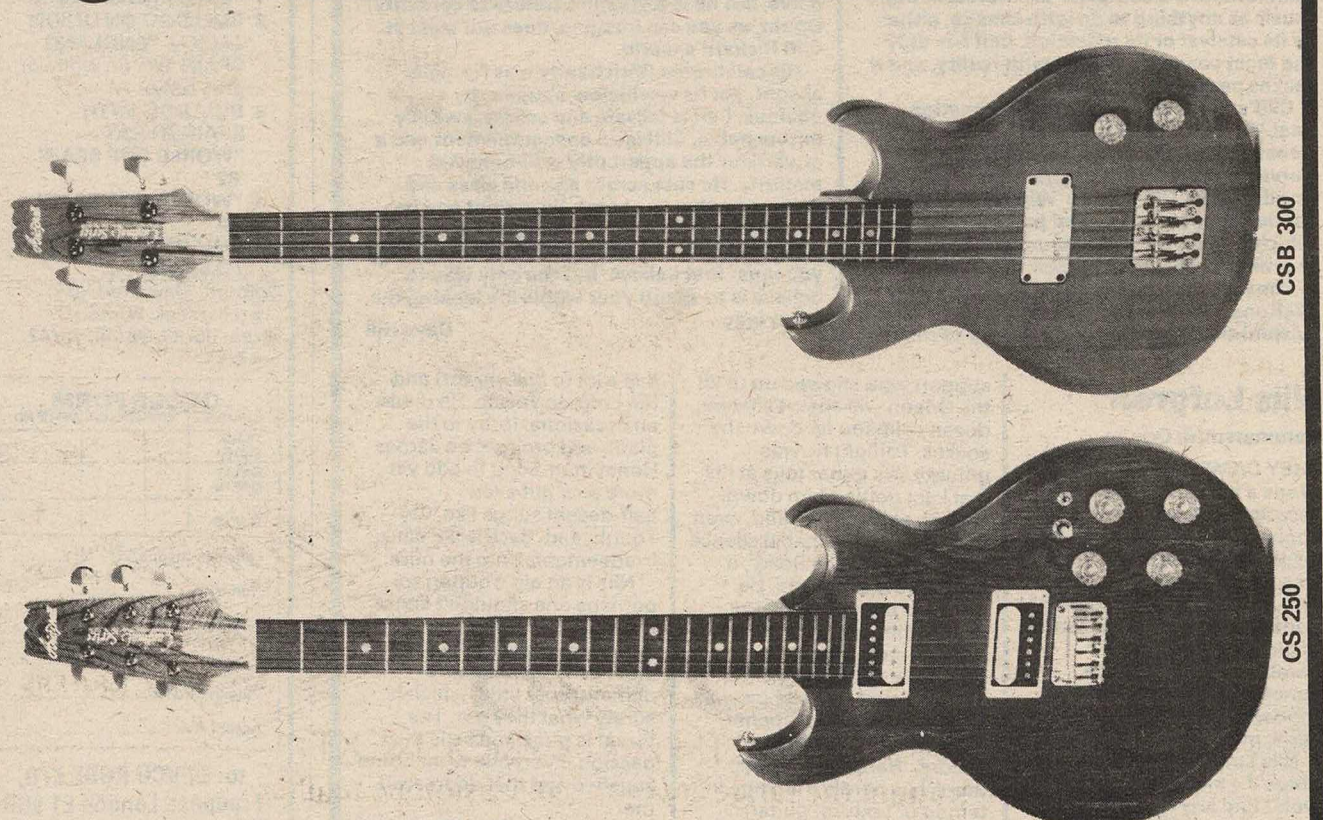

"Lordy, Lordy, Lordy. . ." Pic: Peter Anderson

HE SOLD HIS SOUL FOR ROCK'N'ROLL

Cliff Richard

Hammersmith Odeon

A TRIBUTE to the powers of marketing, is Cliff. He's been successfully re-drawn to maintain the appearance of being up with all the times since he started his career, simultaneously varnishing his so-called roots into an acceptable pudding of sheer nostalgia, and moved carefully to fit the demands of new consumer age-groups. Linking the generations is a complete disinterest in pop music as anything to do with change, either as its catalyst or its reflection. Cliff has only the most cosmetic of links with reality, and it makes people very happy.

Cliff's remarkable state of preservation enables the sham of universal youth to be boosted, and allows his re-emergence as a purveyor of clinical, light drama-pop to look unridiculous. The show's 'Wired For Sound' section speaks a disguised parental language which pleases both the young and the yearning to be young in their mums and dads.

The following 'love songs' section is pure Waltons, sentimental, painless wishful-thinking. Then, following a 15 minute intermission, the rock 'n' roll section is wheeled out.

Cliff takes his understanding of rock 'n' roll very seriously. He still wants to be regarded as a rock 'n' roll singer. He makes small tributes to Presley, Little Richard, Jerry Lee and more, and then delivers versions of their songs which wantonly undermine everything they supposedly meant and did. Maybe Cliff never did see that music as anything but a bit of harmless fun that young people decided to do. He is either a total fraud, or marvellously naive, but he is certainly a tribute to certainty. Doubt, as you can imagine, does not exist in Cliff Richard's world.

His celebrated Christianity was formally absent, yet its worldview abundantly obvious. Cliff is failsafe and secure, sweetly untouchable. Cliff is an encouragement and a reward for the apparently well-behaved majority. He cuts across age and class and assures us that to accept, be patient and be humble is the true path to progress and ultimate contentment. If you want proof, then you must first believe, but the only way to believe is to spend your whole life looking the other way.

Dave Hill

Nils Lofgren

Hammersmith Odeon

THEY CAME not to dance but to see a show. Dragooned by security, they sat in line, applauded the right bits and went off into the night. There was none of the unquestioning love bestowed upon the lumbering dinosaurs of old or any of the flamboyant indifference generated by *la danse moderne*. There was just no edge, man.

Nils Lofgren has found himself a niche from which he won't find any ladders to climb; then again the loyal support who showed up to fill the Odeon will ensure that he doesn't slip too far down the snakes. Tonight he was unlucky, his guitar toys at his feet kept getting him down. No-one seemed to mind, even during an interminable silence after 'Code Of The Road', a laborious melodrama. He made no attempt to fill the gap, but in flared denims and an open-neck chain-store shirt, how could he?

The pacing of the show was nowhere. From the opener, 'No Mercy', to the second encore, 'Hang On Sloopy', there was hardly a change in tempo or texture; guitar, leaden drums (Charlie Watts has a lot to answer for) and the Lofgren vocals. He made an occasional foray to the piano and brought on James Honeyman-Scott to add yet more *axe*, but even half-decent songs like 'Cry Tough' and 'Back It Up' sank, irredeemable, into the mire.

Nils is an old trouper, so perhaps one shouldn't knock too hard, but rock'n'roll and its variants need to be all guilt and flash. His followers demand very little, which is surely what they got. The threat is gone and so is the passion. Everyone went home satisfied and that depressed me.

Piers Thompson

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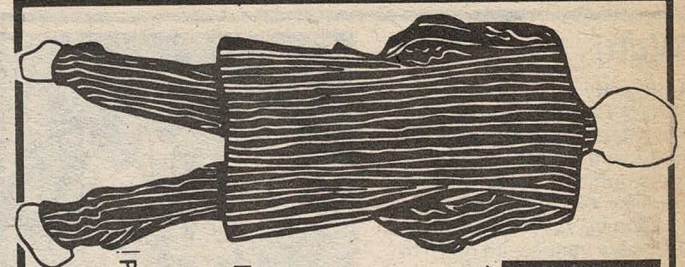

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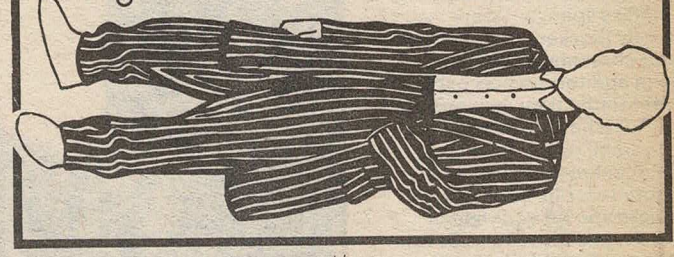

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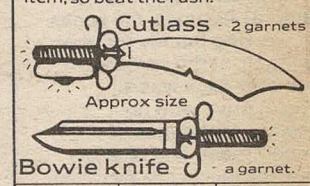

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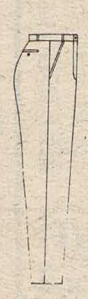

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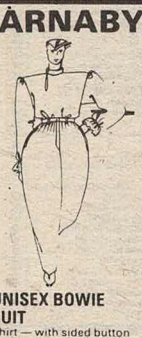

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CORONATION STREET

CONT FROM 46

said, the younger people coming in.

So *I* think we're on a new high as it were.

'Soap opera' is definitely a misleading term.

Oh yes, it is. In a way I'm grateful to *Crossroads* for . . . I mean, I admire them, I don't know how they do it . . . but if anybody's going to knock soap opera they knock *Crossroads* and we just get left alone. And soap opera *is* a denigrating term and this is why Bill Podmore is quite right when he tries to talk about us as a *folk* opera.

We used to say it was Dickensian. What I liked in the early days about Ken was that he was the only sort of straight guy — and I mean this *physically*, because the shapes of all the other characters were . . . !!! It *was* Dickensian, and still is to some extent.

Does the community spirit that it represents still hold up as something 'realistic' . . . or is that an irrelevant consideration? I accept its 'mythic' nature but at times it is an uncommonly *buoyant* community . . .

I think it *isn't* a true picture of what is. It is probably a true picture of what people would like life to be. And in this way sets a good example. What I like about *Coronation Street* — and basically I think what everybody else likes about it — is that when the chips are down everybody helps. You get a feeling that if somebody is in trouble, the group, the Street, would really rally round and help out — that human nature is basically good.

There's no *real* bombs going off or *real* vandalism as such . . . so to some extent it's got its head in the sand. But I also think it's setting an example of a community spirit which *is* there.

THE WIFE

ANNE KIRKBRIDE has been playing Deirdre Langton for nine years.

KC: I see you're not wearing your chain belt.

AK: That was years ago! That was when chain belts were in.

It was also when they'd just gone.

Was it? Well, Deirdre's always a couple of years behind fashion. I never notice what she's wearing. I think I deliberately don't keep her up with fashions. I don't think she'd be able to afford to follow fashions.

Ken should be able to give her some money. And there should be some extra money from Alf for all that extra time you've been doing.

IP: We were just talking about your marriage to Ken, er, William Roache, and about how it hadn't been developed much so far . . .

No, we haven't really had a chance just yet. Presumably we will — we all get our turns. There's been other things more important.

You've had neither bliss nor stormy rows. It's been pretty serene so far . . .

I think that's fair enough when you consider the situation. They've both been married before — he's been married twice before — so you learn by your mistakes presumably, if you're reasonably intelligent. They've gone into it with their eyes open, it wasn't a blind passionate love affair. They liked each other and they went into it and they've got a good understanding . . . which makes for a very tranquil relationship, really. Presumably they have rows but you never actually see them because you haven't seen much of their personal life since the marriage.

We were thinking — don't take it as a slight — that he might have gone for someone more intellectual perhaps . . .

Than Deirdre? Oh, Deirdre's very intellectual. Well, not intellectual, but she's intelligent, which is enough. She's not daft, she's not an idiot. I don't think you necessarily need to be intellectual if your partner is an intellectual. You just need to be reasonably intelligent.

What did you do before joining *CS*?

I was in rep at Oldham — I went in when I was just 16, and I was there till I was 18 then I came straight into this — me second job. I'

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LIVERPOOL

FROM PAGE 29

ago enveloped Rory Storm And The Hurricanes, The Clayton Squares, and Faron "the Panda-footed Prince of Prance". And The Del Renas, who cut one great track, 'Nashville Blues', recorded live at the Rialto Ballroom in 1963 (. . . destroyed by molotov cocktails, 1981).

So rock still rolls, though it no longer rules. It's just a bohemian sub-culture, a minority pastime — nothing like the voice of a generation. Sometimes, self-expression is just a case of how you handle life from one day to another: self-possession under pressure. There are plenty of stars who don't need guitars.

TWO SIDES TO the Mersey; two sides to Liverpool. City and people. Decay and delight, decline and defiance. Even those riots had an intriguing dual nature . . .

(Not that they were the first, just as they won't be the last. In our grandparents' time there were gunboats sent up the river. Fact. Police were issued with spears. Fact. When troops shot dead two striking workers, a Catholic docker and a Protestant carter, they did more to wipe out the city's religious bigotry than anything else. And after the Great War, the army was back on Liverpool's streets with bayonets drawn, as the crowds 'celebrated' a police strike. All part of England's other history.)

Yes, the riots were ambivalent. Of *course* those social conditions generate frustration and hate, ready to explode when the provocation gets too much to stand. But there are things the sober commentators miss, expecially the well-meaning ones — the *excitement* of it all, the lark, the thieving. The sort of thrill and kicks you don't get off a Duke Of Edinburgh Award Scheme. If you're going to have a revolution, said D.H. Lawrence, have it for fun . . . For the badness. And the madness. (But me, I'll watch it all on TV.)

One lad could be heard bragging about how he'd filled up his mother's back kitchen with box upon box of Embassies. "But what did your parents say to you?" demanded an appalled reporter.

"Oh me dad gave me a right belting," he replied. "Y'see, he'd sent me out for Marlboros."

MY CITY — AND I love every brick and breezeblock of it. That, of course, is why I left it: only exiles can afford to feel sentimental about the dump. But more and more, my trips home are happy/sad affairs — happy, because I see the city's decline in sudden, vivid jumps, which the native perhaps takes for granted.

The last night of my visit, I was scurrying through a cold wet Bootle, long after closing time. The last red-nosed boozer was shambling out of the pub, bellowing a song at the top of his voice: *"And-a nowww, the end is neeeear . . .":* 'My Way' — it's always *"I did it My Way"* that they sing, these characters who've had no real control over anything that's ever happened to them in their lives, from the slums they were born in to the day their factory closes down and moves to Taiwan.

But he staggered happily away, in the direction of the docks where idle cranes stand silhouetted in the glare of arc-lamps, where the Mersey mud laps quietly up on the deserted quays, creeping inwards.

I didn't wait around to hear a soft, splashing sound, but wondered if the last man to leave Liverpool . . . would remember to turn off the lights.

Reggae Runnings

OUT ON the toaster's own Midnight Rock is the new LP from **Jah Thomas,** entitled 'Tribute To Reggae King — Bob N Marley' (MRLP 1955). Produced by Nkrumah Jah Thomas himself with rhythm tracks laid at Channel One by Roots Radics, and voiced by him at Channel One and King Tubby's, the LP is a 10 track offering 'Advice From A Doctor', administrating 'Feeding Of The 5000' and providing further variation on the current 'Push Lady Push' paean to pregnancy. The title track is also issued on Midnight Rock discomix c/w 'Happy Birthday To You' (MR 7243), both sides featuring dub mixes courtesy of Scientist. Other new discos on the label are **Junior Keating,** 'African Queen'; **Stanley Braveman,** 'How You Mean?' c/w 'Rock With Roots Radics' (MR 4); and Jah Thomas with 'London Scank' (MR 1971-1981).

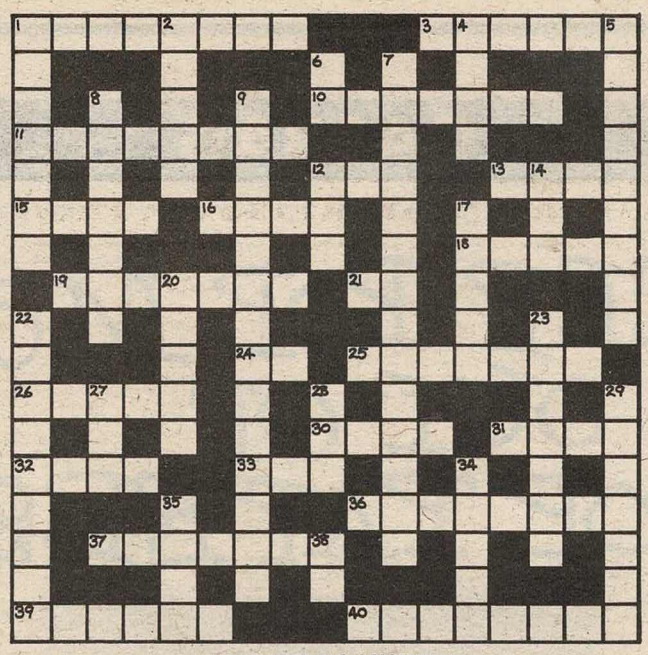
From the On-U Sound label comes a further individual Adrian Sherwood production featuring **African Head Charge** with 'My Life In A Hole In The Ground' (ON-U LP 13). Among the musicians taking part are bassist Lizard, saxophonist Deadly Headley, melodica player Doctor Pablo, plus chanter King Cry Cry, George Oban, Crucial Tony and Bongo "I" in development of improvisations such as 'Elastic Dance', 'Primal One Drop', 'Far Away Chant' and others.

The Misty family welcomes two sisters with release this week on their People Unite label of two discmoxes: **Jenny Mascall,** 'Uptown Downtown' c/w 'No Need To Worry' (PU/JU 001) and **Nathalie Xavier,** 'Atomic Energy' c/w 'Set Me Free' (PU/NAT 001). Both women are backed by a band named Batanai, which includes several Misty personnel and lines up: Thungi (bass); Dennis Augustine (rhythm); Clive (drums); Donald Griffiths (lead); Bolo (keyboards) and Tetler on horns.

Other new discomix titles include: **Jah Shaka,** 'Revelation 18' (Jah Shaka 821); **Papa Michigan & General Smiley,** 'Diseases' c/w **Little John,** 'Dance Hall Style' (Greensleeves GRED 72); **Linval Thompson,** 'Holding On To My Girlfriend' c/w **Nicodemus,** 'Wife And Sweetheart' (Greensleeves GRED 71); **Lone Ranger,** 'Rose Marie' c/w **Carlton Livingstone,** 'You Make Your Mistake' (Black Joy DH 813); **Dennis Brown,** 'I've Got To Find You' (Black Joy DH 814); **The Techniques,** 'Linger A While' c/w a **Wire** and **Dean Frazer** instrumental variation of the same; **Tappa Zukie,** 'Mr Walker (Rosemarie)' (Tapper TPR 001); and **Simplicity,** 'Waiting' c/w 'Black Dub' (King & City KCD 003) — featuring the One Blood musicians.

Scotland's Roots Reggae Club presents the **Humming Bird** sound system in session at the Mayfair, Sauciehall Street, Glasgow today (Thursday) and at the Astoria, Abbymount, Edinburgh tomorrow (Friday).

Penny Reel



LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS:— 1 'Favourite Shirts', 9 PIL, 10 'Lost In France', 11 + 42 'No More Heroes', 12 O'Connor, 13 Nice, 15 Axe, 16 'My Guy', 17 Yes, 18 'Oh Pretty Woman', 20 Eve, 21 Faces, 23 Nelson, 24 Ely, 25 Music, 26 Laine, 27 Today, 28 'Diana', 30 O'Jays, 32 RSO, 34 'I Don't', 35 Mountain, 38 Paul Anka, 41 Foxx, 42 See 11, 43 'Sat'.

DOWN:— 1 'Follow You, Follow Me', 2 'Visions Of China', 3 Union Gap, 4 'In For A Penny', 5 Elaine, 6 'Irene', 7 Splodgenessabounds, 8 Blue Oyster Cult, 14 Crawford, 16 'Mama', 19 'Telstar', 22 Seeds, 25 'My Girl', 29 'Alfie', 31 Yin, 33 Super, 36 UFO, 37 Tex, 39 Ure, 40 Art.

X-Press

ACROSS

1 Small change for the Rezillos (8)
3 Performed, but fooled around (6)
10 God; it's a metal label (7)
11 Band's club for a 35? (6,2)
12 Speaker for unwanted bass (3)
13 Rats return to play a leading role (4)
15 Group in a hurry (4)
16 Laine confused Cole (4)
18 Nip back up to find an object of admiration (3,2)
19 Ha! Ha! — wet arrangement for this bunch! (3,4)
21 Alternating current (2)
24 Music for choirs, partly (2)
25 Faint backing this at a gig! (4,3)
26 Follow a song on an album (5)
30 Meter in part I amended (4)
31 Punk's inspirational movement? — it's two chords repeated, certainly! (4)
32 Choose a guitar accessory (4)
33 27 make one alteration for a TV channel (3)
36 Monthly protest against nuclear warheads? (1.1.1.5).
37 Posh area of the capital for a group (7)
39 Insular label (6)
40 Superior head gear for drummers? (4,4).

DOWN

1 Cliff's second, Strange's first (7)
2 Untrustworthy instruments? (5)
4 Too much volume, and vulgar (4)
5 Steelman, perhaps (3,6)
6 Melody maker? (2)
7 Adam and the Ants' dedication to Charles? (6,7)
8 Fender stack for a low chap, it sounds (7)
9 Not boys at their worst! (5,2,3,4).
12 Bebop dance (3)
14 Top cubic capacity (3)
17 Stage lights reveal a bad complexion (5)
20 Cuts the journalists (5)
22 Past it in a reformed band (9)
23 Group of home-helps from abroad (2,5)
27 One, two, three. . . (3)
28 . . .ecstasy! (3)
29 The return of S.U.A.H.U.A.B. (7)
34 Mark the fall's workman (5)
35 Youth includes a note in 14 (4)
38 Artists and Repertoire (2)

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KEEP POP MUSIC OUT OF POP PAPERS!!!

EDITED BY VLADIMIR ILYITCH LOWRY

I HAD to write and say thanks to Charles Shaar Murray for his review of the Goldman *Elvis* book in *NME;* it summed up everything I felt and more. The cynicism and sheer lack of feeling in the book made me want to cry with rage. In Goldman's hatchet job EVERYONE comes out smelling of shit; which means, hopefully, it won't be taken as gospel by those who know little about the subject.

The only redeeming feature is the expose of Tom Parker for what he really was, and the enormity of what he did to Elvis right from the beginning. The fact that Elvis managed to create ANYTHING AT ALL out of this situation — let alone some of the finest music ever recorded — speaks louder than any of the unfeeling trash littering the pages of *Elvis*. Someone should persuade Greil Marcus to write his own Presley biography, and tell it like it REALLY was.

It took Goldman three years to write *Elvis*, and Elvis three hours to cut 'Hound Dog'; and it takes the latter just two and a half minutes to blow the former right out of the fucking window.

Tony Neale, Queensway, London W.2.

Letter of the century! Free Order of Lenin to this man immmediately. I've had a quick glance through a review copy and my advice is DON'T BUY. Greil Marcus spells out the worth of Elvis's achievements and what the rest of us can learn from his life and death, elsewhere, but even a cursory look at this tome reveals stupid, glaring errors; a photo wrongly credited as the one from his first album cover, 'All Shook Up' mistitled as 'I'm All Shook Up', etc, bloody etc. People who don't like history rewrite it, as my old mucker Joe Stalin used to say pounding away at his Remington portable. — R.L.

The back of the knee is called the poptileal, dum dum!

Mr Concise, Oxford.

Listen, Sunshine. When we've captured the commanding heights of the economy and implemented international socialism, THEN we get round to the really important matters like knees. — Ron Knee, Neasden.

Last night I went to a soul party. At this party there were no costumed poseurs, no Perry Haines, not even a whiff of soulless Spandau. Instead there was kids in denim jeans and jackets!! Kids enjoying themselves without having to drink (Errol), mainly because half were unemployed. There was 'Crosswinds', Jazz Funkins', Owen Washington, the brilliant Shakatak, who invited us backstage to meet them. But the best thing about the concert was that there was not a white shirt or braces to be seen. Can I be the first to start a funk backlash so that we can have our music back?

Funkinvader.

Dynamic, donkey-jacketed Labour supremo Michael Fool said earlier today that he was leaving the party because "it's up a bloody gum tree! I'm a broken man and I'm considering joining the SPG."

Thanks X. Moore for saying that all is not right with anarchist 'heroes' Crass. For too long they have stood by and done nothing about the swastikas and seig-heils that exist at many of their gigs — at least the ones I have attended. All they can say, when last interviewed in *NME*, is that they have also received trouble from left wingers and RAR. I cannot say that is not so, but any genuine leftist or RAR supporter would not wish to disrupt a Crass gig — that's left to those who want to put us in the army and ensure that we have no fun, no freedom and no future. You have to face up to reality, Crass, and see that you have something in common with Marxists that you'll never, ever have with fascists and that is the fact that Marx said that communism was not the final stage of mankind.

Why should I mention Marx? We should have no idols, no leaders. Of course not, I've none. But what about you? How many people follow you? How many people wear Crass T-shirts and badges? Your records may be cheap but your T-shirts and badges cost as much as those of Adam & The Ants. The price of anarchy?

You talk about Marx leading people, Freud and Sartre, but you missed yourselves out. How many people follow you, some blindly? How anyone can equate the NF or BM with you, fuck knows, but they do and do you care? To many people, too many, you are anarchy — you represent it and like it or not you're idols to thousands.

Surely the time has come to take a look around you. You are the hardest of the hardcore, standing next to prats like Wattie with his moronic and naive racism. We're fighting the system, but being what we are we have to oppose facism and we're going to have to stand up and realise that too many Crass followers are hopelessly confused and out of touch. Crass, get smart now.

Andy, Newcastle.

Replying to a question in the House, Mr Wellfed Wafflemore (Singularly Unappetizing, Old Party) said that he personally, at this moment in time, taking into account all the options open to the government and balancing the immediate confrontation situation scenario against the long term prospects for a bottoming out of the recession leading to an across the board economic recovery situation, was "up a bloody gum tree".. Mr Whipmore is 217 (not out). — Hansard.

After the article on The Outcasts, I want to explain further how boring it is living in Northern Ireland. Belfast itself resembles a large cemetery; not because of the bombs and shootings but because there's nothing to do except to get drunk.

There is only one decent place apart from the Pound that a band can play without totally compromising; the A Center in Longe Lane, Belfast. There are plenty of bands but nowhere to play.

That is only part of the problem, the other bit being that no decent English band will come anywhere near Northern Ireland. We had the likes of Toyah, The Stranglers, O.M.D., Human League, even Rose Tattoo, but they are few and far between and crap, though decent enough for coming.

Why don't the Bunnymen come over or Scritti Politti, Poison Girls, Flux, Crass or even The Fall (they came to the Harp Bar years ago and have never returned)?.

Why doesn't *NME* report on what's happening in Northern Ireland; the music, the sectarianism, the violence and the people? Why not? Northern Ireland needs bands just to give us some purposeful relief and maybe encourage other places to open up. Northern Ireland is not just bored, it's frustrated, very angry and a bit paranoid. Life here is not a bundle of fun.

Johnny Newland, Belfast.

Speaking to a crowd estimated at "billions" of armed and desperate men, Iachn O'Payshock (Big Ham Party) said "We are armed and desperate men! To put it another way this is an armed and desperate siteyewation scenario. I pledge myself to fight to the last drop of your blood!", thundered O'Pastry of the extreme 'Bull in a Chinashop Tendency.'

"I want half of you men to invade Poland and would the other six help me dismantle this PORTAKABIN and SANILOO", sobbed O'Priestly ('Big Mick' O'Priestly). — Liachom' time O'Pastry.

"Eager young music journalists — one step forward." R.S.M. Paul Morley two steps back. Who would a music critic be let him wither. No "good" records, concerts or interviews this week. So what have you got? Well . . . there is young Mr Morley on India (mon bore), Sting and I am buddy-fuddy-dud(dy) cock-tail and Vertigo (riding on the back on a Buzzcock). There there is Mr Penman devolving from long-ish words via Mark-thist dire lectures unto the Black Bottom of aesthetic longeur. Perhaps we could use Ms Burchill on how Stalin found time to kill rock music whilst murdering 30 million others. (Strange that no humanist *NME* reader complained about her worship of a paranoid mass murderer; can we expect a similar piece on Hitler soon?) Of course we have the 369th instalment of *Platitude Docksick* by Anthony Parsons.

Oh, come on Paul — the *NME* is the Titanic, enclosed, self-obsessed — homing onto icebergs merely to provide the ice for this week's exotic drink.

I will be your music journalist, Paul, if I can write about what is true and important. I do not want to be the mid-wife for Spandau Shallet: I have little interest in being their under-taker. Let me write about great people and vital music: The Fall, Velvets, Elvis Costello, Ry Cooder, Beefheart, Orange Juice, John Fahey, Taj Mahal, Butch Hancock, Townes van Zandt. Let me explain why Kathy Kirby must record 'Foggy Notion'. Why Tom Verlaine and Willy de Ville are not worth talking to but are exciting listening. Let me tell the truth (so far unheard or repressed) about Bob Dylan's recent concerts at Earls Court and about Van Morrison's last album.

Careerism destroyed nearly all the merit that "punk" ever had. The same is true of the journalists thrown up at that time. Ray Lowry, and now you, have asked for a dialogue; but will you begin by acknowledging the sedative lying premise of most music journalism ie. Youth Culture is worth a toss.

Sicilian Wardrobe.

In a hard hitting, no nonsense, straight from the shoulder speech here today, Lunchtime O'Gaiety of the extreme left of closet, Errol Tendency said "We're going to pack up our troubles in our old kit bags and SMILE, SMILE, SMILE!" — Tommy Rotsky.

Darling Paul,

Orgasm is mindless. Music At Its Best is quite the opposite. I want music, I need music, to make me think (not just shout slogans). I do not need music to tell me what sex is like — I can find that out for myself, thankyou. The trouble is that your concept of 'sex' is inseparable from the nightclub mentality. In your mind Sex = Heaven = Japan + David Sylvian = Cocktails = Clothes = Dance = Money = Money = Money.

I want my music (the New Poetry) to help me come to terms with my emotions, not urge me to gloriously and senselessly indulge myself in what I don't fully understand.

At the risk of sounding like Raymond Lowry-Spart, if we are tired of living in shit, it's not enough just to pour perfume all over it.

Dave Webb, Whitchurch Green, Bristol.

"If we're talking cocktails, make mine a Molotov," snapped rugged, clean-limbed, balding, failed journalist turned Soviet supremo and spare-time cartoonist Lubyanka-time O'Blomov (nee Lowry-Spart) addressing a fly-past of the 018 .30 jumbo to Palma, Majorca, here in Red Square, Salford. — Pravda.

It makes me feel sick, picking up Thursday's *Sun* and seeing the headlines "YOKO HIRED VICE GIRLS FOR LENNON" and "SEX MAD EX-BEATLE'S SECRET LIFE OF SHAME." I suppose it's the same for other famous people — *when they're dead.* There's always someone there to dig up shit, and get lots of money for it. Hope you see what I'm getting at.

Ian Fraser, still a Lennon fan, Nottingham.

I'll get back to you on this one, cock — apparently we've just been invaded by the armies of seventeen Capitalist powers. Life's full of surprises, I always say! — V I Lowryspart.

A chicken is a bird but it can't fly. Ian Penman is a journalist but he can't write. I rest my case.

Mo Beeney, Harlow, Essex.

Talk among yourselves for ten minutes or so, will you? Me and my old mate Tommy Rotsky are just nipping over to Smolensk to exhort the lads to new excesses of revolutionary zeal. Anyone know how to start a motorbike? — V.I.L.

I think it's time some essential things were said *(He toom me too! — failed Soviet Supremo turned shambling drunk, Lunchtime O'Hairsprayspart)* about Ian Curtis and the way critics romanticize and sentimentalise his suicide. Why won't they accept the fact that he was a FAILURE?

Chris Bohn writes "Let's take consolation in the fact that Ian Curtis's death didn't so much bring Joy Division's journey to the heart of darkness to an abrupt halt as freeze it for all eternity at the brink of discovery. "I get the feeling that Chris Bohn doesn't have a clue what Ian Curtis was writing about; his journey to the heart of darkness wasn't leading anywhere except six feet under. Critics seem to believe

Blue Rondo Visita El Planeta De Ray Lowry? . . .
Illustration by John Watson

that his death was incidental to the music. Wrong. Ian Curtis's state of mind, as portrayed in the later lyrics especially, clearly needs some drastic alteration.

His way was a little too drastic. 90% of the 'Closer' lyrics present the distressing picture of Ian Curtis falling apart at the seams. For example, the guilt in *"mother I tried, please believe me/I'm doing the best that I can/I'm ashamed of the things I've been put through/I'm ashamed of the person I am,"* the total disenchantment with life itself; *"Existence, well what does it matter?"*

He saw love as his destiny; for whatever reason it never worked out as it should have (ever heard a happy love song from Joy Division); hence, *"destiny unfolded, I watched it slip away."*

He arrived at the conclusion that his expectations were wildly above his actual situation — *"now that I realise how it's all gone wrong/gotta find some therapy, this dream it takes too long."* He continues later, *"gotta find my destiny before it gets too late,"* and in 'Dead Souls' he pleads *"someone take these dreams away and point me to another day."*

He didn't find his destiny and no one took his dreams away. Things became so unbearable that he killed himself. Copout. It seems stupid to glorify anyone's inability to cope with life, no matter how well they articulate it. It seems at times that certain critics think we should aim to attain the status of an Ian Curtis before he died. Personally, I'd rather not go on the road to nowhere.

Almost everyone has swallowed the media myth surrounding Ian Curtis to the extent that no one dare attack him or even say they think Joy Division were crap, in print. The same reverence doesn't apply to, say, Judd, ex-Clock DVA, who killed himself probably in a similar state of mind to Curtis. Ian Curtis couldn't find empathy in his lifetime; try and understand him (warts and all) now he's dead.

D Bingham, London SW15.

P.S. I do actually like Joy Division a hell of a lot but resent what I think is the distorted, pompous image you give of them.

How about 'Journey To The Heart Of Spartness', my life and litigations by failed alcoholic turned Soviet Supremo turned out of house and home (cont. back cover).

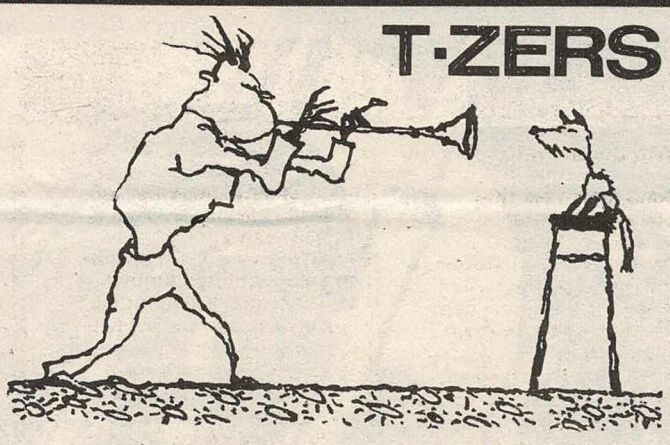
Every week I early scan *Gasbag* for some interesting reading, as this seems to be the only page that has anything worthy at the moment. In recent weeks it has come to my notice that there haven't been any 'sexism' letters, which is most heartbreaking as these are the best entertainment.

Could it be that you lot up there have finally given in and accepted this tenuous cause by vetting the articles that are printed? If there is anyone out there still fighting for the cause please write in, because *Gasbag* is boring without you.

Effeminate Daryll Bigg, Worthing, W. Sussex.

In a hard hitting, no nonsense speech to the fourth congress of feminist librarians, escaped lunatic Gay Leninspart asked, "Who will wrestle this mighty beast? We find ourselves at a historical crossroads" . . . (cont. back of Cornflakes box).

One of 1981's happier contingencies was the resurgence at a grass roots level of genuine working class humour in the sense that one could not only *epatez le bourgeoisie* ***but cock a snook at the fascist regime of Thatcher and her puppet show, traitors to the cause of genuine democracy to the last. Here we see Alexei 'January' Sayle, one of the comrades from*** *The Comic Strip* ***— a galvanising collective of brothers and sisters who took the courageous step of hiring premises from arch pornographer and sexist troglodyte Paul Raymond at no cost or media infamy to themselves — in his/her latest guise, a pungent if not caustic impersonation of Hollywood-paid 'high culture' strumpet Meryl Streep and her involvement in*** *The Franchise Whose Tenant Roomed In,* ***blatant re-telling of American involvement in Melvyn Bragg by director and Labour party defector Francis St John Paul George Ffjord Coppaholdathis . . . (contd page 43). Pic: Adrian Boot.***



HI! I CAN'T quite remember my name at the moment — but I'm the one with the ingratiating simper, the pansy mannerisms, the sick-making beard and the multicoloured poncho. And I'm certainly GAME FOR A LAUGH if you are . . .

You're quite probably wondering how a plantpot like me got put in charge of a prestigious column such as this one. Well, **Errol,** as you know, doesn't live here any more. **Alley Cat** is feeling a bit run down — they're scraping him off the road at this very moment. And **The Three Dorothies** were all taken out and shot. *(Thank God for that — Ed) (Careful, Ed — you might be next — God) . . .*

Ted Power, meanwhile, is on holiday in France. At least I'd guess so from the clippings I'm getting from French pop mags: they talk about **Peter Gabriel** becoming a referee, and how he did the Hull/Tranmere game, and said "Le ballon va beaucoup plus vite qu'a la tele". Regular readers will recall that Ted first revealed this item in *T-Zers* two months ago. And, although he's known to be GAME FOR A LAUGH, Ted Power has never been known to invent a news-story in his life . . .

Anyhow, that leaves me, whoever I am, all alone with a whole page of *T-Zers* to play with. Phew! Gosh! Even the *NME* can't hold out against the inexorable advance of Moderate Chic . . .

Nor can **Elton John** and **Steve Race** — just two of the top pop personalities who've joined me in the SDP, as revealed in the *Sunday Times* last week . . .

Coming up: a new year LP from **Captain Beefheart,** entitled 'Ice Cream For Crow'. Hmm, sounds *way out,* doesn't it? And from ice-cream to ex-**Cream,** there's an LP on the way from their old drummer **Eric Clapton.** *(It's by their bass-player, and the name's* ***Jack Bruce,*** *you fool. And it's co-written with* ***Pete Brown*** *— Ed.)* Oh really? You see, to us moderates, all ex-Creamists are just as bad as each other . . .

Oh dear: there's a "streaking" revival going on in New York. In the middle of **The Go-Gos'** sell-out Palladium show, **Joe King Carrasco** ran across the stage in nothing but his birthday suit. "They put me up to it," he explained backstage after the gig. "We whipped him and beat him three nights in a row until he agreed to do it," added Go-Go **Gina.** "Yes, they made me do it," agreed Fiasco. "I was scared not to." Well, scared or not, I think *you'll* agree that Joe is certainly GAME FOR A LAUGH . . .

SO IS **The Beat's Dave Wakeling.** Married last week to his sweetheart **Dominique,** he quipped: "We're so excited by it that we've decided to start a family right away, instead of waiting the traditional nine months."

But Dave does have his frustrations too. As he said the other day: "The Beat keep missing chances; we were practising a ska version of 'Begin The Beguine' four months ago. Shit!" The boys' newest secret plan is a ska version of 'Walk In The Black Forest' — which I'm sure they'll find is *a piece of cake!* Ha, ha! Moderate humour, isn't it wonderful? But on a more serious note, look out for both The Beat and **UB40** in next Monday's *World In Action* programme on youth unemployment . . .

Dexy's Midnight Runners were in the audience for **James Brown**'s Birmingham show. Interesting to speculate whether this will lead to a 'soul' or 'funk' feel creeping into the band's future material . . .

By the way, that *fantastic* photo of film director **Dusan Makesitupashegoesalong** in last week's *Silver Screen* was taken by pretty, talented **Jill Furmanovsky** (sorry, pretty talented). Who left the credit off, then? Ooh, *naughty* Monty! Anyway, now you know who **Neil Norman** meant when he wrote "Jill says tea . . ." *(Inexcusable, I says — Ed.)*

Yoko Ono has cut thirty inches off her hair to mark the anniversary of John Lennon's death. The shorn barnet is apparently a traditional Japanese sign of mourning . . .

Unless you're very *very* GAME FOR A LAUGH then don't go along to the Hammersmith Palais this Thursday expecting to see **Killing Joke.** They won't be on — contrary to announcements made in certain places. In fact the group are in Germany doing their 'Empire Made' LP, and won't be playing any dates here until the new year . . .

Killing Joke's company (EMI), incidentally, tell me the new address is 21 Kensington Park Road, London W11 . . .

Boomtown Rats played a set of old covers ('Mustang Sally', 'Stir It Up', 'Stop In The Name Of Love') at a Chelsea Arts Club party given for the end of filming **Pink Floyd's** *The Wall* — which sounds *exactly* my kind of film — in which **Bob Geldof** plays a big brick. There are shadowy rumours to the effect that **Syd Barrett** was in the audience . . .

FROM big bricks to little pricks. **Rod Stewart** has miraculously recovered from a stubbed toe injury thanks to . . . acupuncture! . . .

Not only is **Robert Elms** one of the very *very* nicest people in show business — and not in the least bit easily confused with **Simon Dee** — he's also compere of BBC Manchester's *Oxford Road Show.* The critics love it: a "pretentiously agitprop version of *Game For A Laugh*" says *City Fun* magazine. High praise indeed *(High farce, more like. — Ed.)* . . .

A message from our sponsors here: next week's NME is our regular DOUBLE FUN SIZED (and, er, double-priced) Special Christmas Issue! There's yards of adorable pictures of the year, more round-ups than *Rawhide,* and unusual goodies too innumerable to numerate (though if we tell you that **Ralph Steadman** is among them, we won't be giving *too* much away) . . .

After the somewhat wonderful (so I'm told) **Defunkt,** next signing to **Joe Boyd's** Hannibal label is psychedelic combo **The Act,** who did a version of 'Norwegian Wood' in their set at Dingwalls. In the front row was **Julian Lennon** . . .

Attila The Hun — poet, mandolin player (phased), agitprop entertainer and *Gasbag* correspondent — wishes it to be known that he's NOT, as stated in last week's report of the Poetry Olympics, from Stevenage but from Harlow. We admit it: the mistake was all a dastardly slander on the man's street credibility and professional standing. Harlow can we stoop? Ha ha! Let's keep that wacky, off-beat comedy coming . . .

Now then. Nobody, but *nobody* watches *Celebrity Squares* do they? No, because it goes out at the same time as *Game For A Laugh.* But if you had watched it last week, you'd have seen that game where performers like **The Bachelors** and **Gene Pitney** sit in darkened boxes. As a snatch of each act's music is played, contestants have to guess the mystery guests' identity, whereupon he/she/they appear revealed in all their glory. So let's have a big big *Game For A Laugh* type hand for the contestant who heard a bit of 'Little Children' and guessed that **Billy J. Kramer** was — **John Lennon** . . .

GAME FOR A LAUGH? I nearly cried . . .

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

EDITORIAL
3rd Floor
5-7 Carnaby Street
London W1V 1PG
Phone: 01-439 8761

EDITOR
Neil Spencer

Deputy Editor
Phil McNeill
Features Editor
Tony Stewart
News Editor
Derek Johnson
Associate Editors
Monty Smith
Paul Du Noyer
Production Editor
Tim Greenhalgh
Special Projects Editor
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Crunch

Photography
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Anton Corbijn

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Penny Reel
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Cartoons
Tony Benyon
Ray Lowry
Research
Fiona Foulgar
New York
Joe Stevens
(212) 674 5024
Mick Farren
Richard Grabel

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The motion was carried. The Bill has been passed.

And for once, Maggie, Michael and Co. are all in agreement.

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